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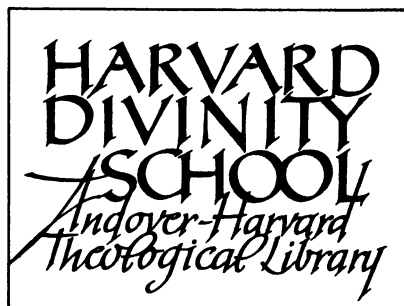
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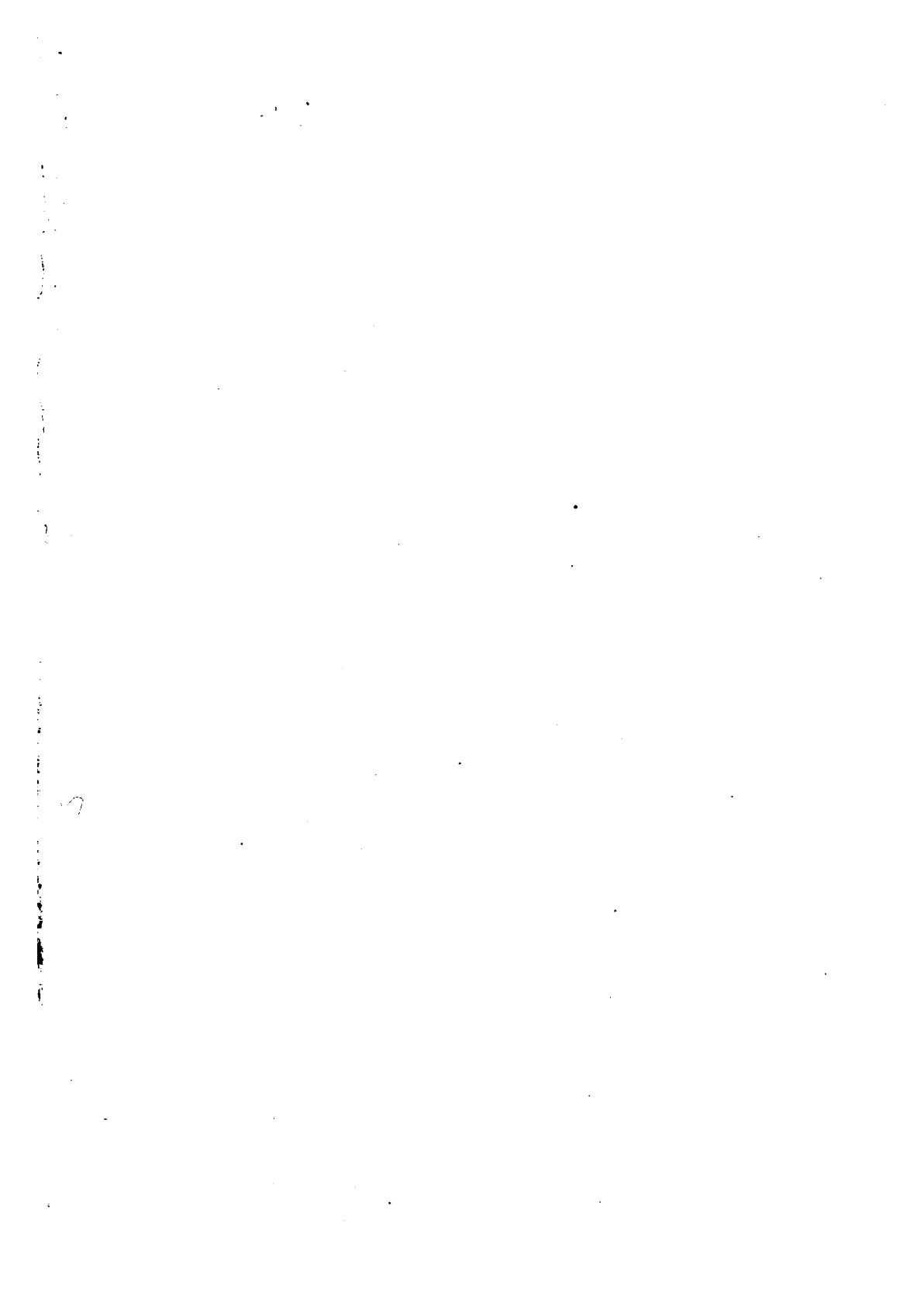
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THE HARP OF GOLD

OR

PILLAR OF FIRE PRAISES NO. 2



EDITED BY

ALMA WHITE

ARTHUR K. WHITE



Published By

PILLAR OF FIRE

ZAREPHATH,

NEW JERSEY

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1921

. PREFACE

In presenting "The Harp of Gold" to the public at this time, we make no apology for adding another to the long list of books now on the market. We know that nothing, except the preaching of the Word, has been a greater factor in the past in the salvation of souls, than sacred song.

Many song-books have been published as a purely commercial venture, others have been given by inspiration of the Spirit, with a divine mission to perform; this book is of the latter class.

We are more than gratified at the reception given its predecessor, "Pillar of Fire Praises." It has found its way into the hearts and homes of thousands.

Many of the songs in "The Harp of Gold" have not been published in any other book. The others are the most spiritual and valued selections from the best composers. We send this book out in the name of Jesus, and with no other purpose than to glorify God and to be a blessing to humanity.

THE EDITORS.



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The Harp of Gold.

or

Pillar of Fire Praises No. 2.

1

Sing His Praises.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. Sing the prais - es of our King, Make the joy - ful an - thems ring;
2. Sing the hal - le - lu - jahs o'er, Sing His prais - es ev - er - more;
3. Sing His prais - es o'er and o'er, Je - sus, Sav - ior we a - dore;
4. Let the glo - ry fill thy soul And the hal - le - lu - jahs roll;

Tell the sto - ry of His love, Sing ye ran - somed hosts a - bove.
Lift your hearts in joy - ful song, Praise, O praise Him all day long.
Clouds and dark - ness dis - ap - pear When we feel His pres - ence near.
Sing with harp a psalm of praise, Loud - ly then the an - thems raise.

CHORUS.

Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all, Men and an - gels pros - trate fall;

Wor - thy is our Lord and King; Sing, O sing His prais - es, sing.

Victory.

B. E. W.

BARNEY E. WARREN.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, what a thought! Je - sus full sal - va - tion brought, Vic - to - ry,
 2. I am trust - ing in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic - to - ry,
 3. Shout your freedom ev - 'ry - where, His e - ter - nal peace declare, Vic - to - ry,
 4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleeting life is o'er, Vic - to - ry,

Vic - to - ry! Let the pow'rs of sin as - sail, Heaven's grace can nev - er fail,
 Vic - to - ry! I have peace and joy with - in, Since my life is free from sin,
 Vic - to - ry! Let us sing it here be - low, In the face of ev - 'ry foe,
 Vic - to - ry! Sing it here ye ransomed throng, Start the ev - er - last - ing song;

CHORUS.
 Vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry!
 Vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry!

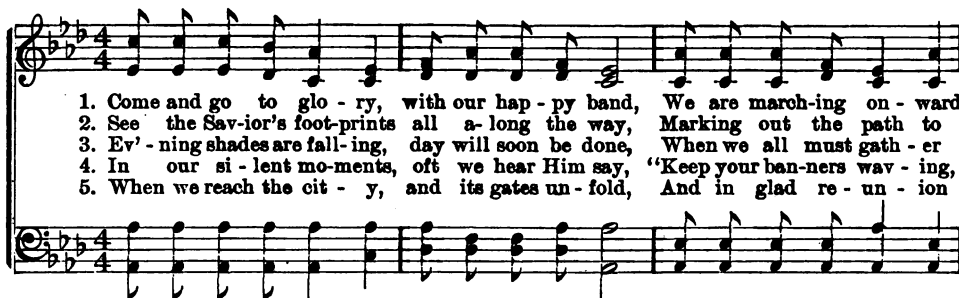
Hal - le - lu - jah! I am free! Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry. Glo - ry, glo - ry,
 Glo - ry, glo - ry,

hal - le - lu - jah! He is all in all to me all to me.
 hal - le - lu - jah! He is all in all to me all to me.

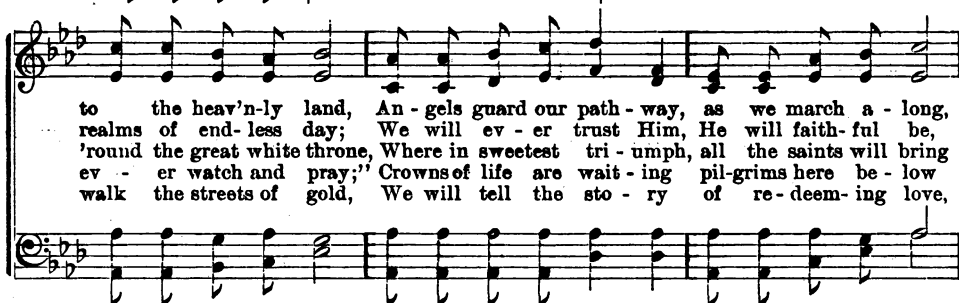
Marching On to Glory.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

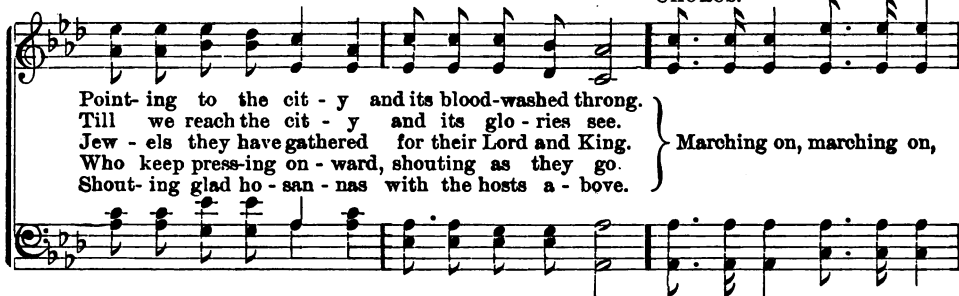


1. Come and go to glo - ry, with our hap - py band, We are march - ing on - ward
 2. See the Sav - ior's foot - prints all a - long the way, Marking out the path to
 3. Ev' - ning shades are fall - ing, day will soon be done, When we all must gath - er
 4. In our si - lent mo - ments, oft we hear Him say, "Keep your ban - ners wav - ing,
 5. When we reach the cit - y, and its gates un - fold, And in glad re - un - ion



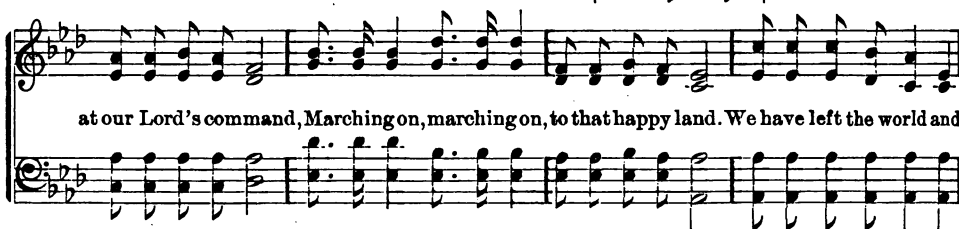
to the heav'n - ly land, An - gels guard our path - way, as we march a - long,
 realms of end - less day; We will ev - er trust Him, He will faith - ful be,
 'round the great white throne, Where in sweetest tri - umph, all the saints will bring
 ev - er watch and pray;" Crowns of life are wait - ing pil - grims here be - low,
 walk the streets of gold, We will tell the sto - ry of re - deem - ing love,

CHORUS.

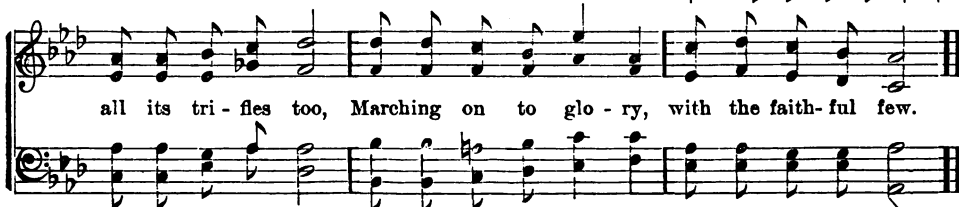


Point - ing to the cit - y and its blood - washed throng.
 Till we reach the cit - y and its glo - ries see.
 Jew - els they have gathered for their Lord and King.
 Who keep press - ing on - ward, shouting as they go.
 Shout - ing glad ho - san - nas with the hosts a - bove.

} Marching on, marching on,



at our Lord's command, Marching on, marching on, to that happy land. We have left the world and



all its tri - fles too, Marching on to glo - ry, with the faith - ful few.

As the Day Breaks.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As the shad-ows of the night round are fall-ing, I am think-ing of that
 2. When we gath-er home at last there'll be sing-ing, Such as an-gels round the
 3. I shall rise to be with Je-sus for-ev-er, I shall meet the ones who

day by and by; When the trum-pet of the Lord shall be call-ing,
 throne nev-er heard; For the song of souls re-deemed shall go ring-ing,
 passed on be-fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev-er, nev-er,

CHORUS.
 As the day breaks o'er the hills. }
 As the day breaks o'er the hills. } I'll go sing-ing, I'll go shout-ing on my
 When the day breaks o'er the hills. }

jour-ney home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be sing-ing, there'll be

shout-ing, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.
 the heav'nly hills.

Mindful of His Own.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. The Lord is mind - ful of His own, The pur - chase of His blood; On
 2. My soul on wings would up - ward mount And leave its walls of clay, But
 3. His grace suf - fi - cient e'er will be, In sor - row's dark - est hour; Our
 4. Why should I fear the tem - pest's roar When He is at my side? The

Cal - v'ry's mount He paid the debt, Where flowed the cleans - ing flood. From
 I must watch and work for Him, While it is called to - day. He's
 Lord is mind - ful of His own, And keeps me by His pow'r. He
 winds are calmed at His re - buke, With Him I'm sat - is - fied. The

yon - der heights He came to die, To save the lost from hell, The won - ders of His
 with me in the dark - est hour, When tempests rage with - out; He gent - ly draws me
 is the way, the truth, the life, He gives me peace and grace, How - ev - er dark the
 Lord is mind - ful of His own, I've proved it o'er and o'er; And all who live and

CHORUS.

grace to me, My tongue can nev - er tell.
 close to Him, And tells me not to doubt. } The Lord is mind - ful of His own; The
 world may be, I see His smil - ing face.
 trust in Him, Are safe for ev - er - more.

clouds will clear a - way, And rays of gladness cheer our hearts, While on the upward way.

O Wondrous Love!

ALMA WHITE.

VIDA FREELAND.

1. O wondrous love, 'twas wondrous love that bro't my Savior down,—To die up-on the
 2. O wondrous love, 'twas wondrous love up-on the Cross He show'd, When from His hands and
 3. O wondrous love, such wondrous love should melt the eyes to tears,—God's Spirit oft is

cru - el Cross He laid a - side His crown. No one the bands of sin could break and
 feet and side, the blood and wa - ter flow'd. "Forgive them, O for-give," He pray'd, the
 griev'd a-way by those who have no fears. The mes - sen - ger of death draws near and

set the captives free Till Je - sus made the sac - ri - fice and died up-on the tree.
 Fa - ther heard His cry, And will for-give the sins of those for whom He came to die.
 soon in his em - brace Will be all those who spurn God's love and turn away His face.

CHORUS.

O won - drous love,..... 'twas won - drous love,..... 'Twas love that
 O wondrous love, O wondrous love,

brought..... Him from the sky..... To suf - fer on.....
 'Twas love that brought Him from the sky To suf - fer on

O Wondrous Love!—Concluded. *rit.*

the mountain side,..... And for His foes..... to die.
the mountain side, And for His foes to die.

7

Let Him Wash Thy Sins Away.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. Broth-er, lis - ten to the Sav - ior, He is call - ing now to thee,
2. Long for thee He has been plead - ing, Point - ing to His wound - ed side,
3. None can help thy soul to res - cue Should the Spir - it take His flight,
4. Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Plead to save thee from thy fate,

At the Cross He waits to wel - come, Ev - er - more thy Friend to be.
Grieve not thou a - way His Spir - it, Let Him now with thee a - bide.
Left to mourn thy des - o - la - tion, Doomed to hell's e - ter - nal night.
Call up - on the name of Je - sus, Soon, O soon 'twill be too - late.

CHORUS.

{ Hear, O hear the Sav - iour call - ing, Turn, O turn to Him to - day,
{ Let Him wash thy sins a - way, Let Him wash thy sins a - way,

At the Cross there's peace and par - don, Let Him wash thy sins a - way.
At the Cross there's peace and par - don, Let Him wash thy sins a - way.

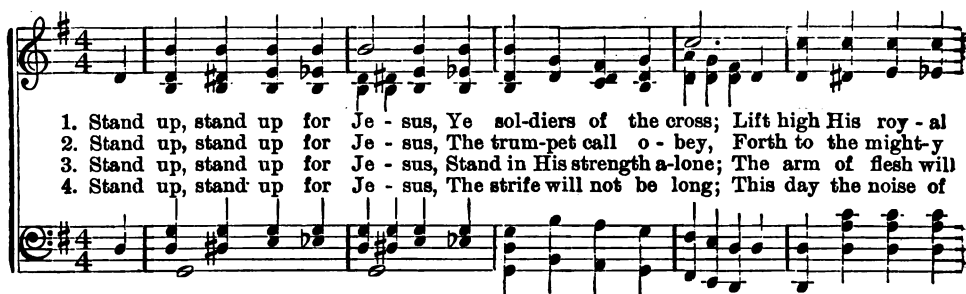
5 In the garden Jesus suffered,
Wore the crown of thorns for thee,
Gave His life for thee a ransom,
From all sin to make thee free.

6 Give, O give thy heart to Jesus,
Hast'n now His word obey,
Heav'nly sunlight then will cheer thee,
Trav'ling on the upward way.

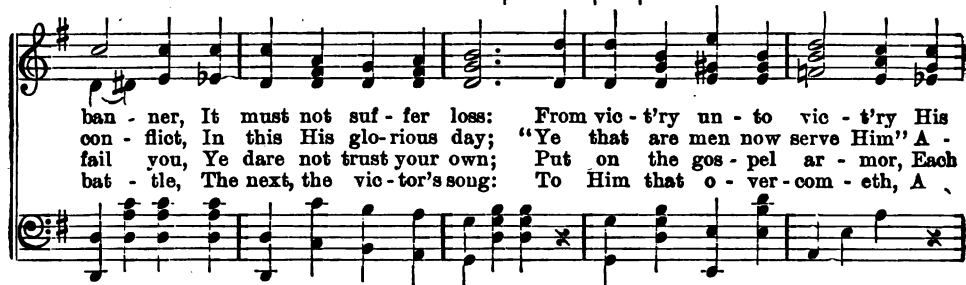
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

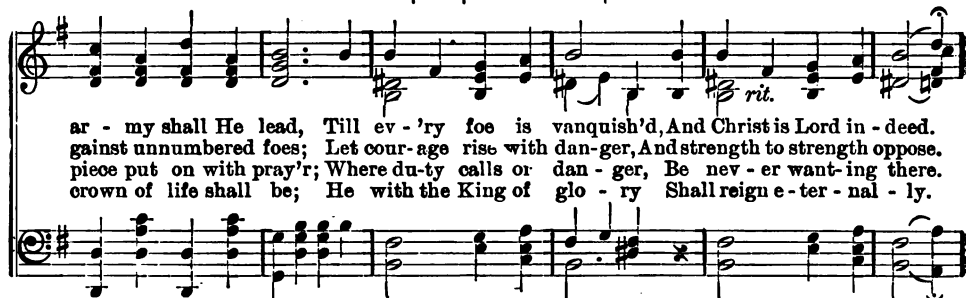
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey, Forth to the might - y
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



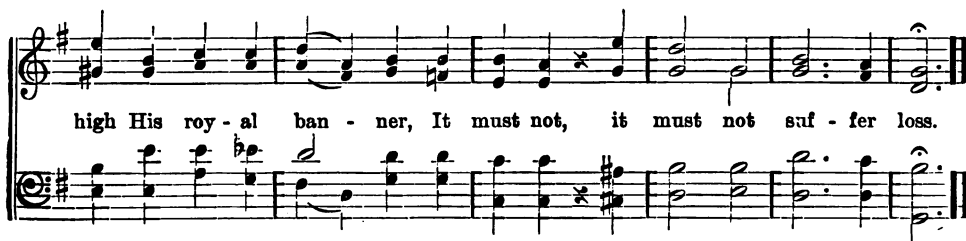
ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 oon - flict, In this His glo - rious day; "Ye that are men now serve Him" A -
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A -



ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst unnumbered foes; Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS, *Harmony.*


Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
 Stand up



high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

Some Day.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. Some day I'll see the cit - y, just when I can - not tell, But when this
 2. The Sav - ior is pre - par - ing a man - sion there for me, Be - side the
 3. This life is like a shad - ow, at best 'twill not be long Till we shall
 4. Some day, O then, some glad day, we'll wor - ship at His feet, When by the

life is o - ver, with Je - sus I shall dwell; He wooed me gen - tly to Him and
 cry - stal riv - er my home shall ev - er be; No sick - ness, pain or sor - row can
 see the cit - y and meet the blood - wash'd throng; Then why should we be troub - led o'er
 cry - stal riv - er our lov'd ones we shall greet; O let us then be pa - tient and

now no more I roam, My treas - ures are in heav - en, this world is not my home.
 ev - er en - ter there, That land of cloudless sun - shine is free from ev - 'ry care.
 tri - fling things be - low, Soon we shall be with Je - sus where joys e - ter - nal flow.
 wait up - on our Lord, He'll guide us by His Spir - it and His un - err - ing word.

CHORUS.

Some day with - in the por - tals I'll see Him face to face;

Some day I'll reach the cit - y Through His un - chang - ing grace

Somebody Cares.

IRENE DUFEE.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Nev-er a-lone in this earth-ly way, Somebod-y cares, Somebod-y cares,
 2. When I am sing-ing a hap-py song, Somebod-y cares, Somebod-y cares,
 3. When I am wea-ry and long for rest, Somebod-y cares, Somebod-y cares,

I have a help-er each bus-y day; Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je-sus,
 When I am fight-ing a-gainst the wrong, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je-sus,
 When by the tempt-er I'm sore-ly press'd, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je-sus,

Somebod-y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er-whelm'd with woe,
 Somebod-y cares when I stand a-lone, Cares when the pleasures of earth are gone,
 Somebod-y cares, and what-e'er be-tide, Walks ev-'ry hour by the Christian's side,

Cares and is mark-ing my path be-low, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je-sus.
 Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je-sus.
 Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

Some-bod-y cares for me, Some-bod-y cares for me,
 Somebody cares, yes Somebody cares, yes, He cares for me,

Somebody Cares.—Concluded.

In all my life His kind hand I see, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus.

11

God Will Take Care of You

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
 3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
 4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wea - ry one, up - on His breast; God will take care of you.

REFRAIN.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way:

He will take care of you, God will take care of you.
 take care of you.

Heroes of the Cross.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. As he - roes of Christ we must con - quer, like war - riors with ar - mor of steel,
 2. The sig - nals of heav - en are com - ing, the God of our bat - tles is near,
 3. The con - flict is rag - ing more fierce - ly than ev - er in a - ges gone by.
 4. If faith - ful we prove in the con - flict, a crown is a - wait - ing us there,

In bat - tle we all must be val - iant, His cause to each heart should ap - peal;
 In - spir - ing each one with His pres - ence and tell - ing us nev - er to fear;
 When he - roes of Cal - v'ry were tor - tured and glad - ly con - sent - ed to die.
 With Je - sus we'll reign in His glo - ry and all of His vic - to - ries share.

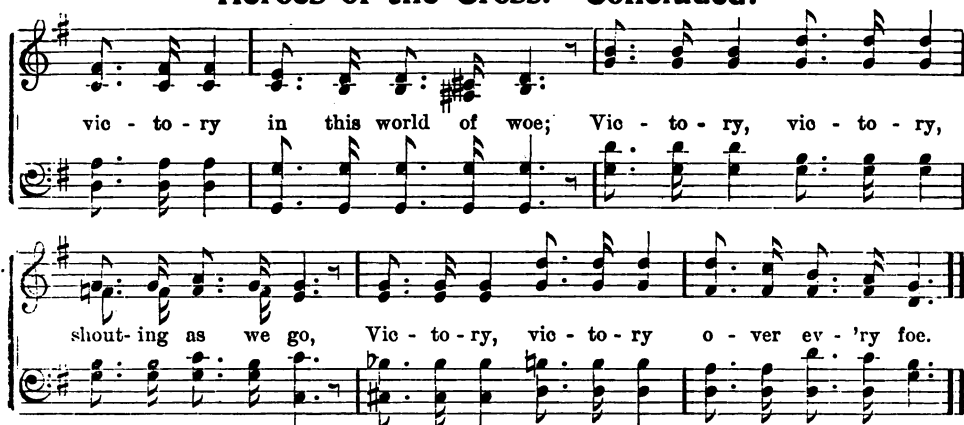
Sur - ren - der our fort - ress, no nev - er, the a - liens of sin must re - treat,
 U - ni - ted we stand in the con - flict, di - vid - ed we sure - ly will fail,
 Should death o - ver - take us in bat - tle, 'twill on - ly the cour - age in - spire,
 On Cal - va - ry's mountain He suf - fered, and con - quered the de - mons of night;

For Je - sus our Sav - ior and Cap - tain can nev - er know loss or de - feat.
 With Christ our great Cap - tain and Lead - er, o'er for - ces of hell we'll pre - vail.
 Of oth - ers who brave - ly stand by us, like mar - tyr - s when fac - ing the fire.
 His blood paid the price to re - deem us, and make us in Him to de - light.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, hear the bu - gle blow; Vic - to - ry,

Heroes of the Cross.—Concluded.



vic - to - ry in this world of woe; Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,
 shout - ing as we go, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry o - ver ev - 'ry foe.

13

Coronation.

EDWARD PERRONET. 1780.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
 3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall;
 4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;
 5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball;
 6. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

You May Have the Joybells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. You may have the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace
 2. Love of Je - sus in its ful - ness you may know, And this love
 3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour - ney home, Grace suf - fi - c
 4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right

from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar - row w
 those a - round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind - ness al - ways s
 He will give to o - ver - come; Though un - seen by mor - tal e
 ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to v

Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your he
 Deeds of mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your he
 He is with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your he
 If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your he

CHORUS.

Joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring - ing in your heart,
 Ring - ing in your heart, You may have the joy - bells

ring - ing in your heart; Take the Sav - iour here be - low, With you ev -

You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.

where you go, He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.

15

I'm Happy All the Day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

A. A. BALDWIN.

1. I'm hap - py since I found the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way;
 2. I love to pray, I love to sing, I'm hap - py on the way;
 3. He says my bur - dens He will bear, I'm hap - py on the way;
 4. He cleans - eth me from ev - 'ry sin, I'm hap - py on the way;
 5. I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, I'm hap - py on the way;

The world can - not such joys af - ford, I'm hap - py all the day.
 My Fa - ther is the heav'n - ly King, I'm hap - py all the day.
 I cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, I'm hap - py all the day.
 He makes me pure with - out, with - in, I'm hap - py all the day.
 And still I'll praise Him af - ter death, I'm hap - py all the day.

CHORUS.

I'm hap - py all the day, I'm hap - py on the way;

My Sav - iour now with me a - bides, I'm hap - py all the day.

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Walking in the Sunlight.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

Lightly.

1. I'm walk-ing in the sun-light of God's e - ter - nal day; The clouds a - bove have
 2. With Christ I'll gladly suf - fer: His blood was spilt for me, And on the heights of
 3. The days are swift-ly pass-ing, the race will soon be run, In Je - sus' steps I'll

part - ed, the mists have clear'd a - way, My soul in Him re - joic - es, His
 glo - ry His face I soon shall see; The Cross is oft - en heav - y, the
 fol - low un - til the crown is won; And when I reach the cit - y and

prais-es I will sing, For Christ our great Re-deem-er is now my Lord and King.
 bur - dens hard to bear, But Je - sus will stand by me and all my sor - rows share.
 see the ransom'd throng, I'll shout a - loud His prais-es and sing re-demption's song.

CHORUS.

I'm walk-ing in the sun-light of God's e - ter - nal day, I'm walk-ing in the

sun - light, a - long the nar - row way; He com - forts me in sor - row and

Walking in the Sunlight.—Concluded.

tells me not to fear, And tho' I can - not see Him, I know He's al - ways near.

17

Be Merciful to Me.

ALMA WHITE.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

1. Be mer - ci - ful, O Lord, to me, Life's fleet - ing day will soon be o'er,
 2. Be mer - ci - ful, O Lord, to me, O let me hear Thy pard'ning voice,
 3. Be mer - ci - ful, O Lord, to me, For me the ran - som Thou hast paid,
 4. Be mer - ci - ful, O Lord, to me, And lift from me the chast'ning rod,

And I shall live and work for Thee, And wan - der from Thy fold no more.
 My life, my all I give to Thee, Thy path will ev - er be my choice.
 O set my soul at lib - er - ty! For me, on Thee, my sins were laid.
 May I the shin - ing path - way see, And take the way my Sav - ior trod.

CHORUS.
 O wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry stain,

Be mer - ci - ful, O Lord, to me, And let not one dark spot re - main.

5 Be merciful, O Lord, to me,
 Turn not Thy face from me away,
 From sin my soul shall be made free,
 And I shall learn of Thee away.

6 Be merciful, O Lord, to me,
 And some day I shall reach the goal;
 Bid darkness take her wings and flee
 And upward bear my waiting soul.

Copyright, 1910, by Alma White.

7 Be merciful, O Lord, to me—
 The sunbeams tint the eastern sky;
 In mercy Thou hast heard my plea,
 Since mercy, Lord has been my cry.

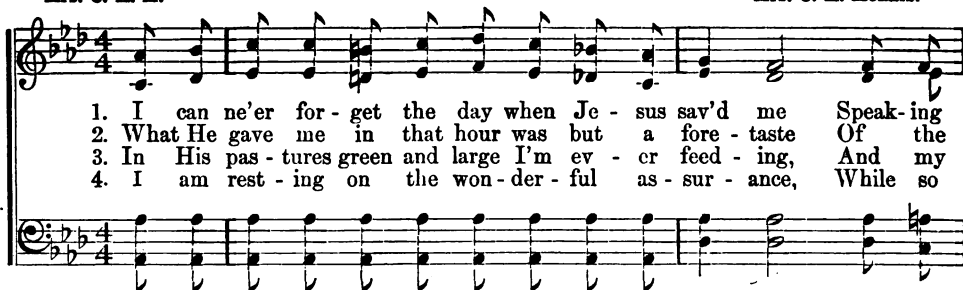
8 My heart is filled with love divine
 And evermore Thy throne shall be,
 I'll never, never more repine
 Since Thou hast come to dwell with me.

Growing Brighter Every Day.

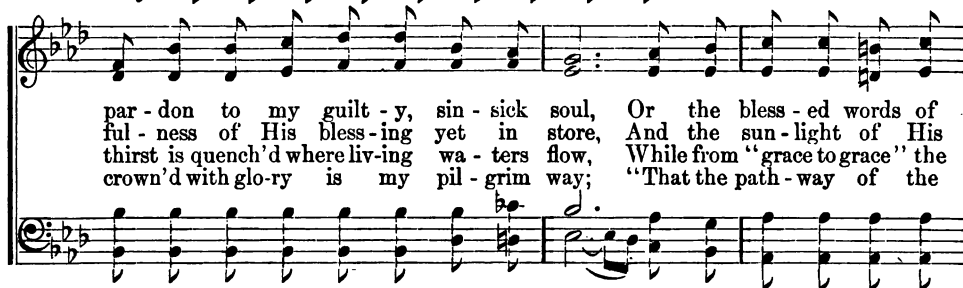
Mrs. J. H. M.

Prov. 4: 18.

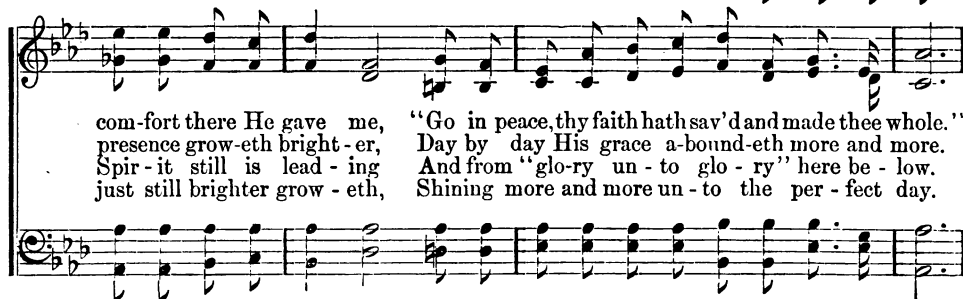
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I can ne'er for - get the day when Je - sus sav'd me Speak - ing
 2. What He gave me in that hour was but a fore - taste Of the
 3. In His pas - tures green and large I'm ev - er feed - ing And my
 4. I am rest - ing on the won - der - ful as - sur - ance, While so



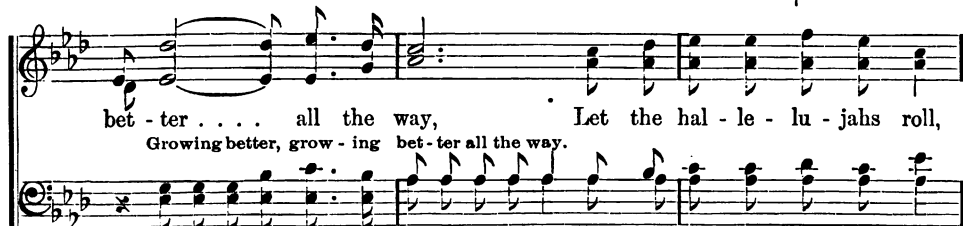
par - don to my guilt - y, sin - sick soul, Or the bless - ed words of
 ful - ness of His bless - ing yet in store, And the sun - light of His
 thirst is quench'd where liv - ing wa - ters flow, While from "grace to grace" the
 crown'd with glo - ry is my pil - grim way; "That the path - way of the



com - fort there He gave me, "Go in peace, thy faith hath sav'd and made thee whole."
 presence grow - eth bright - er, Day by day His grace a - bound - eth more and more.
 Spir - it still is lead - ing And from "glo - ry un - to glo - ry" here be - low.
 just still brighter grow - eth, Shining more and more un - to the per - fect day.



CHORUS.
 Grow - ing bright - er ev - 'ry day, Grow - ing
 Grow - ing bright - er, grow - ing bright - er ev - 'ry day,



bet - ter all the way, Let the hal - le - lu - jahs roll,
 Growing better, grow - ing bet - ter all the way.

Growing Brighter Every Day.—Concluded.

Je - sus sweet - ly saves my soul, And my way is growing brighter ev - 'ry day.
ev - 'ry day.

19

Love Found Me.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by H. L. G.

1. When out in sin, and dark-ness lost, Love found me; My faint-ing soul was
2. The Spir - it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Con - vic - tion seiz'd me
3. I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, Love found me; For sav - ing from an
4. And when I reach the gold paved street, Love found me; I'll sit a - dor - ing

tem - pest toss'd, Love found me; I heard the Sav - ior's words so blest,
strong and deep, Love found me; Al - though I long with - stood His grace,
end - less death, Love found me; Christ is my ad - vo - cate a - bove,
at His feet, Love found me; And sing ho - san - nas round the throne,

Love found me; Come wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, rest, Love found me.
Love found me; He wooed me to His kind em - brace, Love found me.
Love found me; I'm yok'd to Him in per - fect love, Love found me.
Love found me; Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me.

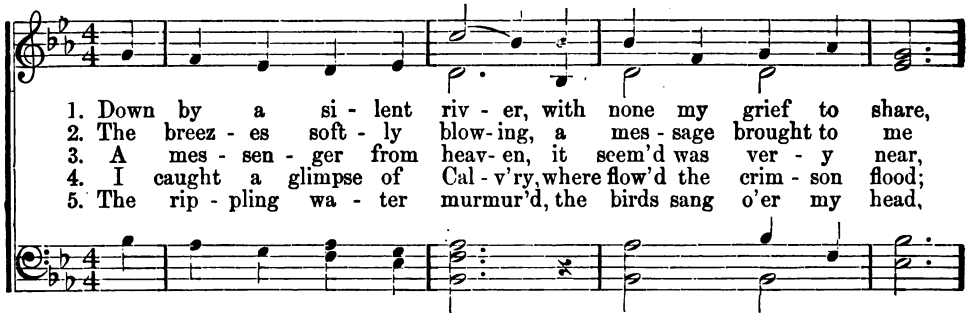
CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, love, Love that mov'd the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,

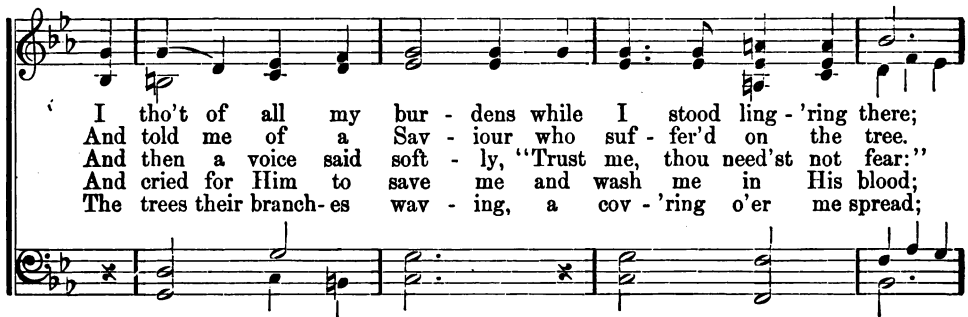
Down by the River.

ALMA WHITE.

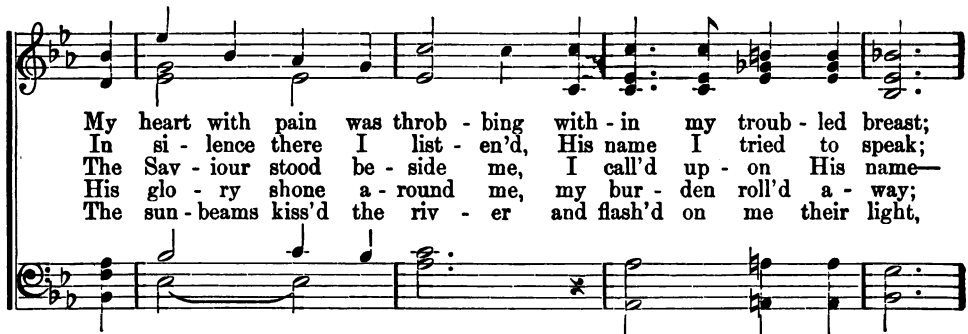
Mrs. GERTRUDE WOLFRAM.



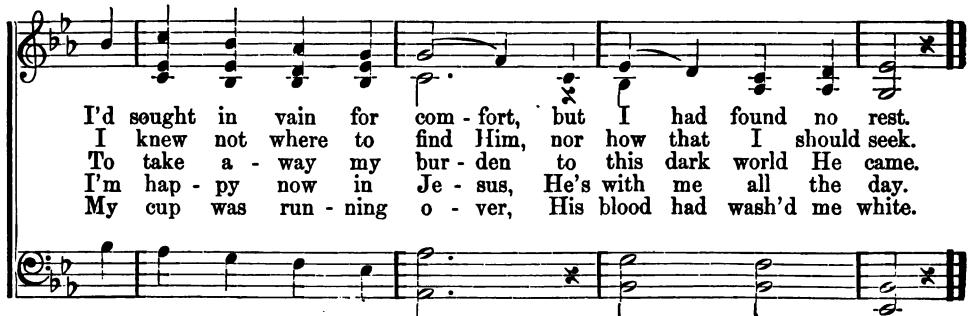
1. Down by a si - lent riv - er, with none my grief to share,
 2. The breez - es soft - ly blow - ing, a mes - sage brought to me
 3. A mes - sen - ger from heav - en, it seem'd was ver - y near,
 4. I caught a glimpse of Cal - v'ry, where flow'd the crim - son flood;
 5. The rip - pling wa - ter murmur'd, the birds sang o'er my head,



I tho't of all my bur - dens while I stood ling - 'ring there;
 And told me of a Sav - iour who suf - fer'd on the tree.
 And then a voice said soft - ly, "Trust me, thou need'st not fear;"
 And cried for Him to save me and wash me in His blood;
 The trees their branch - es wav - ing, a cov - 'ring o'er me spread;



My heart with pain was throb - bing with - in my troub - led breast;
 In si - lence there I list - en'd, His name I tried to speak;
 The Sav - iour stood be - side me, I call'd up - on His name—
 His glo - ry shone a - round me, my bur - den roll'd a - way;
 The sun - beams kiss'd the riv - er and flash'd on me their light,



I'd sought in vain for com - fort, but I had found no rest.
 I knew not where to find Him, nor how that I should seek.
 To take a - way my bur - den to this dark world He came.
 I'm hap - py now in Je - sus, He's with me all the day.
 My cup was run - ning o - ver, His blood had wash'd me white.

It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. STAFFORD.


P. P. BLISS.




1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
 3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin not in
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd



sea - bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
 part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -



say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! } It is well.....
 scend,—"Ev-en so"—it is well with my soul! } It is




..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul!
 well with my soul,


'Tis Glory, Glory, Glory.

A. W.


ALMA WHITE.



1. 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, I'll tell the rea - son why, The blood of Je - sus
 2. 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, while in the nar - row way, And when the path is
 3. 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, while Je - sus reigns supreme, All oth - er voi - ces
 4. Thro' shadows now I'm pass - ing, but all with - in is bright, The day will soon be
 5. I see the pearl - y por - tals, just on the oth - er side, And some glad day I'll




cleans - eth, for Him I'll do and die; He brought me from my wand'ings, back
 thorn - y, I oft can hear Him say, "I've trod the way be - fore thee, O
 si - lent, re - deem - ing love my theme; When thro' the fire He calls me, my
 break - ing on gold - en hills of light; O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, He
 en - ter the gates that o - pen wide, And there be - hold the man - sion the

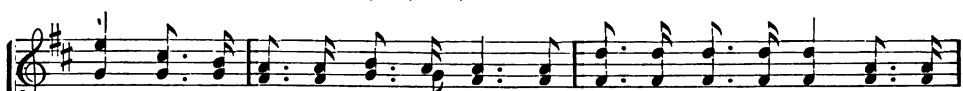


to the nar - row way, And now I go re - joic - ing and sing - ing all the day.
 child thou needst not fear, I'll walk the thorn - path with thee, call thou on Me, I'm near."
 soul shall ne'er re - pine, I know He sees there's something in me He must re - fine.
 is my life my love, And soon a - mong the an - gels, I'll join the hosts a - bove.
 Sav - ior has for me, And sing and shout His prais - es thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.



'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, in the fountain of His blood, O glo - ry, glo - ry,



glo - ry, I've found the cleans - ing flood, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, my

'Tis Glory, Glory, Glory.—Concluded.

soul is on the wing, I'll shout His praise for-ev - er and hal - le - lu - jahs sing.

23

When He Comes.

JOHN S. BROWN.

L. O. BROWN.

1. Ev - 'ry eye shall see His face, When He comes in love to reign; Even they who pierc'd His side,
2. Ev'ry tongue shall then confess; They who scoffed shall know their fate; For their lives were marred with sin—
3. Ev'ry knee shall bow to Christ; Ev'ry tribe of ev'ry race—In that grand triumphant morn

CHORUS.
They who caused Him deepest pain. } Ev - 'ry eye . . . shall see His face,
But, a - las! they turned too late. }
When we see Him face to face. } Ev - 'ry eye shall see His face,

Ev - 'ry tongue His name con - fess, Ev - 'ry knee . . .
Ev - 'ry tongue His name con - fess, His name confess; Ev - 'ry knee

be-fore Him bow; When He reigns in right-eous - ness.
be-fore Him bow; in righteousness.

The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye sol-diers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing on to vic-to-ry, The
 vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the arm-or God has giv-en you, And
 spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS, *Unison.*
 tri-umph of the right will soon appear.
 in His strength unto the end endure. } The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to
 morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and

Harmony.
 wrong engage to-day, The fight is on but be not wea-ry, Be strong and in His might hold

The Fight Is On.—Concluded.

fast; If God be for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.

vic'try vic'try

25

Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. H. C. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
 2. A-round me, Lord, are sin-ful men, Who scorn and dis-o-bey;
 3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a-stray,
 4. Some saints of Thine are in dis-tress, And for de-liv'-rance pray;
 5. What-ev-er er-rand Thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o-bey;

In-spire each tho't and prompt each word And make me a bless-ing to-day.
 Use me to win them from their sins And make me a bless-ing to-day.
 Help me to win them back to Thee And make me a bless-ing to-day.
 O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
 Use me in an-y way Thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to-day.

CHORUS.

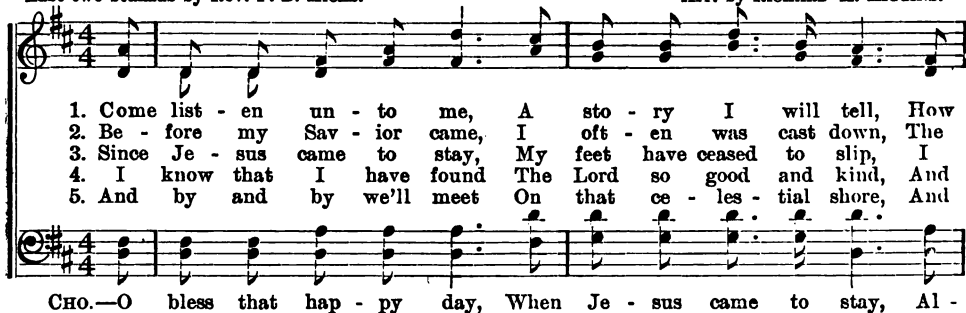
Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad-ly Thy mes-sage con-vey;

Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day.

Since Jesus Came to Stay.


Last two stanzas by Rev. P. B. HICKS.

Arr. by RICHARD K. HIGGINS.



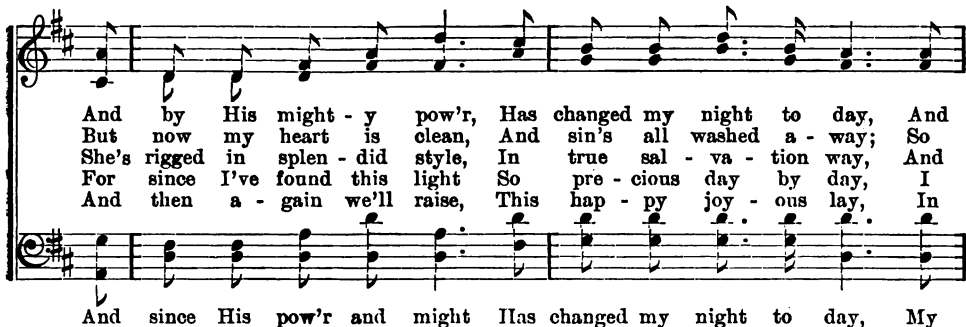
1. Come list - en un - to me, A sto - ry I will tell, How
 2. Be - fore my Sav - ior came, I oft - en was cast down, The
 3. Since Je - sus came to stay, My feet have ceased to slip, I
 4. I know that I have found The Lord so good and kind, And
 5. And by and by we'll meet On that ce - les - tial shore, And

CHO.—O bless that hap - py day, When Je - sus came to stay, Al -



Je - sus Christ, the Son of God, Came in my heart to dwell;
 least thing made by tem - per flame; And tri - fles made me frown;
 sail no more a sink - ing wreck, But on the gos - pel ship;
 none need feed on husks of sin, If sin is left be - hind;
 walk with joy the gold - en street, And shout for - ev - er - more;

though my sins were crim - son red, He washed them all a - way;



And by His might - y pow'r, Has changed my night to day, And
 But now my heart is clean, And sin's all washed a - way; So
 She's rigged in splen - did style, In true sal - va - tion way, And
 For since I've found this light So pre - cious day by day, I
 And then a - gain we'll raise, This hap - py joy - ous lay, In

And since His pow'r and might Has changed my night to day, My

D. C. for Chorus.

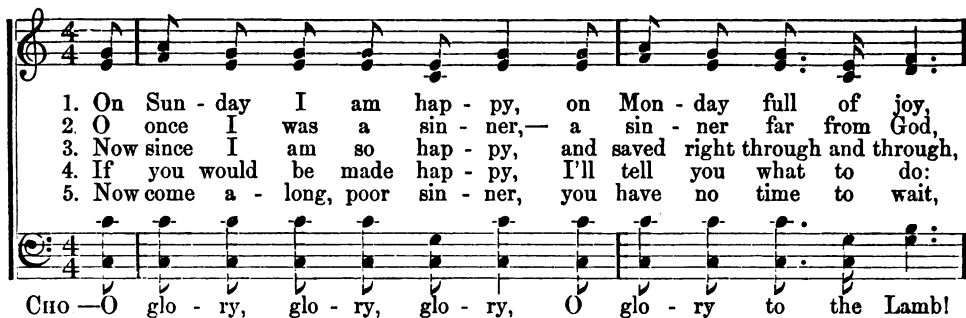


now my life is filled with joy, Since Je - sus came to stay.
 now with joy I sing and shout, Since Je - sus came to stay.
 all on board are sing - ing now, Since Je - sus came to stay.
 shout and sing with all my might, Since Je - sus came to stay.
 ev - er - last - ing songs of praise, Since Je - sus came to stay.

soul is filled with joy and light, Since Je - sus came to stay.

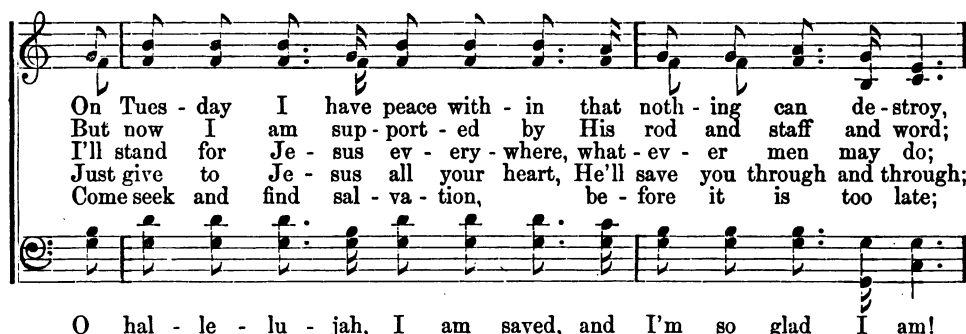
Saved Every Day.

ANON.



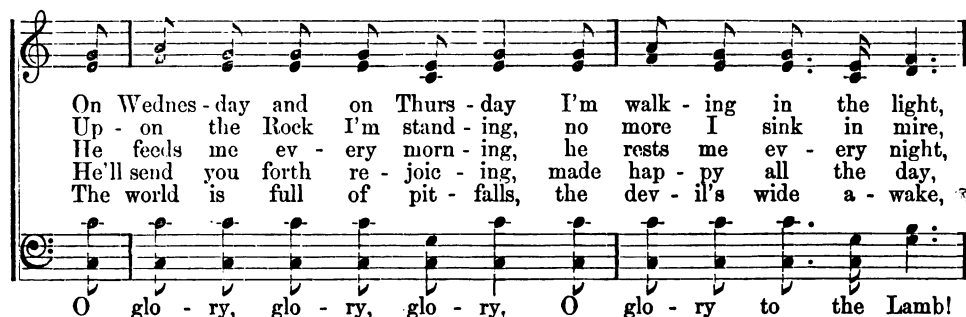
1. On Sun - day I am hap - py, on Mon - day full of joy,
 2. O once I was a sin - ner, — a sin - ner far from God,
 3. Now since I am so hap - py, and saved right through and through,
 4. If you would be made hap - py, I'll tell you what to do:
 5. Now come a - long, poor sin - ner, you have no time to wait,

CHO — O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, O glo - ry to the Lamb!



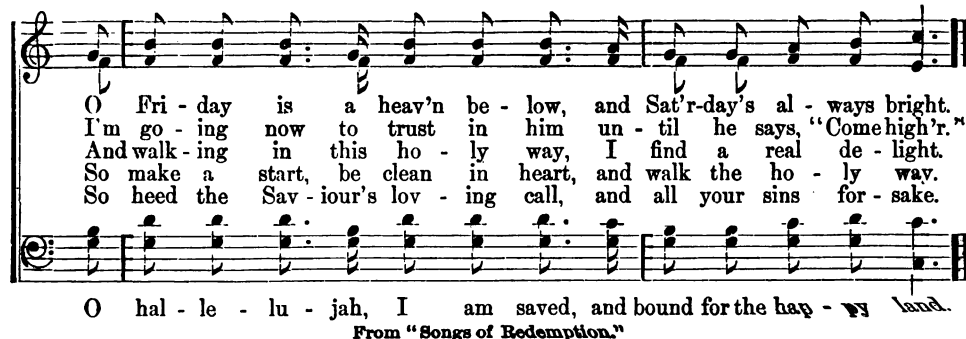
On Tues - day I have peace with - in that noth - ing can de - stroy,
 But now I am sup - port - ed by His rod and staff and word;
 I'll stand for Je - sus ev - ery - where, what - ev - er men may do;
 Just give to Je - sus all your heart, He'll save you through and through;
 Come seek and find sal - va - tion, be - fore it is too late;

O hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, and I'm so glad I am!



On Wednes - day and on Thurs - day I'm walk - ing in the light,
 Up - on the Rock I'm stand - ing, no more I sink in mire,
 He feeds me ev - ery morn - ing, he rests me ev - ery night,
 He'll send you forth re - joic - ing, made hap - py all the day,
 The world is full of pit - falls, the dev - il's wide a - wake,

O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, O glo - ry to the Lamb!



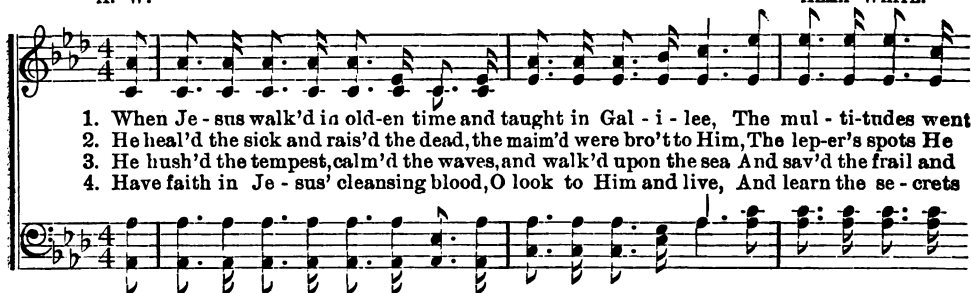
O Fri - day is a heav'n be - low, and Sat'r-day's al - ways bright,
 I'm go - ing now to trust in him un - til he says, "Come high'r."
 And walk - ing in this ho - ly way, I find a real de - light.
 So make a start, be clean in heart, and walk the ho - ly way.
 So heed the Sav - iour's lov - ing call, and all your sins for - sake.

O hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, and bound for the hap - py land.
 From "Songs of Redemption."

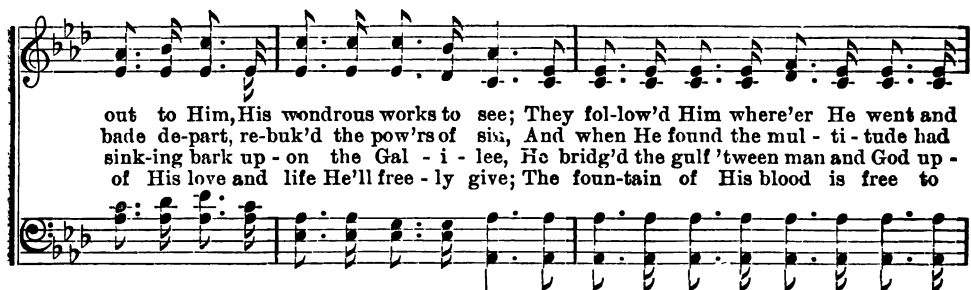
The Power of God the Same.

A. W.

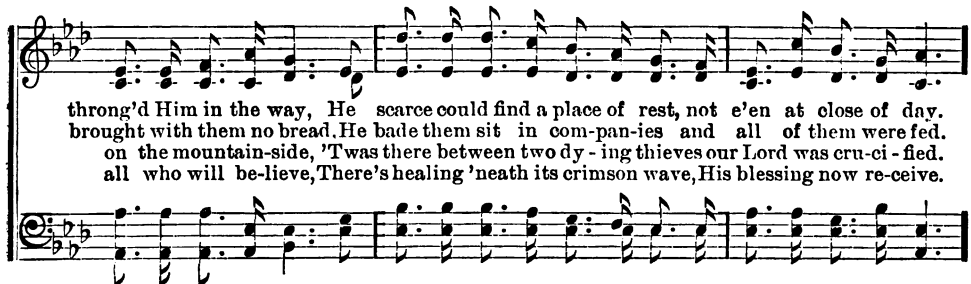
ALMA WHITE.



1. When Je - sus walk'd in old-en time and taught in Gal - i - lee, The mul - ti-tudes went
 2. He heal'd the sick and rais'd the dead, the maim'd were bro't to Him, The lep-er's spots He
 3. He hush'd the tempest, calm'd the waves, and walk'd upon the sea And sav'd the frail and
 4. Have faith in Je - sus' cleansing blood, O look to Him and live, And learn the se - crets



out to Him, His wondrous works to see; They fol-low'd Him where'er He went and
 bade de-part, re-buk'd the pow'rs of sin, And when He found the mul - ti - tude had
 sink-ing bark up - on the Gal - i - lee, He bridg'd the gulf 'tween man and God up -
 of His love and life He'll free - ly give; The foun-tain of His blood is free to

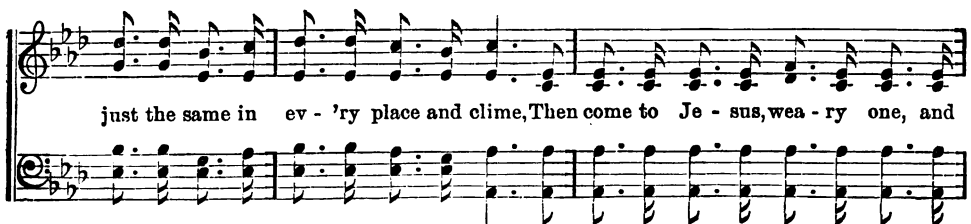


throng'd Him in the way, He scarce could find a place of rest, not e'en at close of day.
 brought with them no bread. He bade them sit in com-pan-ies and all of them were fed.
 on the mountain-side, 'Twas there between two dy - ing thieves our Lord was cru-ci - fied.
 all who will be-lieve, There's healing 'neath its crimson wave, His blessing now re-ceive.

CHORUS.



The pow'r of God is just the same as in the old - en time, The pow'r of God is



just the same in ev - 'ry place and clime, Then come to Je - sus, wea - ry one, and

The Power of God the Same.—Concluded.

bring thy bur-dens too, And cast on Him thy ev - 'ry care and life He'll give a - new.

29

The Man of Galilee.

J. H. LOZIER.

Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. I am on a shin - ing path - way, A - down life's short - 'ning years,
2. My poor soul hath had its con - flicts With might - y hosts of sin,
3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav - ior's hands have piled,

And my heart hath known its sor - rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
With the dead - ly foes with - out me, And dark - er foes with - in;
And I know my Fa - ther's wait - ing To wel - come home his child;

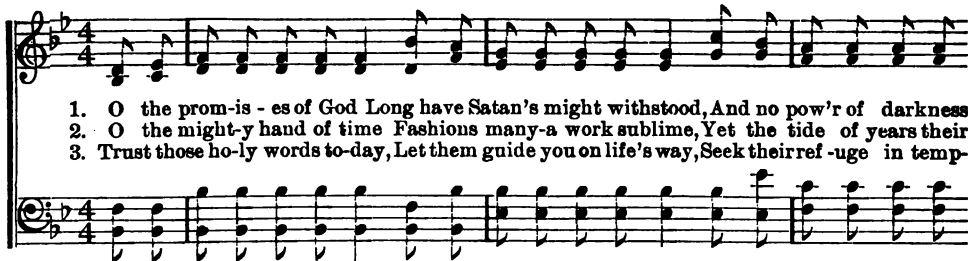
But I saw those shad - ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,
But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

While I'm trust - ing in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
When I trust - ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
For he is the King of Glo - ry, The Man of Gal - i - lee.

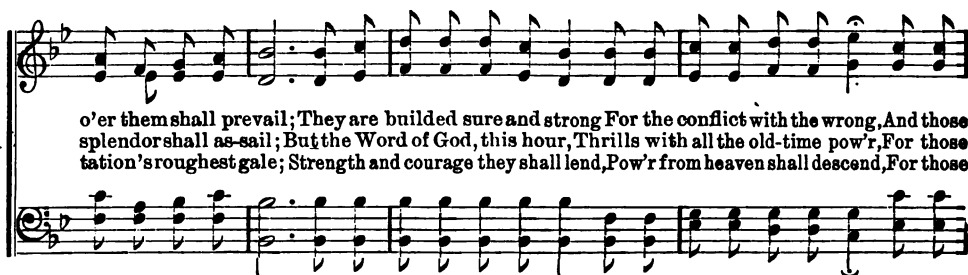
Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

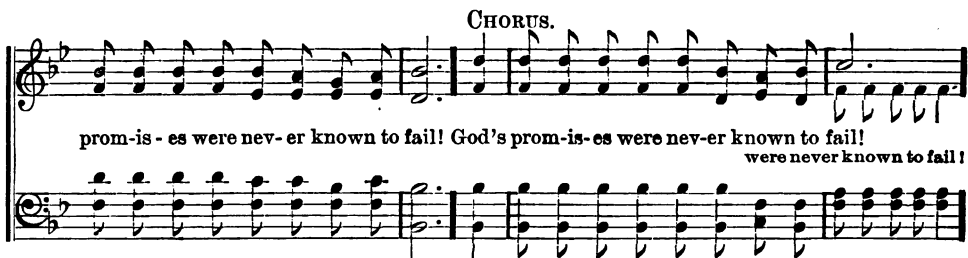


1. O the prom-is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no pow'r of darkness
 2. O the might-y hand of time Fashions many-a work sublime, Yet the tide of years their
 3. Trust those ho-ly words to-day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their ref-uge in temp-



o'er them shall prevail; They are builded sure and strong For the conflict with the wrong, And those
 splendor shall as sail; But the Word of God, this hour, Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those
 tation's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend, Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those

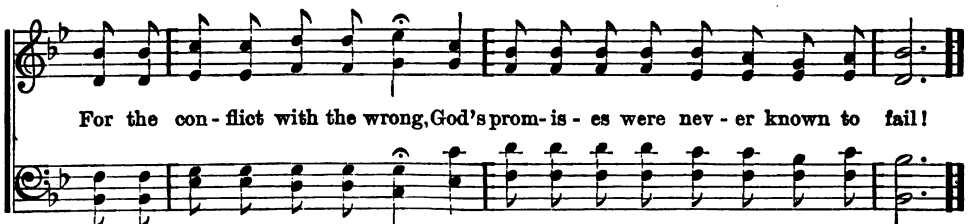
CHORUS.



prom-is - es were nev - er known to fail! God's prom-is - es were nev - er known to fail!
 were never known to fail!



No pow'r of darkness o'er them shall pre-vail! They are builded sure and strong
 shall prevail!



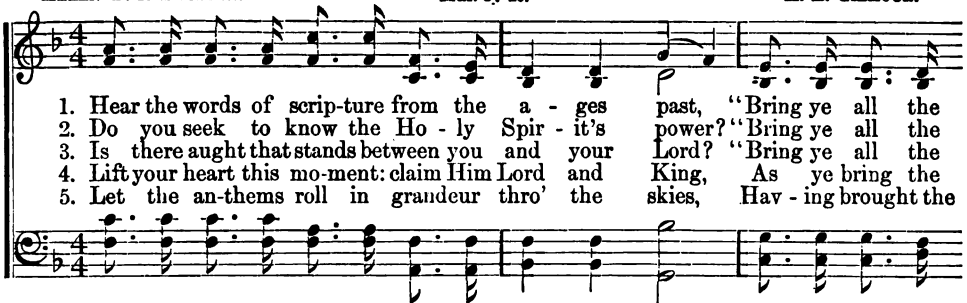
For the con - flict with the wrong, God's prom-is - es were nev - er known to fail!

Bring Ye All the Tithes.

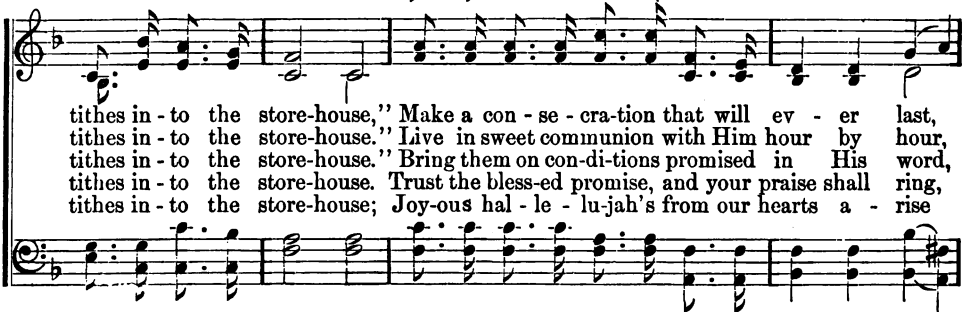
HELEN E. RASMUSSEN.

Mal. 3: 10.

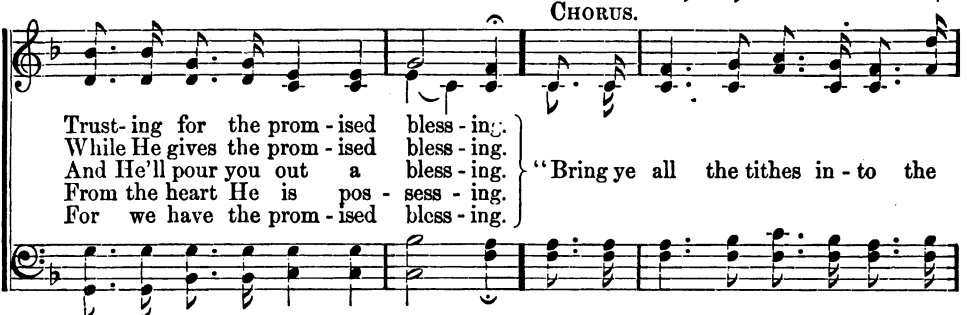
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Hear the words of scrip-ture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the
 2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir - it's power? "Bring ye all the
 3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the
 4. Lift your heart this mo-ment: claim Him Lord and King, As ye bring the
 5. Let the an-thems roll in grandeur thro' the skies, Hav - ing brought the



tithes in - to the store-house," Make a con - se - cra-tion that will ev - er last,
 tithes in - to the store-house," Live in sweet communion with Him hour by hour,
 tithes in - to the store-house," Bring them on con-di-tions promised in His word,
 tithes in - to the store-house. Trust the bless-ed promise, and your praise shall ring,
 tithes in - to the store-house; Joy-ous hal - le - lu-jah's from our hearts a - rise



CHORUS.

Trust-ing for the prom - ised bless - ing.
 While He gives the prom - ised bless - ing.
 And He'll pour you out a bless - ing.
 From the heart He is pos - sess - ing.
 For we have the prom - ised bless - ing.

"Bring ye all the tithes in - to the



store - house, And prove me now saith the Lord of hosts; And I will pour you



out a bless - ing, There shall not be room e-nough to re - ceive it."

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Keep Looking Up.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. When you grow faint and wear-y, O look on things a-bove, When you are tried and
 2. You'll make the jour-ney safe-ly, if you keep look-ing up; You'll see the face of
 3. You ne'er will reach the cit-y on flow-'ry beds of ease, The path to heav-en
 4. Be faith-ful then, keep watching, and with-out ceas-ing pray, He'll call you from your
 5. On wings of love He'll bear you be-yond the star-ry dome, And there with saints im-

tempt-ed, trust in the Sav-ior's love; Think of the crown a-wait-ing in
 Je-sus, and joy will fill your cup; Each day you will be strengthened if
 thorn-y, and tri-als nev-er cease; But some glad day we'll en-ter the
 la-bor, to be with Him some day, And when your work is end-ed, it
 mor-tal, for-ev-er be at home; The bliss un-told a-wait-ing, no

yon-der world for you; Look at the home-pre-par-ing, for all who will be true.
 on His word you stand, And in your ev-'ry con-flict, will see the Sav-iour's hand.
 por-tals bright and fair, And there a-mong the an-gels, be free from ev-'ry care.
 will not mat-ter much From whence the Savior calls you, if you're with Him in touch.
 mor-tal here can know, Then be an o-ver-com-er, in this dark world of woe.

CHORUS.

Keep look-ing up, look-ing up, The way will bright-er grow,
 bright-er grow,

Keep look-ing up, look-ing up, where joys e-ter-nal flow.

Hark! Hark! My Soul.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls! for
 3. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
 4. An - gels, sing on; your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag - ments

o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come! And thro' the dark its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in wel - come to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

REFRAIN. *Unison, melody in Bass clef.*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last. } An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Unison.
 light; Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night, An - gels of

Harmony.
 Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

When Love Shines In.

Mrs. FRANK A. BREEK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
 2. How the world will glow with beau-ty, When love shines in, And the heart re -
 3. Dark-est sor - rows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav - iest
 4. We may have un - fad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship

woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray; Love will
 joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied, And the
 bur - den, light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw Light to
 true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won. And our

drive the gloom a - way, Turn our dark-ness in - to day, When love shines in.
 soul in peace a - bide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.
 show us where to go; O the heart shall bless-ing know, When love shines in.
 life in heav'n be - gun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in, When love shines in. How the heart is
 When love shines in,
 When love shines in, when love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to sing-ing, When love shines in; When love shines in, . . .
 When love shines in; When love shines in, . . .
 When love shines in, when love shines in,

When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

When love shines in, Joy and peace to oth - ers bringing, When love shines in.
when love shines in.

When love shines in,

35

In the Morning.

F. M. A.

F. M. ATKINSON.

1. We'll hear the trumpet's welcome sound, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing;
2. On clouds of light and wings of flame, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing;
3. Ye saints, lift up your raptured eye, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing;
4. Bright seraphs lead the glitt'ring throng, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing;

A-wake, ye na - tions under ground, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing.
The King of kings will come to reign, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing.
The long-ex-pect-ed hour is nigh, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing.
We'll sing with joy redemption's song, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing.

CHORUS.

In the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing;

In the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing.

The Happy Way.

CLIFFORD K. INGLER.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

1. I'm basking in Beulah's rich sun-shine, The smile of my Sav-ior I see,
 2. I'll praise Him that ev-er He called me A - way from the ser-vice of sin,
 3. The good fight of faith I am fight-ing, My feet are now pressing the Rock,
 4. Our Sav-ior is com-ing in glo - ry His fair waiting bride to re - ceive,

De - light - ed am I with the path - way, Oh, how could I hap - pi - er be!
 For - gave my transgressions so free - ly, Help'd me a new life to be - gin;
 Tho' fle - ry darts Sa - tan is hurl - ing, The shield can withstand ev-'ry shock;
 She'll hast-en to meet Him in rap - ture, Such bliss is too great to con - ceive;

The pleas - ure I find in His ser - vice, Doth am - ply re - pay me each day,
 My name in the book He has writ - ten, And O how His love thrills my soul!
 I'm run - ning the race with much pa - tience, With sin and the weights laid a - side,
 The sup - per is be - ing made read - y, A feast such as nev - er was known,

In heav - en I'm lay - ing up treas - ures, That nev - er will rust or de - cay.
 I'm sanc - ti - fied whol - ly, praise Je - sus, His blood makes me per - fect - ly whole.
 To Je - sus I'm eag - er - ly look - ing, He keeps me what - ev - er be - tide.
 The guests, the redeemed of all a - ges, With an - gel - ic hosts from the throne.

CHORUS.

The fair - est of all is Je - sus, He's all in all to me.

The Happy Way.—Concluded.

His voice, O how sweet and ten - der, His face I soon shall see.

37

All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET.

(May be sung in E.)

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

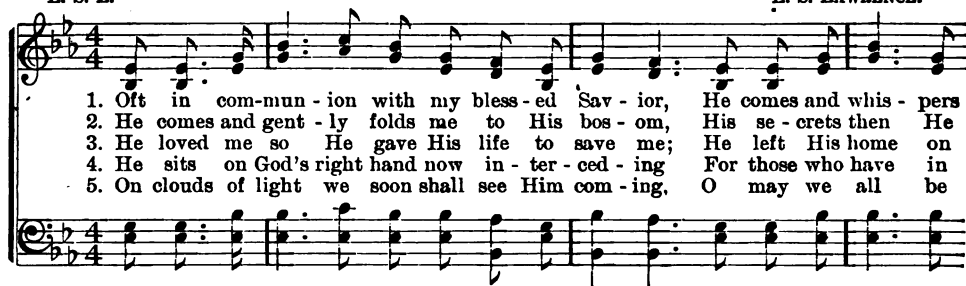
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, the roy - al di - a -
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, your tro - phies at His
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, all maj - es - ty as -
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, the ev - er - last - ing

dem, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
 di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him crown Him Lord of all.
 feet, And crown Him, crown Him crown Him Lord of all.
 at His feet, And crown Him, crown Him crown Him Lord of all.
 crite, as - crite, And crown Him, crown Him crown Him Lord of all.
 song, last - ing song, And crown Him, crown Him crown Him Lord of all.

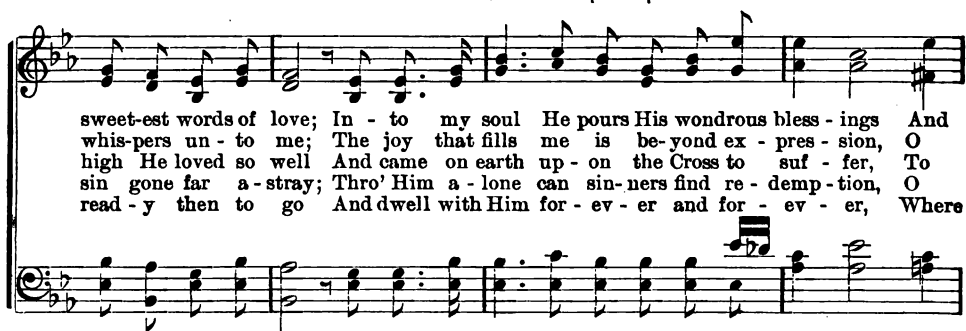
Soon I Shall Join the Blood-washed.

L. S. L.

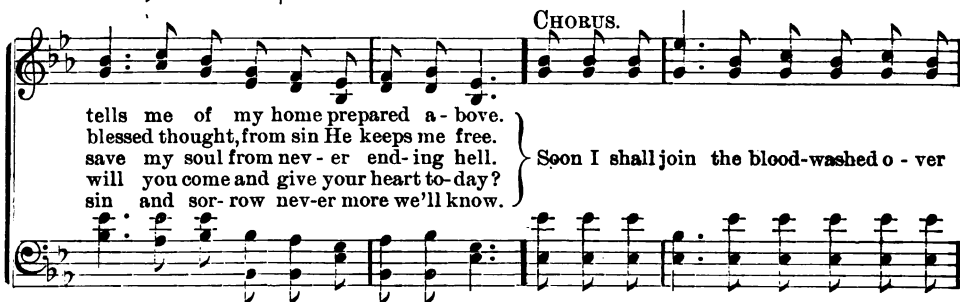
L. S. LAWRENCE.



1. Oft in com-mun-ion with my bless-ed Sav-ior, He comes and whis-pers
 2. He comes and gent-ly folds me to His bos-om, His se-crets then He
 3. He loved me so He gave His life to save me; He left His home on
 4. He sits on God's right hand now in-ter-ced-ing For those who have in
 5. On clouds of light we soon shall see Him com-ing, O may we all be



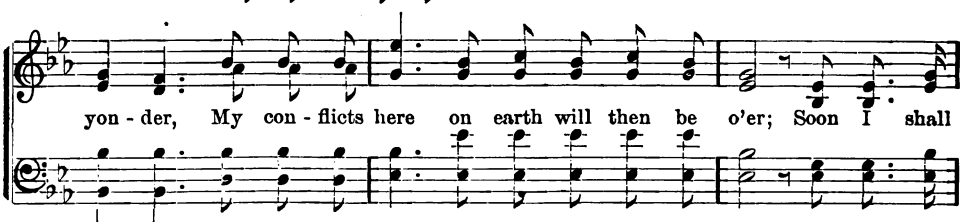
sweet-est words of love; In-to my soul He pours His wondrous bless-ings And
 whis-pers un-to me; The joy that fills me is be-yond ex-pres-sion, O
 high He loved so well And came on earth up-on the Cross to suf-fer, To
 sin gone far a-stray; Thro' Him a-lone can sin-ners find re-demp-tion, O
 read-y then to go And dwell with Him for-ev-er and for-ev-er, Where



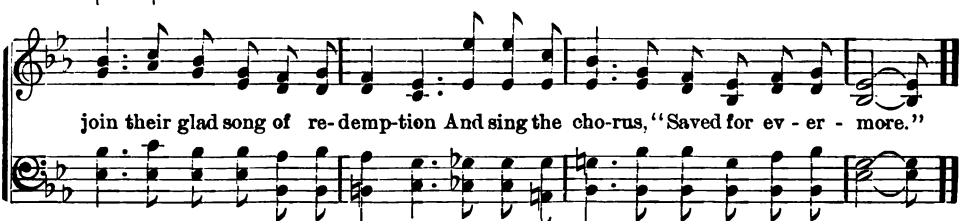
CHORUS.

tells me of my home prepared a-bove.
 blessed thought, from sin He keeps me free.
 save my soul from nev-er end-ing hell.
 will you come and give your heart to-day?
 sin and sor-row nev-er more we'll know.

} Soon I shall join the blood-washed o-ver



yon-der, My con-flicts here on earth will then be o'er; Soon I shall

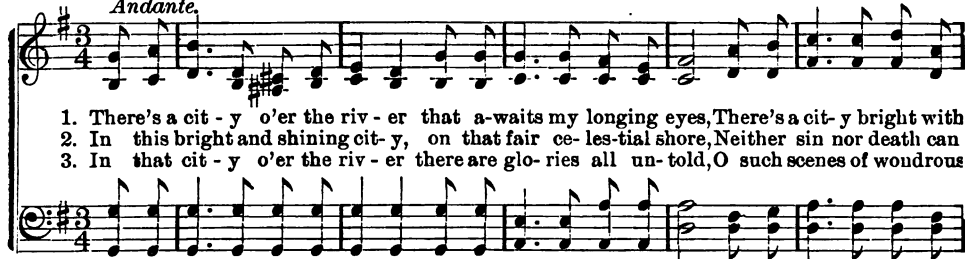


join their glad song of re-demp-tion And sing the cho-rus, "Saved for ev-er-more."

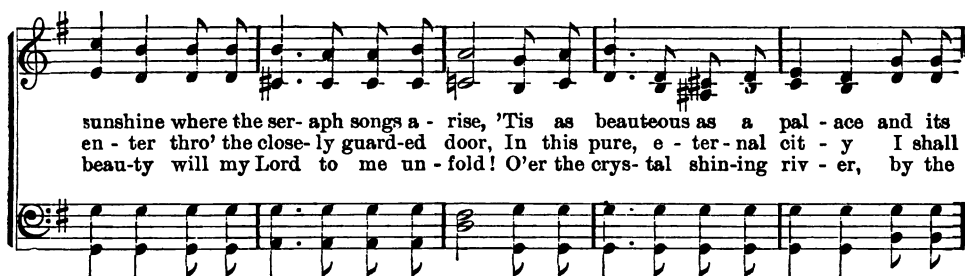
The Beautiful City of Rest.

W. H. S.

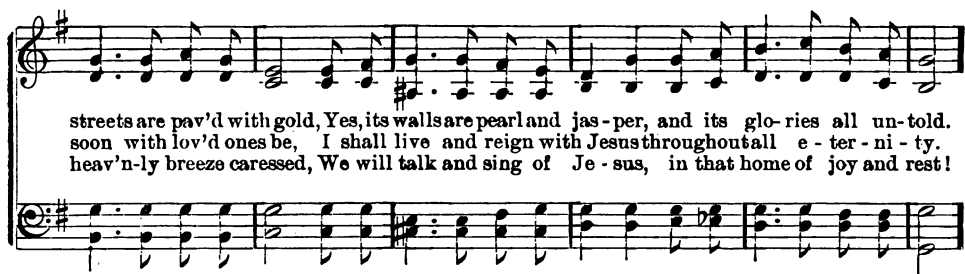
WALTER H. STEVENS.

Andante.


1. There's a cit - y o'er the riv - er that a-waits my longing eyes, There's a cit - y bright with
 2. In this bright and shining cit - y, on that fair ce - les - tial shore, Neither sin nor death can
 3. In that cit - y o'er the riv - er there are glo - ries all un - told, O such scenes of wondrous



sunshine where the ser - aph songs a - rise, 'Tis as beauteous as a pal - ace and its
 en - ter thro' the close - ly guard - ed door, In this pure, e - ter - nal cit - y I shall
 beau - ty will my Lord to me un - fold! O'er the crys - tal shin - ing riv - er, by the



streets are pav'd with gold, Yes, its walls are pearl and jas - per, and its glo - ries all un - told.
 soon with lov'd ones be, I shall live and reign with Je - sus throughout all e - ter - ni - ty.
 heav'n - ly breeze caressed, We will talk and sing of Je - sus, in that home of joy and rest!

CHORUS. *Allegro.*


O that beau - ti - ful cit - y of rest, all its splendors I soon shall

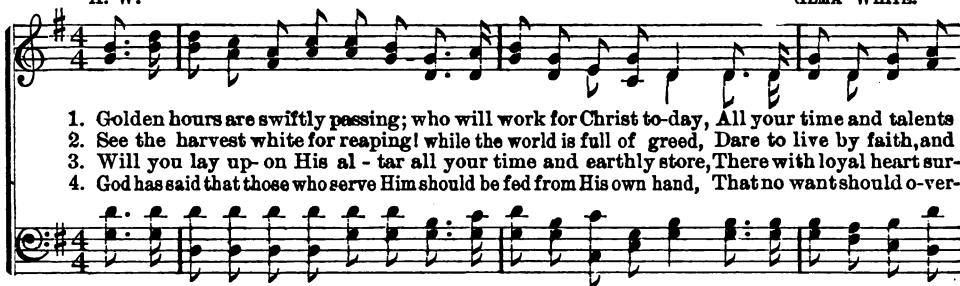


share! O that beau - ti - ful cit - y of rest, my heart and my soul are there!

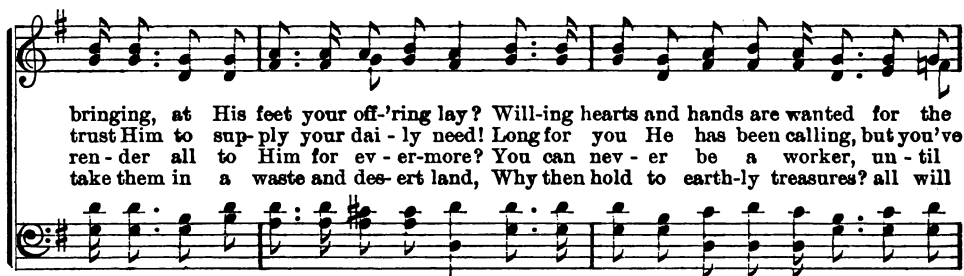
Who Will Work To-day?

A. W.

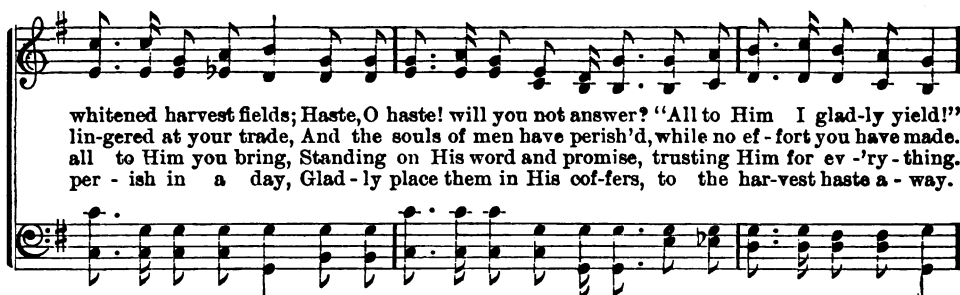
ALMA WHITE.



1. Golden hours are swiftly passing; who will work for Christ to-day, All your time and talents
2. See the harvest white for reaping! while the world is full of greed, Dare to live by faith, and
3. Will you lay up on His al - tar all your time and earthly store, There with loyal heart sur-
4. God has said that those who serve Him should be fed from His own hand, That no want should o-ver-

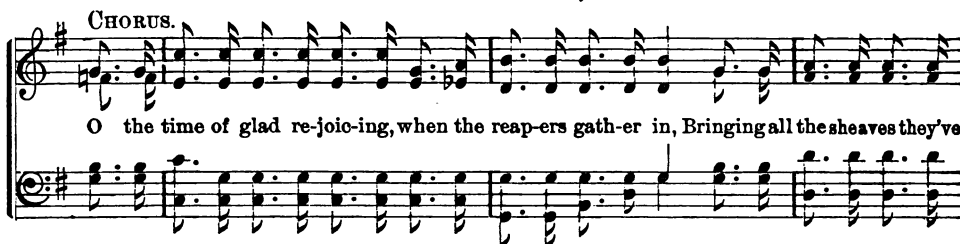


bringing, at His feet your off-ering lay? Will-ing hearts and hands are wanted for the
trust Him to sup-ply your dai - ly need! Long for you He has been calling, but you've
ren - der all to Him for ev - er-more? You can nev - er be a worker, un - til
take them in a waste and des-ert land, Why then hold to earth-ly treasures? all will

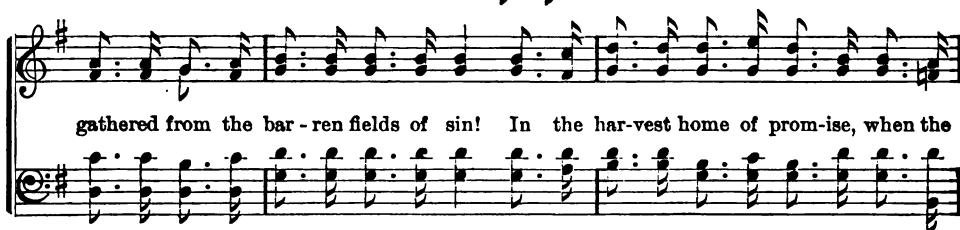


whitened harvest fields; Haste, O haste! will you not answer? "All to Him I glad-ly yield!"
lin-gered at your trade, And the souls of men have perish'd, while no ef - fort you have made.
all to Him you bring, Standing on His word and promise, trusting Him for ev - ry - thing.
per - ish in a day, Glad - ly place them in His cof-fers, to the har-vest haste a - way.

CHORUS.



O the time of glad re-joic-ing, when the reap-ers gath-er in, Bringing all the sheaves they've



gathered from the bar - ren fields of sin! In the har-vest home of prom-ise, when the

Who Will Work To-day?—Concluded.

reapers gath-er in, We will shout His praise for-ev-er, with the souls we help'd to win.

41

Tell the Sweet Story.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je-sus a - gain, How He hath suffer'd to save us from sin;
2. Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je-sus a - gain, Dear ones are per-ish-ing whom we should win
3. Tell how He triumph'd o'er death and the grave; Tell of His pow-er from all sin to save;
4. Tell of the cit - y He went to pre-pare; Tell how His rich-es in glo-ry we'll share;

Tell the sweet sto-ry that all may be-lieve Je - sus our Sav-ior sal - va-tion will give.
 Tell them of Je - sus who died on the tree, Bringing sal-va-tion so full and so free.
 Tell how in glo-ry He now in-ter-cedes; Tell how for sinners He ev - er-more pleads.
 Tell how the burdens we soon shall lay down; Tell of a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

CHORUS.

Tell it a - gain, tell it a - gain, Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus a - gain;

Far from the fold lost ones have roam'd; Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus a - gain.

Copyright, 1909, by

Alma White.

Golden Rays of Sunshine.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. The cru - el temp - est raged with - out, the bil - lows dashed and foam'd; The
 2. The Lord re - buked the an - gry waves and calmed the troub - led sea, The
 3. Oh, may this stream of heav'n - ly light reach all who are dis - tressed And

threat'ning waves around me surg'd when on the sea I roamed; I cried to God in
 sun shone thro' the rift - ed clouds and shed its rays on me; I'm sing - ing, shout - ing
 ev - 'ry wayward, wand'ring child in Him find peace and rest, Then when the bil - lows

my dis - tress, He lent a list'ning ear And 'midst the tempest's fiercest roar He
 all the way—the light on me doth shine, And Je - sus, Son of Righteousness, for
 dash and foam and temp - ests rage with - out, With - in the breast there is a calm un -

CHORUS.

bade me not to fear.
 ev - er - more is mine. } Gold - en light is break - ing up - on the troubled sea,
 mixed with fear or doubt.

Gold - en rays of sunshine are fall - ing now on me, Shadows now are pass - ing, the

Golden Rays of Sunshine.—Concluded.

sun is shin - ing bright, Hap - py days are com - ing, filled with joy and light.

43

Walking in the Steps of Jesus.

Mrs. M. H.

Mrs. MABLE HUFFMAN.

1. My lips shall ev - er sing His praise, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus;
2. The blood has canceled all my sin, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus;
3. All gloom and fear are left be - hind, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus;
4. The way may lead o'er mount - ain height, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus;
5. I'll trust His strong and might - y arm, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus;
6. With Him I have com - mun - ion sweet, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus;

I'll fol - low Him through all my days, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus.
 The Com - fort - er a - bides with - in, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus.
 Sweet peace and pleas - ure here I find, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus.
 Or in the gar - den through the night, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus.
 While here no foe can e'er a - larm, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus.
 And now to all His love re - peat, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

O sweet a - bid - ing thought! The nar - row way I sought,

His blood my par - don bought, Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus.

Jerusalem.

ALMA WHITE.

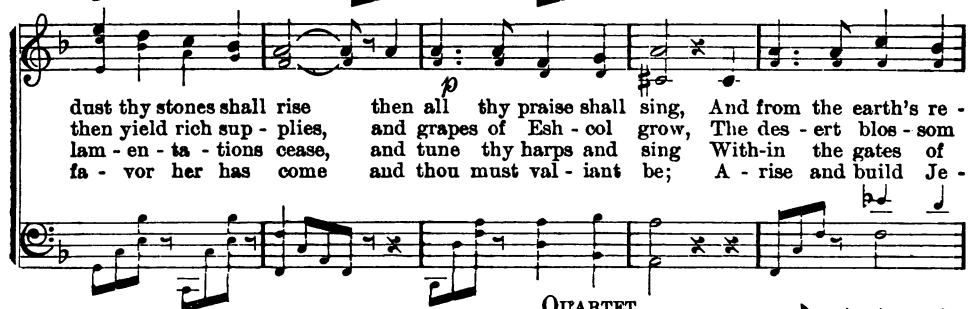
Harmony by VIDA FREELAND.

A. W.
Solo.

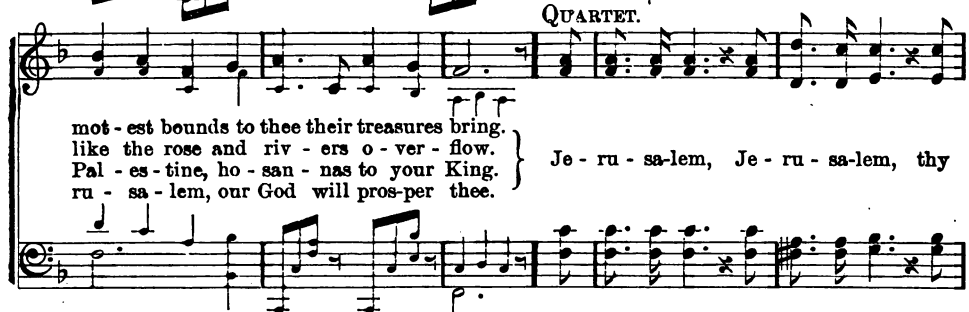

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, my heart doth long for thee, Thy pal-ace
 2. The Lord hath chos - en Is - ra - el, with-in thy gates to dwell And in the
 3. In Bab - y - lon thou couldst not sing a song for sin - ful men, And by the
 4. Ye sons of Ja - cob, praise the Lord! and shout, ye saints, for joy! Our God will



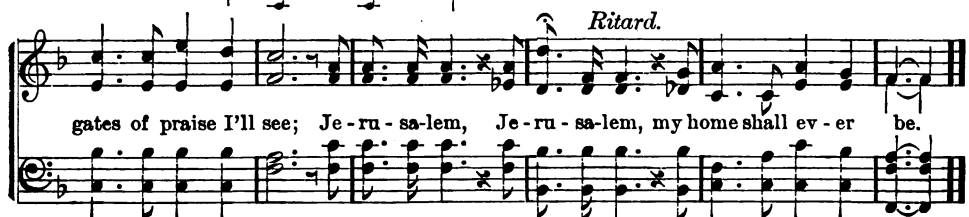
es..... and gar-dens fair some day mine eyes shall see;..... When from the
 land..... of corn and wine..... His won - drous prais-es tell;..... The ground shall
 riv - er thou didst weep..... for old Je - ru - sa - lem;..... O let thy
 build..... Je - ru - sa - lem..... and all her foes des - troy;.... The time to



dust thy stones shall rise then all thy praise shall sing, And from the earth's re -
 then yield rich sup - plies, and grapes of Esh - col grow, The des - ert blos - som
 lam - en - ta - tions cease, and tune thy harps and sing With-in the gates of
 fa - vor her has come and thou must val - iant be; A - rise and build Je -



QUARTET.
 mot - est bounds to thee their treasures bring.
 like the rose and riv - ers o - ver - flow. } Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, thy
 Pal - es - tine, ho - san - nas to your King. }
 ru - sa - lem, our God will prosper thee.



Ritard.
 gates of praise I'll see; Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, my home shall ev - er be.

Sanctified by Power Divine.

L. O. B.

L. O. BROWN.

1. Praise the Lord, O Chris-tian sol-diers, In His love you now a-bide;
 2. Nev-er doubt the pow'r of Je-sus, He can save what-e'er be-tide;
 3. I have yield-ed self to Je-sus, And in Him I now con-fide,

But for you there's some-thing bet-ter, He would have you sanc-ti-fied.
 For His blood to-day is flow-ing, And thro' faith we're sanc-ti-fied.
 All, yes all is on the al-tar,—Praise the Lord, I'm sanc-ti-fied.

CHORUS.

Sanc-ti-fied..... by pow-er di-vine, Sanc-ti-fied
 Sanc-ti-fied by pow'r di-vine, by pow-er di-vine,

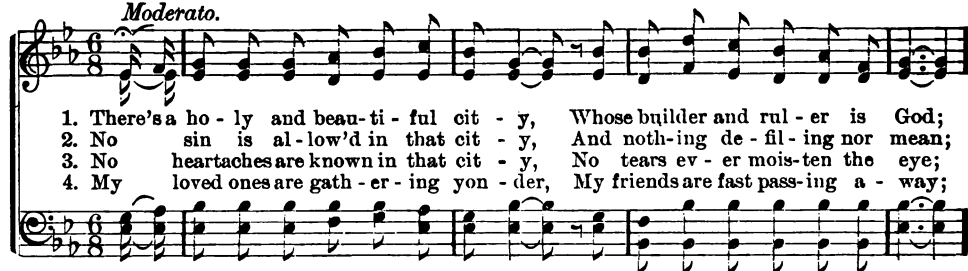
fied since Christ is mine; Trust-ing dai-ly
 Sanc-ti-fied since Christ is mine, since Christ is mine; Trust-ing dai-ly

in His grace, in His grace, Some sweet day I'll see His face.
 shall see His face.

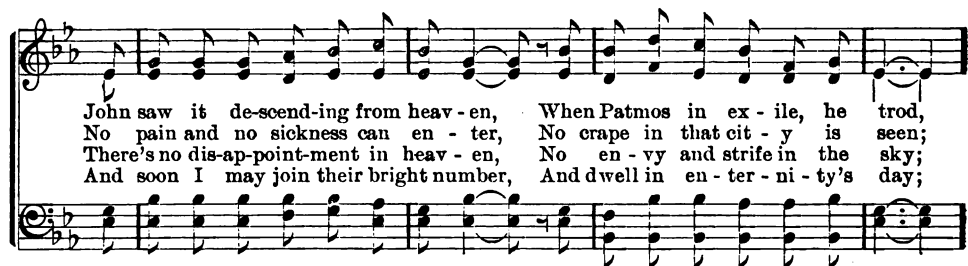
The Pearly-White City.

A. F. I.

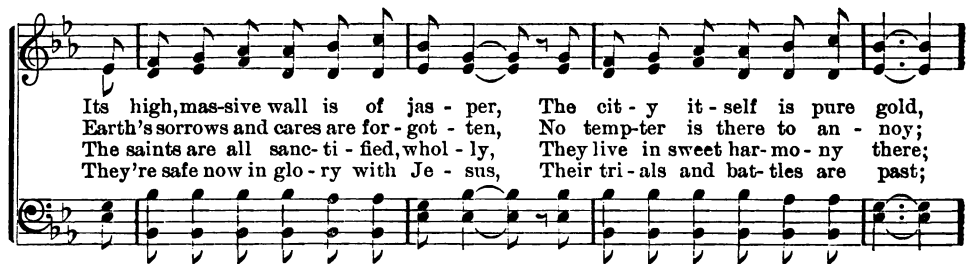
ARTHUR F. INGLES.

Moderato.


1. There's a ho - ly and beau - ti - ful cit - y, Whose build - er and rul - er is God;
 2. No sin is al - low'd in that cit - y, And noth - ing de - fil - ing nor mean;
 3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev - er mois - ten the eye;
 4. My loved ones are gath - er - ing yon - der, My friends are fast pass - ing a - way;




John saw it de - scend - ing from heav - en, When Patmos in ex - ile, he trod,
 No pain and no sickness can en - ter, No crape in that cit - y is seen;
 There's no dis - ap - point - ment in heav - en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
 And soon I may join their bright number, And dwell in en - ter - ni - ty's day;



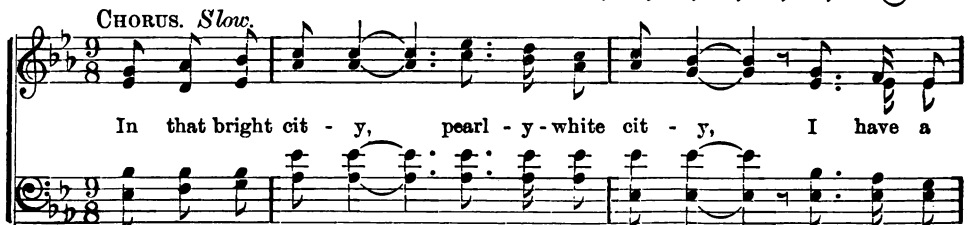
Its high, mas - sive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold,
 Earth's sorrows and cares are for - got - ten, No temp - ter is there to an - noy;
 The saints are all sanc - ti - fied, whol - ly, They live in sweet har - mo - ny there;
 They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri - als and bat - tles are past;

rit. ad lib.



And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be - hold.
 No part - ing words ev - er are spo - ken, There's nothing to hurt and de - stroy.
 My heart now is set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
 They o - ver - came sin and the temp - ter, They've reach'd that fair cit - y at last.

CHORUS. *Slow.*



In that bright cit - y, pearl - y - white cit - y, I have a

The Pearly-White City.—Concluded.

man - sion, an harp and a crown; Now I am watch - ing, wait - ing and

rit. ad lib.

long - ing For the white cit - y John saw com - ing down.

47

The Sweet Story of Old.

JEMIMA LUKE.

Anon.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
 3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place He is gone to pre - pare, For


Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
 arm had been thrown a - round me; And that I might have seen His kind
 ask for a share of His love; And, if I now earn - est - ly
 all who are washed and for - giv'n; And ma - ny dear chil - dren are

lambs to His fold— I should like to have been with them then.
 looks when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
 gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."



Return, O Wanderer.

A. W.


. ALMA WHITE.




1. O way-ward child, why shouldst thou roam A - way in fields of sin?
 2. The Sav - ior seeks His way-ward child, Why long - er spurn His voice?
 3. O let Him break the pow'r of sin That holds thee in its charm;
 4. There's death and dan - ger in de - lay, O why then long - er wait?
 5. No hope is there for those who go To that dark world be - low,
 6. O sin - ner come to Je - sus now, He waits to wel - come thee,
 7. O seek Him while He may be found, Call thou while He is near,


O lis - ten to the tem-pest's roar, The night will soon be - gin. . .
 His hands, His feet were pierc'd for thee, O make Him now thy choice. . .
 There's pow'r in Je - sus' blood to save, And keep thy soul from harm. . .
 The Sav - ior calls thee now to come, And soon 'twill be too late. . .
 For - ev - er lost they'll weep and wail And reap e - ter - nal woe. . .
 Five bleed - ing wounds for thee He bore Up - on the curs - ed tree. . .
 The day of mer - cy soon will close And none thy cause will hear. . .



CHORUS.



Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And leave the world be - hind,



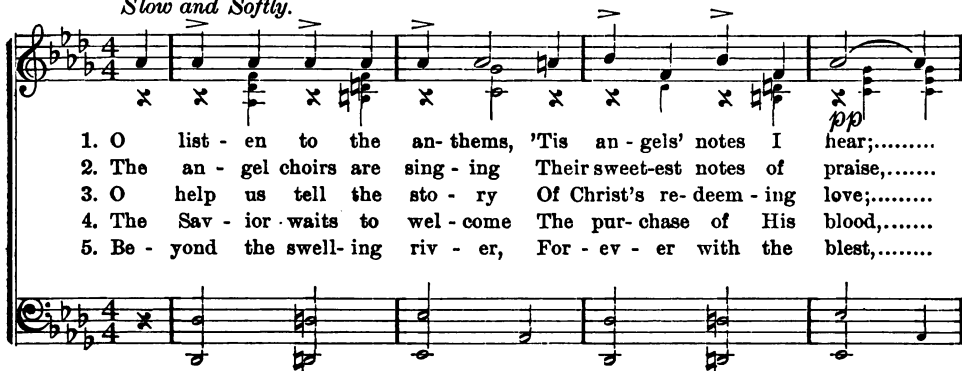

On Calv'ry's rug - ged mount - ain side A ref - uge thou shalt find.



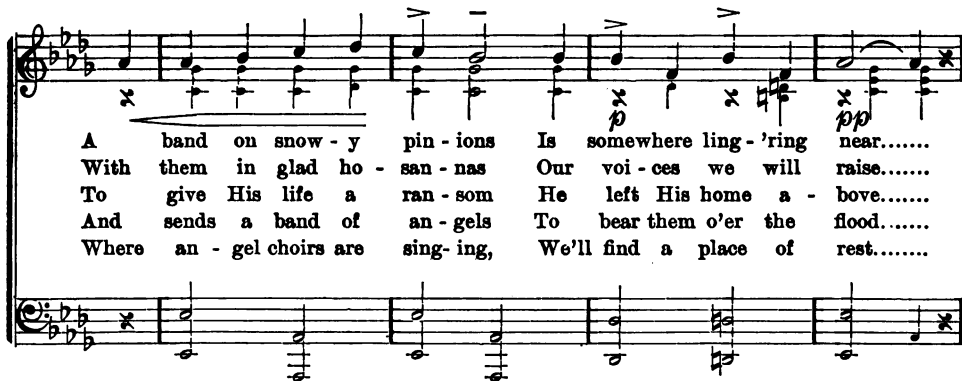
The Angel Choirs are Singing.

ALMA WHITE.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

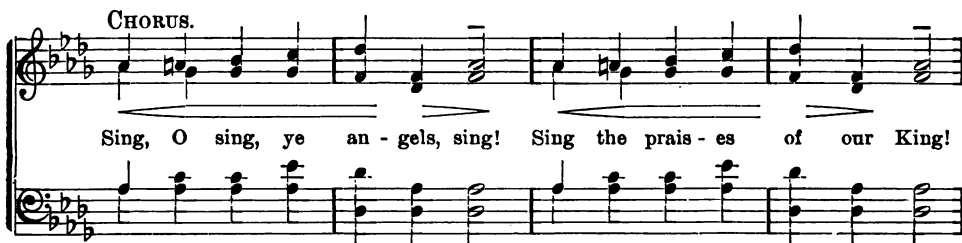
Slow and Softly.


1. O list - en to the an - thems, 'Tis an - gels' notes I hear;.....
 2. The an - gel choirs are sing - ing Their sweet - est notes of praise;.....
 3. O help us tell the sto - ry Of Christ's re - deem - ing love;.....
 4. The Sav - ior waits to wel - come The pur - chase of His blood;.....
 5. Be - yond the swell - ing riv - er, For - ev - er with the blest;.....



A band on snow - y pin - ions Is somewhere ling - 'ring near.....
 With them in glad ho - san - nas Our voi - ces we will raise.....
 To give His life a ran - som He left His home a - bove.....
 And sends a band of an - gels To bear them o'er the flood.....
 Where an - gel choirs are sing - ing, We'll find a place of rest.....

CHORUS.



Sing, O sing, ye an - gels, sing! Sing the prais - es of our King!



Sing the won - ders of His love, Make the courts of heav - en ring!

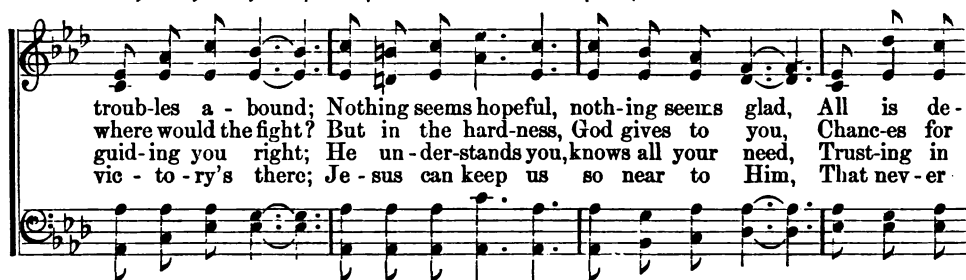
Keep on Believing.

M. D.

L. M. B.

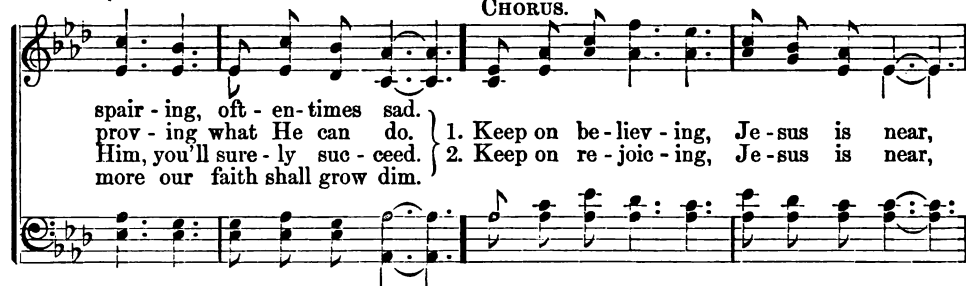
Con espress.


1. When you feel weak - est, dan - gers sur - round; Sub - tle temp - ta - tions,
 2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?
 3. God is your wis - dom; God is your might; God's ev - er near you,
 4. Let us press on then; nev - er de - spair:—Live a - bove feel - ing,



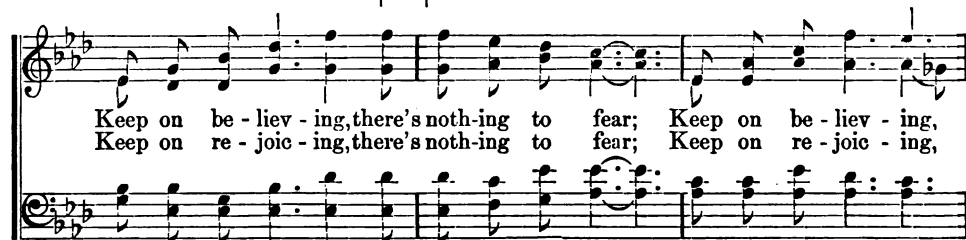
troub - les a - bound; Nothing seems hopeful, noth - ing seems glad, All is de -
 where would the fight? But in the hard - ness, God gives to you, Chanc - es for
 guid - ing you right; He un - der - stands you, knows all your need, Trust - ing in
 vic - to - ry's there; Je - sus can keep us so near to Him, That nev - er

CHORUS.



spair - ing, oft - en - times sad.
 prov - ing what He can do.
 Him, you'll sure - ly suc - ceed.
 more our faith shall grow dim.

1. Keep on be - liev - ing, Je - sus is near,
 2. Keep on re - joic - ing, Je - sus is near,



Keep on be - liev - ing, there's noth - ing to fear; Keep on be - liev - ing,
 Keep on re - joic - ing, there's noth - ing to fear; Keep on re - joic - ing,



this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.
 this is the way, Songs in the night as well as the day.

I'm Glad I Came Home.

C. F. W.

CHAS. F. WEIGELE.

1. I was so lone - ly, so ver - y lone - ly, When I from my Sav - ior had
 2. I was so hun - gry, so ver - y hun - gry, When out in the des - ert I
 3. I was so wea - ry, so ver - y wea - ry, When tired of my wand'ring I

wandered a - way; Now I am hap - py, so ver - y hap - py, Since I to my
 wandered a - lone; Since I'm in Ca - naan, liv - ing in Ca - naan, I've plen - ty of
 lay down to die; Je - sus came near me, so ver - y near me, When in my dis -

CHORUS.

Sav - ior have come home to stay.
 bread, oh, I'm glad I came home. } I'm glad I came home, oh, so glad I came home,
 tress un - to Him I did cry.

From Je - sus my Sav - ior I'll nev - er more roam, No more am I starv - ing,

wea - ry or lone, Since Je - sus has found me, I'm glad I came home.

The Bridegroom Cometh.

ALMA WHITE.
Moderato.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

1. The Bride-groom soon is com-ing, the spring-time now is here, The
 2. O tell me not of cross-es, or bur-dens hard to bear, My
 3. Thro' lat-tice work He's look-ing up-on His faith-ful bride, To
 4. The mount-ain peaks are glow-ing with heav-en's gold-en light; The

birds their songs are sing-ing, the tur-tle-doves ap-pear; My
 mouth is filled with prais-es; I've cast on Him my care, Oft-
 her His se-crets tell-ing in whom He doth con-fide; Be-
 bri-dal train is com-ing on clouds of snow-y white, O

heart with love is pin-ing to meet Him in the air, To
 times when I am wea-ry, He tells me of His grace, When
 hold He com-eth leap-ing and skip-ping o'er the hills, I
 I will soon be go-ing, the time will not be long, For

The Bridegroom Cometh.—Concluded.

be with Him I'm long - ing in that bright land so fair.
 days are dark and drear - y, I see His smil - ing face.
 hear Him gent - ly call - ing, His love my spir - it thrills.
 me the Bride-groom's call - ing to meet the heav'n - ly throng.

Slower

Rise up, rise up, my fair one, And do not long de - lay; Rise
 up, rise up, my fair one, And come, O come a - way....

The Sky is Clear Above.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

Smoothly.

1. The sky is clear a - bove me, my path is shin - ing bright,
 2. My heart is light as spring - time, the sky is clear a - bove,
 3. I heard the old, old sto - ry, how Je - sus saves from sin,
 4. I know a band of an - gels to earth will wing their flight,

While trust - ing in my Sav - ior, He gives me won - drous light;
 My days are full of sun - shine, I'm rest - ing in His love;
 When all I yield - ed to Him the light came stream - ing in.
 To take me to that cit - y where Je - sus is the light;

No more the mists and shad - ows are hang - ing o'er my way,
 All na - ture sings His prais - es since in my heart He lives,
 I knew not how to love Him, my heart was dark and cold,
 He prom - ised to be with me un - til this life is o'er,

cres. Where ben - lah's sun is shin - ing the shad - ows flee a - way.
f And peace that pass - eth know - ledge to me He ev - er gives.
 Un - til I heard the sto - ry the proph - ets long fore - told.
 And then be - yond the por - tals I'll dwell for ev - er - more.

f CHORUS. *dim.* *pp* *p*
 The an - gel bands are com - ing, I hear them far a - way, To take me to that

The Sky is Clear Above.—Concluded.

cit - y, where all is per - fect day; The sky is clear a - bove me— I

hear their harps of gold, I soon shall join their number and see the gates un - fold.

cres. *f* *p* *rit.*

54

Hear the Shepherd Calling.

J. D. B.

JAMES D. BARNITZ.

1. Hear the Shep-herd call - ing, Call - ing all His own; He is ev - er
 2. 'Tis the bless - ed Sav - ior, Shep-herd as of old, Bids you come and
 3. Peace and joy in heav - en With an - gels to share, Lov'd ones find no
 4. God's Son came to save us, Per - fect love di - vine; He is ev - er

CHORUS.

anx - ious That His sheep come home.
 wor - ship; In His love un - fold.
 part - ing And no bur - dens there. } Will you come and trust Him? Give your
 bless - ed, And .I know He's mine.

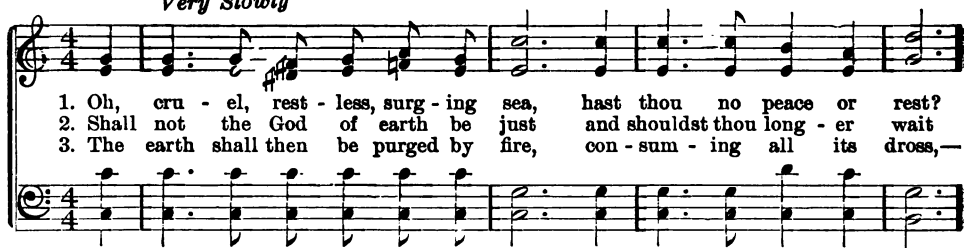
heart so true? He is ev - er seek - ing, And will love you too.

rit.


The Fate of the Sea.

A. W. *Very Slowly*

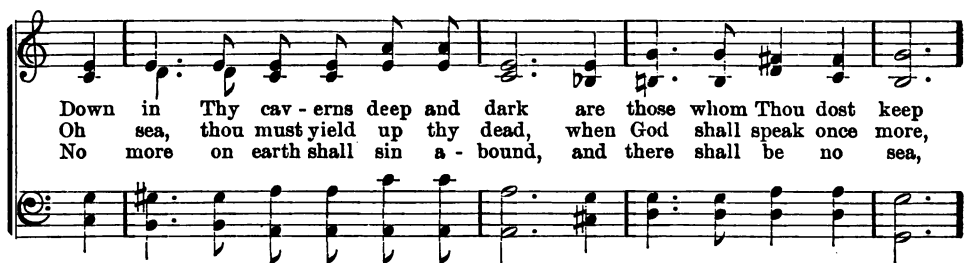
ALMA WHITE.



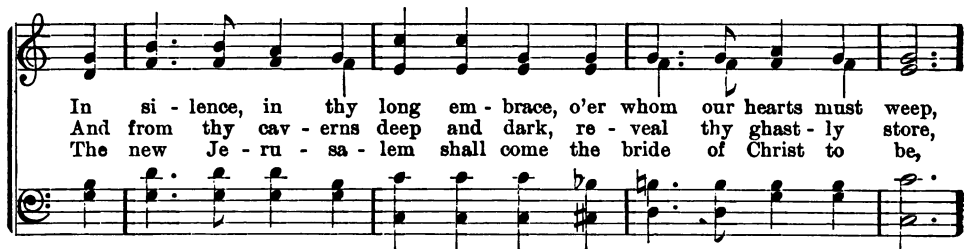
1. Oh, cru - el, rest - less, surg - ing sea, hast thou no peace or rest?
 2. Shall not the God of earth be just and shouldst thou long - er wait
 3. The earth shall then be purged by fire, con - sum - ing all its dross,—



Why dost Thou long - er from us hold the se - crets of Thy breast?
 To meet the sen - tence God has passed, and know thy aw - ful fate?
 A home for all who have ob - tained sal - va - tion through the Cross.

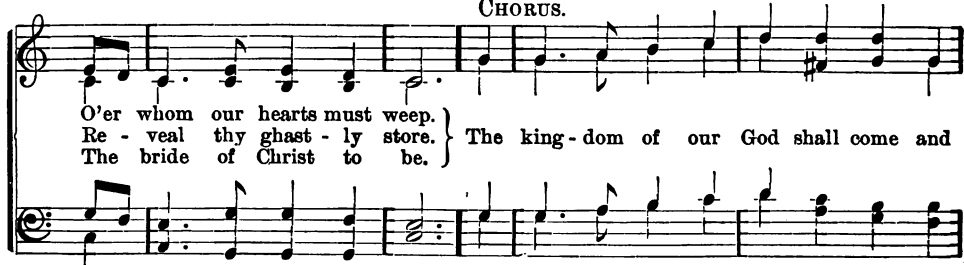


Down in Thy cav - erns deep and dark are those whom Thou dost keep
 Oh sea, thou must yield up thy dead, when God shall speak once more,
 No more on earth shall sin a - bound, and there shall be no sea,



In si - lence, in thy long em - brace, o'er whom our hearts must weep,
 And from thy cav - erns deep and dark, re - veal thy ghast - ly store,
 The new Je - ru - sa - lem shall come the bride of Christ to be,

CHORUS.



O'er whom our hearts must weep.
 Re - veal thy ghast - ly store. } The king - dom of our God shall come and
 The bride of Christ to be. }

The Fate of the Sea.—Concluded.

all the earth shall fill, The Rose of Sha - ron then shall bloom on

Zi - on's ho - ly hill; When earth no more shall bear the curse, and all is

per - fect peace, When Je - sus reigns as Lord and King thy ty - ran - ny shall cease.

56

Foot-Prints of Jesus.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, "Come, fol - low me!" And we see where Thy
 2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seeking His sheep; Or a - long by Si -
 3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the Word; Or in homes of the
 4. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet; We shall walk with the
 5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done; We shall rest where the

D. S.—We will fol - low the

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

foot-prints falling, Lead us to Thee.
 loam's fount - ains Helping the weak.
 poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
 glad immortals, Heav'n's golden streets.
 steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

Foot-prints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;

steps of Je - sus, Where'er they go.

Seeking the Lost Sheep.

J. N. T.

J. N. TOMLIN.

1. Lost souls up - on the des-ert waste, Gone a - stray, gone a - stray; On to the
 2. The day is spent, the night is on, Don't de - lay, don't de - lay; Fe - ro - tious
 3. The Shepherd's voice they wait to hear, Call them long, call them long; In lov - ing
 4. Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come, Heed the call, heed the call; Now to the
 5. There's room for all at Je - sus' feet, Hum - bly bow, hum - bly bow; He's al - ways

Rit.
 res - cue, oh, make haste, Save to - day, save to - day; See from the
 wolves are howling round, Haste a - way, haste a - way; The shadows
 words and notes of cheer, Wake the song, wake the song; Till ev - 'ry
 liv - ing wa - ters run, One and all, one and all; Let earth - ly
 at the mer - cy - seat, Take Him now, take Him now; No hire - ling
 * 1. Save to - day, save to - day;

fold they've gone a - far, With not a friend or guiding star To point them back to God and
 dark are gath'ring fast, And night's chill breath fore'er will last, While helpless souls are wrapt in
 sheep is gathered in From desert waste and fields of sin; Till just one shepherd each shall
 fortunes homes and lands, Now quickly fall from off thine hands, For ju - st one drink enough shall
 shepherd ours shall be, To leave the sheep a - lone and flee; He'll lead you out and lead you

CHORUS.
 home, Oh, can we long - er let them roam?
 gloom, And endless woe shall be their doom.
 own, 'Till just one fold shall be their home. } Then haste away and bring them in, From desert
 be To com - pen - sate for all to thee.
 in, By wa - ters still and pastures green.

waste and fields of sin, Till just one Shepherd each shall own, Till just one fold shall be their home.

* Repeat each verse.

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The Backslider's Cry.

L. S. LAWRENCE. *Slow.*

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

1. I used to know my Sav - ior and lov'd His gen - tle voice, He fill'd my soul with
 2. But one sad day the temp - er in an - gel garments dress'd, Came knocking at my
 3. My for - mer life he pictured, the pleasures it con - tain'd And said if I would
 4. I yield - ed to his pleadings; the Spir - it took His flight And now my heart is
 5. Can I re - turn to Je - sus and know a - gain His care? Will He for - give my

laugh - ter and made my heart re - joice; He car - ried all my bur - dens, when wea - ry
 heart's door, for entrance made re - quest; He said the way was rug - ged on which the
 try it, the same I'd find a - gain; "Do not for - sake the Sav - ior, but just the
 heav - y, my soul as dark as night; The old life is so diff - rent, its for - mer
 wand - rings? may I His blessings share? Oh, bless - ed Sav - ior take me, for - give me

gave me rest, His guid - ing hand was on me, His way I knew was best.
 saints had trod, An - oth - er and a smooth - er would sure - ly please our God.
 nar - row way, He'll peace and com - fort give you," the temp - er then did say.
 pleas - ures pain, The peace that Je - sus gave me, I do not find a - gain.
 now I pray, I'll love and ev - er serve Thee and nev - er from Thee stray.

CHORUS.
 Oh, could I hear the Sav - ior, Speak - ing to me once more,
 5th V. The blood of Je - sus cleans - es, Cleans - es my soul once more,

I'd love and ful - ly serve Him, As in the days of yore.
 And I will love and serve Him, As in the days of yore.

In Jesus I am Resting.

ALMA WHITE.

RAY WHITE.

1. The strains of sweet-est mu-sic are fall-ing on my ear, To me their
 2. His peace my heart has set-tled, the work is now com-plete, And I can
 3. The blood is flow-ing o'er me, my heart is free from sin, His praise I'm
 4. O child, there is de-liv-'rance for ev-'ry troub-led soul, Then close-ly

mes-sage bring-ing, I know the Sav-ior's near; My heart in Him is
 vie with an-gels, their sweet-est notes re-peat. The world to me is
 ev-er sing-ing since I've found rest in Him; His voice is clear and
 cling to Je-sus when storm-y bil-lows roll; He'll walk up-on the

rest-ing, the sea at last is calm, No more the surg-ing bil-lows can
 emp-ty, its pleas-ures all are dross, The light is stream-ing on me from
 ten-der He gen-tly speaks to me And tells me when there's dan-ger that
 wa-ters and hold thee by the hand, And in thy dark-est mo-ments the

CHORUS.

e'er my soul a-larm.
 Cal-v'ry's sa-cred Cross.
 He a-lone can see. } In Je-sus I am rest-ing, I'm rest-ing in His
 wind and waves command.

love; And o'er me now is brood-ing, The Spir-it like a dove.

Sing His Praise.

L. O. B.

L. O. BROWN.

1. For-ward move, ye sol - diers of the liv - ing God, Sing His praise,
 2. Shout a - loud, ye peo - ple, and His name a - dore, Sing His praise,
 3. Be a val - iant sol - dier rout - ing ev - 'ry sin, Sing His praise,
 4. He is watch - ing o'er us with His lov - ing eye, Sing His praise,
 5. When the bat - tle's o - ver and the con - flict's won, Sing His praise,
 Sing His praise,

sing His praise; Lift the blood-stained banner where the saints have trod,
 sing His praise; He shall gain the con-quest, reign for ev - er - more,
 sing His praise; Christ, the great Je - ho - vah, will be sure to win,
 sing His praise; All the faith - ful ones He will their needs sup - ply,
 sing His praise; Sor - row will be end - ed and our joy be - gun,
 sing His praise;

CHORUS.
 Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise, sing His
 Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise, sing His

praise, Let the glo - ry in your soul sing His praise; Sing His praise,
 sing His praise. sing His praise; Sing His praise,
 sing His praise,

sing His praise, While the end - less a - ges roll, sing His praise.
 sing His praise, sing His praise. sing His praise.

I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. DANA.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can
 2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour - ney; My Re - deem - er, my Re -
 3. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, O my long - ing heart, my

tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing
 deem - er, is the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing,
 long - ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y,

CHORUS.
 I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a

To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing;
 Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. } I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a
 I long have wander'd for - lorn and wea - ry: }

stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; I'm a

stranger, and a stranger; tar - ry, tar - ry, tar - ry but a night; I'm a

pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night!

pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger, tar - ry, tar - ry tarry but a night

Jesus Stood on the Shore.

H. L. G.

John 21: 4.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Je - sus stood on the shore, when the morn - ing came, Ap - pear - ing to His
 2. Je - sus stood by the way, when the beg - gar blind, For mer - cy cried thro'
 3. Je - sus stood by the grave of the friend He lov'd, And show'd His res - ur -
 4. Je - sus stand - eth to - day at the mer - cy seat, Our Ad - vo - cate with

friends once more, The be - lov - ed dis - ci - ple knew the Lord, Who
 na - ture's night, As he cast down his gar - ments at His feet, By
 rec - tion pow'r; Quick - ly gave the com - mand "Come forth, come forth" Un -
 God a - bove; Shows His nail - pier - ed hands, and plead - ing stands, Un -

CHORUS.

lov'd Him as in days of yore.
 faith he there re - ceived his sight.
 loose, and let him go this hour. } Je - sus stands on the shore to -
 chang - ing in His won - drous love.

day, Help - ing strug - gling souls by the way, On the
 to - day, by the way,

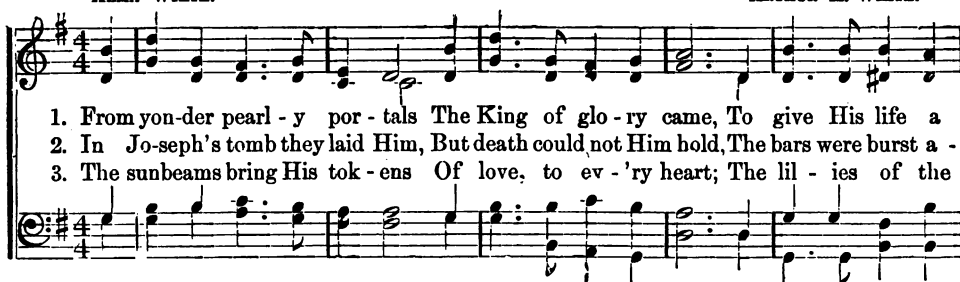
land, or wave, Je - sus waits to save, He nev - er turns a soul a - way.

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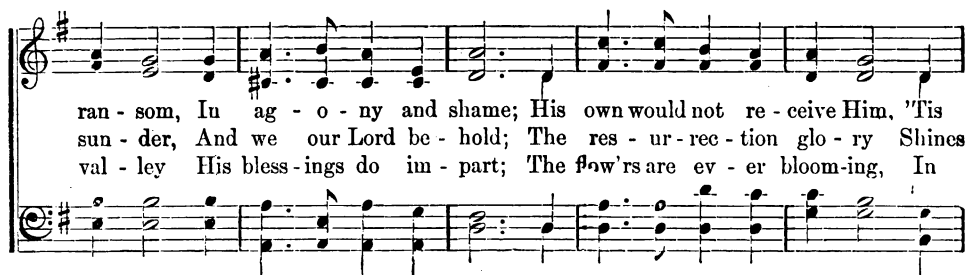
All Hail the King of Glory!

ALMA WHITE.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.



1. From yon-der pearl - y por - tals The King of glo - ry came, To give His life a
 2. In Jo-seph's tomb they laid Him, But death could not Him hold, The bars were burst a -
 3. The sunbeams bring His tok - ens Of love, to ev - 'ry heart; The lil - ies of the

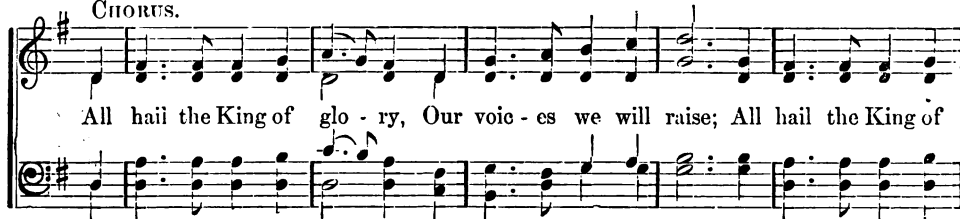


ran - som, In ag - o - ny and shame; His own would not re - ceive Him, 'Tis
 sun - der, And we our Lord be - hold; The res - ur - rec - tion glo - ry Shines
 val - ley His bless - ings do im - part; The flow'rs are ev - er bloom - ing, In

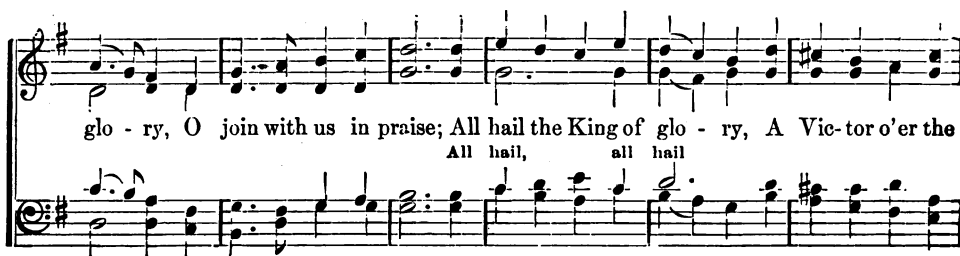


writ - ten in the Word, On Calv'ry's cru - el mount - ain, They cru - ci - fied their Lord.
 o'er the path to - day Of those who love and trust Him, And e'er His Word o - bey.
 gar - dens here be - low, To point us to the Sav - iour, From whom all blessings flow.

CHORUS.



All hail the King of glo - ry, Our voic - es we will raise; All hail the King of



glo - ry, O join with us in praise; All hail the King of glo - ry, A Vic - tor o'er the
 All hail, all hail

All Hail the King of Glory!—Concluded.

grave, We'll join the heav'nly an - them And palms of vic-t'ry wave.
 cru - el grave, palms of vic't'ry wave.

64

Golden Sunbeams.

ALMA WHITE.

Mrs. LILLIAN BRIDWELL.

1. Gold - en sun-beams, gold - en sun-beams. Fall - ing on my path to - day;
 2. Gold - en sun-beams, gold - en sun-beams. Fill my heart with joy and song;
 3. Gold - en sun-beams, gold - en sun-beams, Streaming o'er the dis - tant hill
 4. Gold - en sun-beams, gold - en sun-beams, Won'rous light so bright and clear,
 5. Cal - va - ry, O sa - cred mount - ain, To thy light all men must come;
 6. In mil - len - nial light and glo - ry Christ shall sit on Da - vid's throne;

How my heart with love is light - ed As I walk the shin - ing way
 Mark the path 'tween truth and er - ror, Make me loathe and shun the wrong.
 From the cross where Je - sus suf - fered, All my soul and spir - it thrill.
 Shine thro' all the dark - ened plac - es, Leav - ing naught to dread or fear.
 'Neath the cross the sons of Ja - cob Shall find peace and rest at home.
 O'er the world shall wield His scep - ter And all men His name shall own.

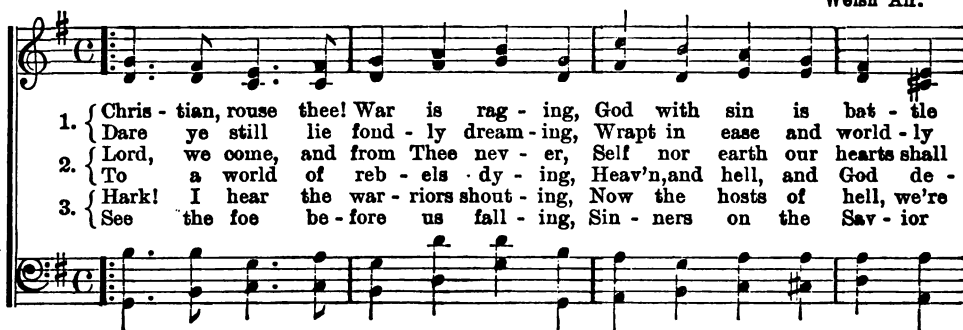
CHORUS.

Gold - en sun - beams, gold - en sun-beams, O'er the dark - ened a - ges fall,

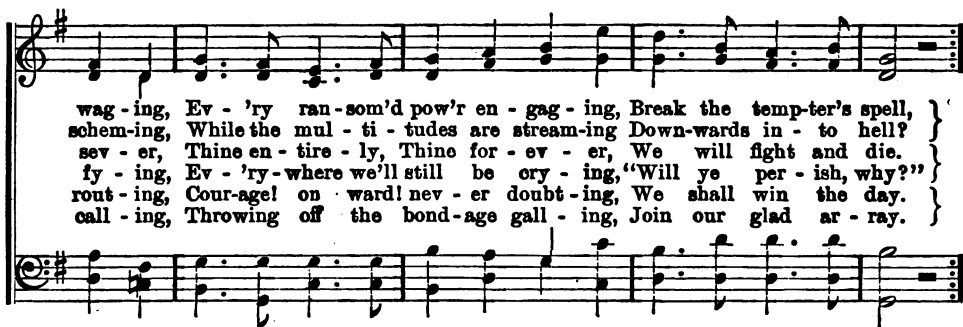
rit.
 Streaming forth from Calv'ry's mount - ain, Bring - ing light and joy to all.

The Christian War Song.

Welsh Air.



1. { Chris - tian, rouse thee! War is rag - ing, God with sin is bat - tle
 Dare ye still lie fond - ly dream - ing, Wrapt in ease and world - ly
 2. { Lord, we come, and from Thee nev - er, Self nor earth our hearts shall
 To a world of reb - els dy - ing, Heav'n, and hell, and God de -
 3. { Hark! I hear the war - riors shout - ing, Now the hosts of hell, we're
 See the foe be - fore us fall - ing, Sin - ners on the Sav - ior



wag - ing, Ev - 'ry ran - som'd pow'r en - gag - ing, Break the temp - ter's spell,
 schem - ing, While the mul - ti - tudes are stream - ing Down - wards in - to hell?
 sev - er, Thine en - tire - ly, Thine for - ev - er, We will fight and die.
 fy - ing, Ev - 'ry - where we'll still be cry - ing, "Will ye per - ish, why?"
 rout - ing, Cour - age! on - ward! nev - er doubt - ing, We shall win the day.
 call - ing, Throwing off the bond - age gall - ing, Join our glad ar - ray.

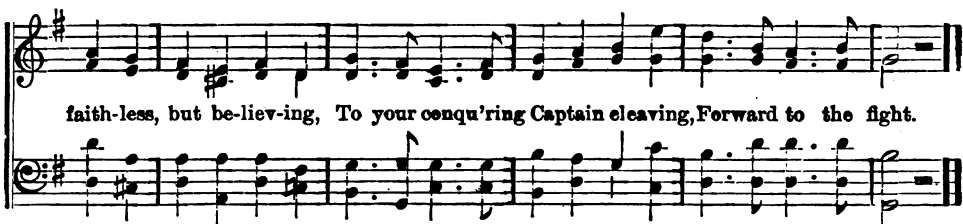
CHORUS.



Thro' the world re - sound - ing, Let the gos - pel sound - ing, Sum - mon all at Je - sus'



call, His glo - rious cross sur - round - ing. Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not



faith - less, but be - liev - ing, To your con - qu'ring Cap - tain cleav - ing, Forward to the fight.

An Abundant Entrance In.

E. A. F.

2 Peter 1: 11.

Rev. E. A. FERGUSON.

Joyfully.

1. Aft - er all of life is o - ver, And the cur-tain's lift - ed high, There's a
 2. In that land of "heav'nly sunlight," Lov'd ones for our com-ing wait, "Where the
 3. There they need no sun to light them, For the Lamb is on the throne; In the
 4. To the founts of liv - ing wa - ter He will lead us in that day, There will

land of Life E - ter - nal That will greet the Christian's eye, Who in Je-sus' blood haw
 tree of life is blooming," Just with-in the pearl - y gate; They will shout to see us
 midst He stands to wel-come All His faith-ful children home, Who have gone thro' trib-u
 be no pain nor sor-row, He will wipe all tears a - way; We will soon go home to

trusted, And been cleans'd from inbred sin, Will go sweeping thro' the portals With an "a -
 com-ing, Heav'nly anthems they will sing, As we sweep be-yond the portals With an "a -
 la - tion From this world of death and sin, Will go sweeping thro' the portals With an "a -
 glo - ry, For our souls are on the wing; We'll go sweeping thro' the portals With an "a -

CHORUS.

3

bun-dant en-trance in." With an a - bun-dant en-trance in, With an a -

bun-dant entrance in; We'll go sweeping thro' the portals With an a-bun-dant entrance in.

Have Faith in God.

M. A. S.

MA Y AGNEW STEPHENS.

Con espress.

1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart - ed or dis - cour - aged? Do you
 2. Dark - est night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn - ing, Sil - ver
 3. God is might - y, He is a - ble to de - liv - er, Faith can

ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the bur - dens thrust up -
 lin - ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour - ney He has
 vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear and care, and sin and

on you make you tremble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic - t'ry gain?
 promised to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed.
 sor - row be de - feat - ed By our faith in God's al - might - y, conquer'ing pow'r.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,..... Tho' dark the
 Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

clouds..... may be to - day;..... His heart hath plann'd..... your path and
 Tho' dark the clouds may be to - day; His heart hath plann'd

Have Faith in God.—Concluded.

mine,..... Have faith in God,..... have faith al - way.....
 your path and mine, Have faith in God, have faith al-way.

rit.

68

We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

WILLIAM MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo - ment come
 2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - ducts me home.
 With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide And reach my heav'n - ly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,
 We'll work We'll work

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home!
 We'll work

Soon I'll See the City.

CHAS. W. BRIDWELL.

Mrs. LILLIAN O. BRIDWELL.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y far up in the sky, It's out in the
 2. The cit - y that A - bra - ham saw on the plains, Which made him lose
 3. The cit - y in which they have al - ways found rest, With nev - er a
 4. O give me that cit - y when life's work is o'er, Where I may have
 5. O how we will shout on the heav - en - ly strand, While greet - ing the

realm of the sweet by and by; The walls are of Jas - per, the
 sight of ma - ter - i - al things; John saw it on Pat - mos come
 sor - row, they're hap - py and blest; The one that the Sav - ior has
 God and His love ev - er - more; Up there He will wipe a - way
 host who be - fore Him shall stand! Oh that will be glo - ry for

streets are pure gold, The peo - ple who dwell there can nev - er grow old.
 down from a - bove, With glo - ri - fied saints who were per - fect in love.
 gone to pre - pare, With an - gels a - wait - ing to wel - come us there.
 tears from all eyes, And glad songs of prais - es for - ev - er will rise.
 you and for me, We'll meet the dear Sav - ior and like Him shall be.

CHORUS.

Soon..... I'll see the cit - y, it's beau - ties there be - hold,
 Soon, soon, soon I'll see the cit - y, it's beau - ty there, it's beau - ty there be - hold,

Soon..... I'll see the cit - y and walk the streets of gold,
 Soon, soon, soon I'll see the cit - y and walk the streets of gold,

Soon I'll See the City.—Concluded.

Soon..... I'll see the cit - y, and hear the an - gels sing,
 Soon, soon, soon I'll see the cit - y, and hear the an - gels sing,

Soon I'll see the cit - y, and meet my Lord and King.

70

Eternity.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Where spend e - ter - ni - ty When earth is gone? Where will my
 2. Choose now thy fu - ture home, Choose, wea - ry soul, Where thro' e -
 3. Leaves have their time to fall, All na - ture dies, But we have

spir - it be As time goes on? Earth's plea - sures can - not stay,
 ter - ni - ty A - ges may roll. Serve faith - ful - ly while here,
 hope of life, Be - yond the skies. Joy may be ev - er thine,

Soon, soon they pass a - way, Then comes the long, long day, E - ter - ni - ty.
 Bring Christ some souls to cheer, Love, God, then nev - er fear E - ter - ni - ty.
 Thro' Je - sus Christ di - vine, Heav'n may be thine and mine, E - ter - nal - ly.

Calling To-day.

ALMA WHITE.

ALMA WHITE.

1. Sin - ner, hear the thrill - ing cry, Turn, O turn, why will ye die? Je - sus
 2. Days are swift - ly pass - ing by, Gold - en hours and mo - ments fly; Come and
 3. On the Cross He died for thee; Mer - cy is thy on - ly plea; There's no
 4. Je - sus pleads with thee to - day; Turn, O turn from sin a - way; Seek Him
 5. Look, O look, to Him and live, Life to thee He'll free - ly give; He will

CHORUS.

waits to wel - come thee, More than broth - er, friend, to be.
 give they life to Him; Pre - cious jew - els thou shalt win.
 earth - ly friend so dear; Call up - on Him while He's near. } Call - - ing to -
 while He may be found, Mer - cy to thee will a - bound.
 save thee from all sin, Give thee joy and peace with - in. } Call - ing to - day,

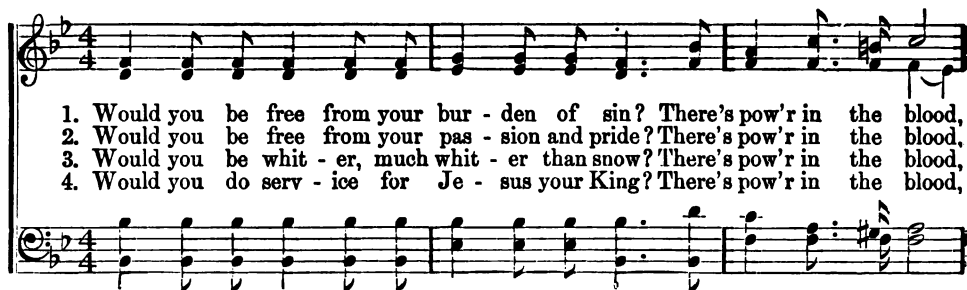
day, call - - ing to day; Lost ones the
 call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;

Sav - ior is call - ing to - day. Call - - ing to - day,
 Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day,

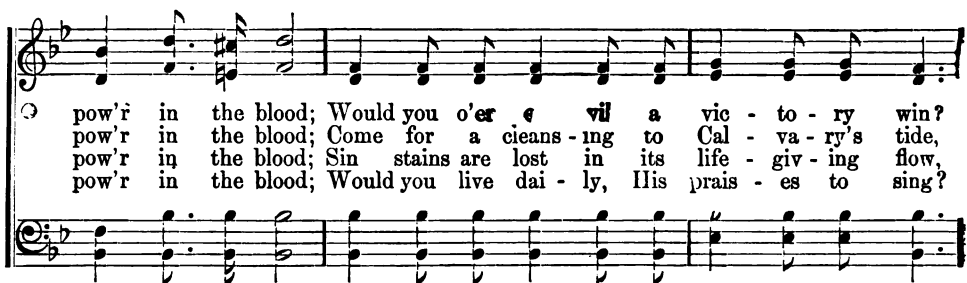
call - - ing to - day, Sin - ner, the Sav - ior is call - ing to - day.
 call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day,

There is Power in the Blood.

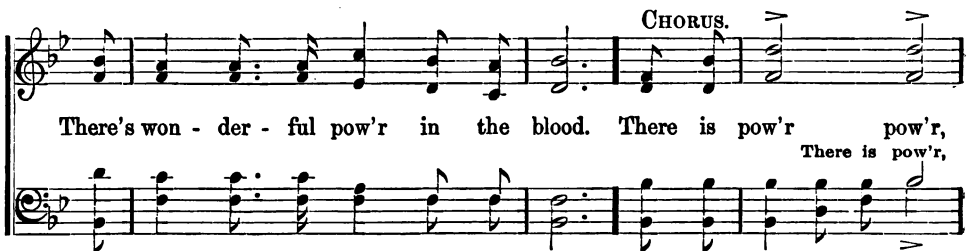
L. E. J.



1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

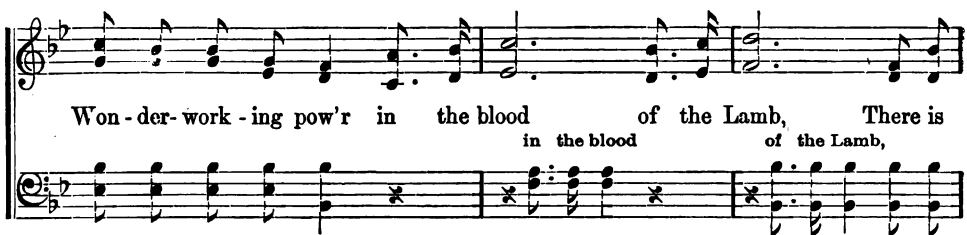


pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er a vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

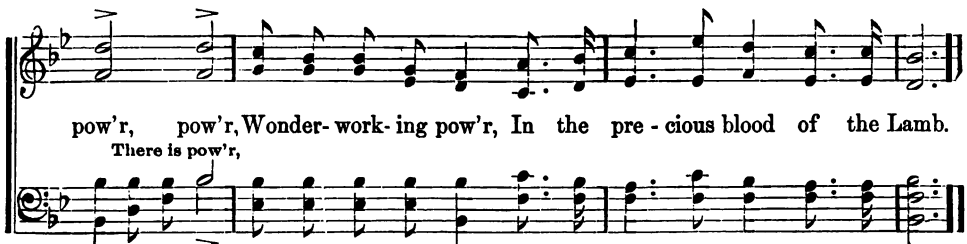


CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r pow'r,
 There is pow'r,



Won - der - work - ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,



pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-work-ing pow'r, In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

The Clouds Will Clear Away.

E. E. HEWITT.

M. PAULINE GILMOUR HATCH.

1. There's a gold - en ray thro' the fall - ing rain, For the sun will
 2. Let a song of joy cheer the dark - en'd hours; 'Mid the bri - ars
 3. We will sweet - ly rest in the ten - der love Of the King who
 4. Far be - yond the blue there's a home of peace; Where the storm - y

shine a - gain; There's a streak of blue thro' the mist - y gray,
 look for flow'rs; Let the heart be strong in the Lord to - day,
 reigns a - bove; If we trust His care, and His word o - bey,
 winds will cease; In the fade - less glow of that per - fect day

CHORUS.

For the clouds will clear a - way.
 For the clouds will clear a - way.
 Soon the clouds will clear a - way.
 All the clouds will clear a - way. } O the clouds will clear a - way,

by and by, And the sun - beams flood the sky; Look up to

heav'n with a trust - ful eye, For the clouds will clear a - way, by and by.

I'll Follow Jesus.

ALMA WHITE.

Mrs. LILLIAN BRIDWELL.

1. O matchless love, O grace di-vine; how can my tongue e'er tell The rap-ture
 2. The fair-est One of all is He, the Bridegroom of my soul, I'll walk with
 3. The rich-es of His grace I've prov'd in ev-'ry try-ing hour, And as I
 4. Why should I pine for earth-ly friends when He is all to me? How can my

now my heart doth know since Je-sus came to dwell! The mes-sen-ger of
 Him the nar-row way, and some day reach the goal. I'll trust Him when I
 walk and talk with Him, He keeps me by His pow'r. He com-forts me when
 eyes t'ward clay be turn'd when Je-sus' face I see? Down in the val-ley

heav'n-ly peace a-bid-eth now with-in, His hal-low'd pres-ence fills my soul and
 can-not see to guide my steps a-right, And learn to live from day to day by
 all is dark and takes a-way my fear, When lov'd ones have forsak-en me I've
 I may go, or scale the mountain height, While I be-hold the Sav-ior's face the

CHORUS.

keeps me free from sin,
 faith and not by sight. } I'll fol-low Je-sus all the way, I'll fol-low Him from day to
 found Him al-ways near.
 sky is al-ways b'ight.

day; And when this life of toil is o'er, I'll dwell with Him for-ev-er more.

Conquerors Through the Blood.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Rom. 8: 37.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Con-quer-ors and o-ver-com-ers now are we, Thro' the precious blood of Christ we've
 2. In the name of Is-ra-el's God we'll onward press O-ver-com-ing sin and all un-
 3. Un-to him that o-ver-com-eth shall be giv'n Here to eat of hid-den man-na

vic-to-ry; If the Lord be for us, we can nev-er fail; Nothing 'gainst His
 righteous-ness; Not to us, but un-to Him the praise shall be For sal-va-tion
 sent from heav'n; O-ver-yon-der he the vic-tor's palm shall bear And a robe of

CHORUS.
 might-y pow'r can e'er pre-vail. } Con-quer-ors are we, thro' the
 and for blood-bought vic-to-ry. } Conquerors are we, con-quer-ors are we,
 white and gold-en crown shall wear.

blood; thro' the blood; God will give . . . us vic-to-ry, thro' the
 thro' the blood, thro' the blood, God will give vic-to-ry,

blood, thro' the blood, Thro' the Lamb for sin-ners slain, Yet who lives and
 thro' the blood, thro' the blood,

Conquerors Through the Blood.—Concluded.

reigns a - gain, More than con-quer-ors are we, More than con-quer-ors are we.

76

Look for Me!

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure - ly will, If the Sav-ior's name you own,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev-er find - ing treas-ures new;
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise unto the Lamb;
4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by His grace;

Af - ter you have greeted those you love the best, Who are standing round the throne—
 When you stand in rap-ture on some star-ry height, Gaz-ing on some glo-rious view—
 When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glory to His name!"
 When you see that Savior who has brought you there, And with joy behold His face—

CHORUS.

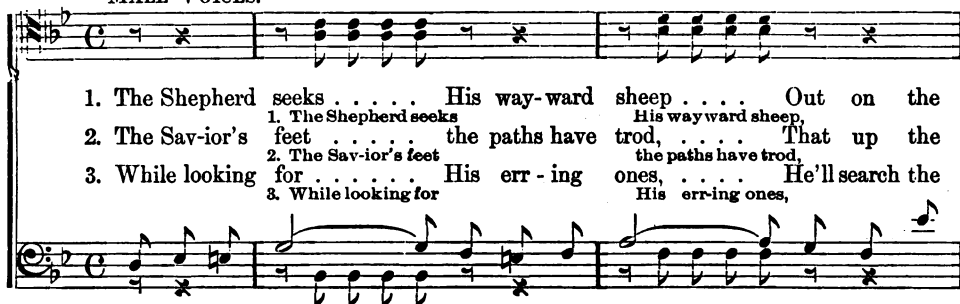
You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!

You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo - ry to His name!
 I'll be there! Precious name!

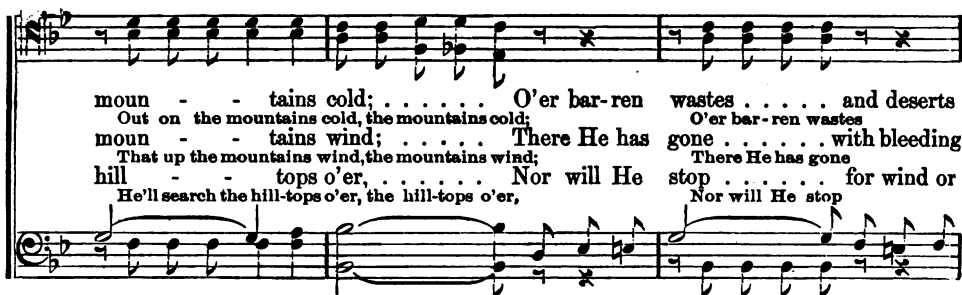
The Shepherd's Call.

ALMA WHITE.
MALE VOICES.

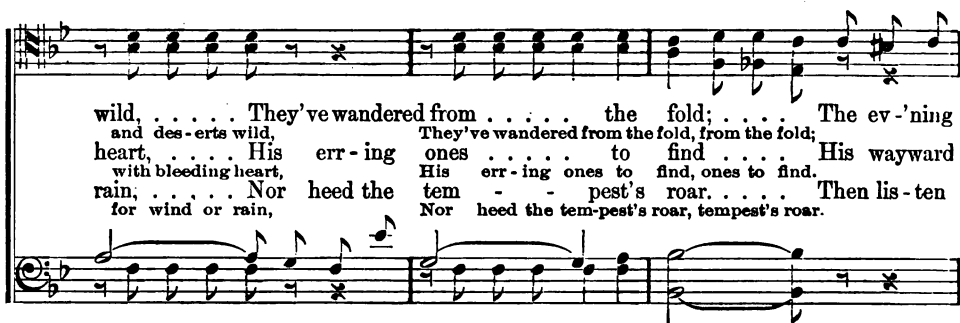
ARTHUR K. WHITE.



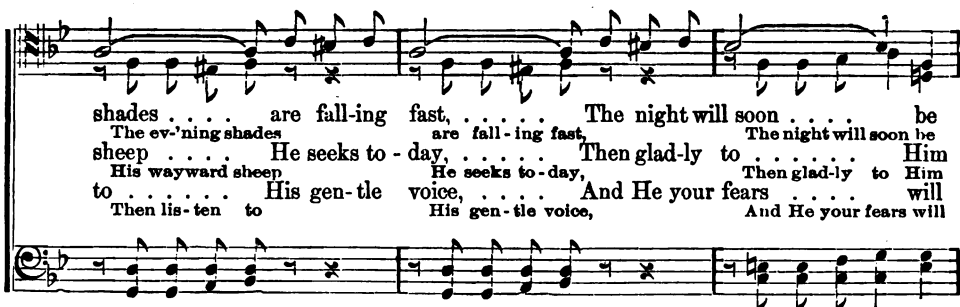
1. The Shepherd seeks His way-ward sheep Out on the
 1. The Shepherd seeks His wayward sheep,
 2. The Sav-ior's feet the paths have trod, That up the
 2. The Sav-ior's feet the paths have trod,
 3. While looking for His err-ing ones, He'll search the
 3. While looking for His err-ing ones,



moun - - tains cold; O'er bar-ren wastes and deserts
 Out on the mountains cold, the mountains cold;
 moun - - tains wind; There He has gone with bleeding
 That up the mountains wind, the mountains wind;
 hill - - tops o'er, Nor will He stop for wind or
 He'll search the hill-tops o'er, the hill-tops o'er, Nor will He stop



wild, They've wandered from the fold; The ev-'ning
 and des-erts wild, They've wandered from the fold, from the fold;
 heart, His err-ing ones to find His wayward
 with bleeding heart, His err-ing ones to find, ones to find.
 rain, Nor heed the tem - pest's roar. Then lis-ten
 for wind or rain, Nor heed the tem-pest's roar, tempest's roar.



shades are fall-ing fast, The night will soon be
 The ev-'ning shades are fall-ing fast, The night will soon be
 sheep He seeks to-day, Then glad-ly to Him
 His wayward sheep He seeks to-day, Then glad-ly to Him
 to His gen-tle voice, And He your fears will
 Then lis-ten to His gen-tle voice, And He your fears will

The Shepherd's Call.—Concluded.

on, will soon be on, O lost ones in the field of sin, He calls thee
 on, will soon be on, O lost ones in the field of sin,
 go, then to Him go, In arms of love He'll carry you, Safe to the
 go, then to Him go, In arms of love He'll carry you,
 calm, your fears will calm, For ev'ry wound . . . that sin has made, . . . He has a
 calm, your fears will calm, For ev'ry wound that sin has made,

CHORUS.

ev - - - 'ry one. one. one. } O wand'ring ones why will you
 He calls thee ev - 'ry one, ev - 'ry one.
 vale be low. } O wand'ring ones,
 Safe to the vale be - low, vale be - low.
 heal - - - ing balm.
 He has a heal - ing balm, healing balm.

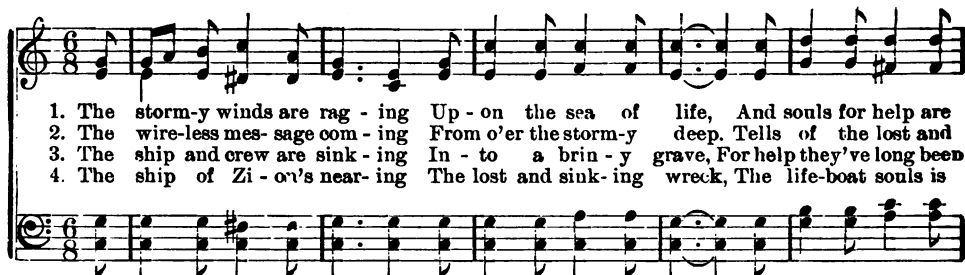
room, O'er mountains bleak and cold! The Shepherd
 why will you roam O'er mountains bleak and cold, bleak and cold!

waits to welcome thee O hasten to the fold. . .
 The Shepherd waits to welcome thee, O has - ten to the fold, to the fold.

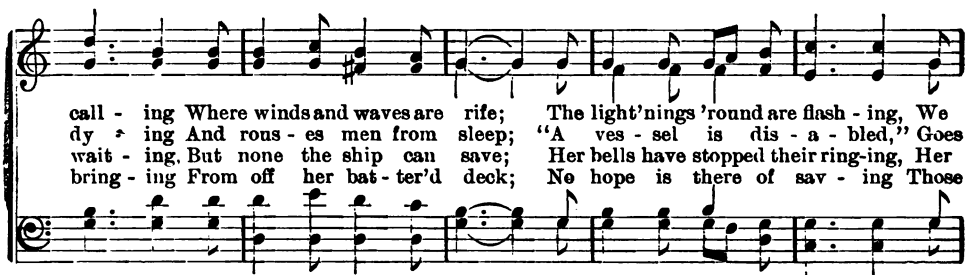
The Sinking Ship.

A. W.

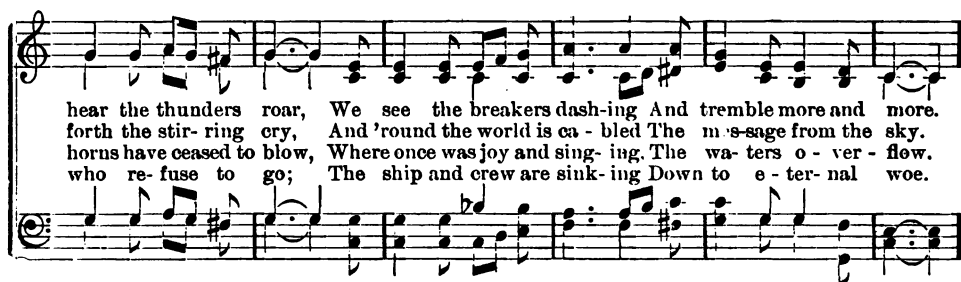
ALMA WHITE.



1. The storm-y winds are rag - ing Up - on the sea of life, And souls for help are
 2. The wire-less mes - sage oom - ing From o'er the storm-y deep. Tells of the lost and
 3. The ship and crew are sink - ing In - to a brin - y grave, For help they've long been
 4. The ship of Zi - on's near - ing The lost and sink - ing wreck, The life-boat souls is

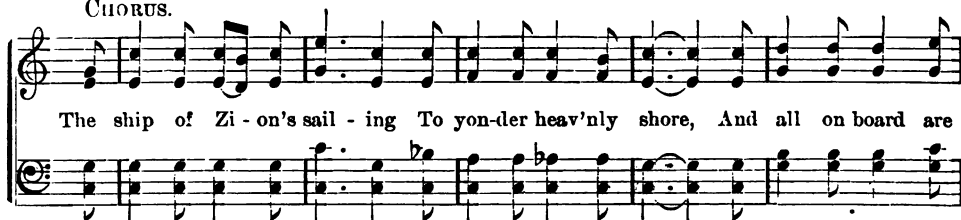


call - ing Where winds and waves are rife; The light'nings 'round are flash - ing, We
 dy - ing And rous - es men from sleep; "A ves - sel is dis - a - bled," Goes
 wait - ing. But none the ship can save; Her bells have stopped their ring - ing, Her
 bring - ing From off her bat - ter'd deck; No hope is there of sav - ing Those



hear the thunders roar, We see the breakers dash - ing And tremble more and more.
 forth the stir - ring cry, And 'round the world is ca - bled The mes - sage from the sky.
 horns have ceased to blow, Where once was joy and sing - ing. The wa - ters o - ver - flow.
 who re - fuse to go; The ship and crew are sink - ing Down to e - ter - nal woe.

CHORUS.



The ship of Zi - on's sail - ing To yon - der heav'nly shore, And all on board are



sing - ing Where bil - lows fierce - ly roar; In yon - der cit - y wait - ing Are

The Sinking Ship.—Concluded.

those who've gone be-fore, For Zi-on's ship they're looking To tide us safe-ly o'er.

79

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS.

<p>For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go! One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i - ty. We have Christ's own premise, And that can not fail. This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.</p>	}	On-ward, Christian sol - diers!
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March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

From the Depths I Cried.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. When my heart was heav - y - la - den, And my bur - den hard to bear,
 2. Days and nights of wea - ry watch - ing Led me clos - er un - to Him,
 3. When I thought of all my sor - row, And the hap - py days gone by;
 4. O His bound - less love and mer - cy, Like the bil - lows of the sea,
 5. When His strength to me was giv - en, And my heart was fill'd with joy,
 6. Child of sor - row, look to Je - sus, He thy bur - dens all will bear;

Oft I look'd to those a - round me, But no one my grief could share.
 Who on Cal - va - ry had suf - fer'd, To re - deem my soul from sin.
 From the depths I cried to Je - sus, And at last He heard my cry.
 When my soul was faint and wea - ry Brought sweet comfort un - to me.
 Ev - 'ry crea - ture seem'd to praise Him, Naught could then my peace de - stroy.
 When thy heart is fill'd with an - guish, Cast on Him thy ev - 'ry care.

CHORUS.

From the depths . . . the Sav - ior call'd me, From the depths . . .
 From the depths . . .
 to Him I cried; From the depths . . . the Sav - ior
 to Him I cried; From the depths . . .

brought me, Clos - er to His wound - ed side.
 Clos - er to His wound - ed side.

The Prophet's Call.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."

THOS. H. NELSON.

FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. When the old prophet-ic man-tle did up - on E - li - sha fall, As he labored in the
 2. He at first would kiss his fa - ther, and his moth - er bid fare-well, But E - li - jah said that
 3. So he slew and boil'd his ox - en on the splinters of his plow, And made for all his
 4. See him now - the swelling Jordan in its onward course is stay'd, And behold, the borrowed
 5. He the Shu-na-mite doth raise to life; and Naaman's leprous spots, At his command, the
 6. You, who would have E-li-sha's pow'r, must take the way he trod; Sell that thou hast and

field be-hind the plow, And he felt that to the nations he the truth of God must tell,
 road would lead to death: And when he saw his shrink-ing would send ma - ny souls to hell,
 poor - er friends a feast; Leaving naught but bones and ashes to be tempted back to now,
 axe is made to swim; And the spring of bit - ter wa - ter with a cruse of salt is heal'd,
 Jordan wash-es clean; When at his o - pen sep - ul - chre the fun'ral march is stopp'd,
 give it to the poor; Leave not your treasures in this world to tempt you back from God,

CHORUS.

He appeared to shrink the cross, as men do now.
 He said, "No, I'll fol - low God till lat - est breath."
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned, and God a - noints him priest.
 And the wid - ow's pots with oil filled to the brim. } Pow'r to heal the lep - er,
 His bleach-ing bones re - vive the dead a - gain.
 But lay them up on Heav-en's last - ing shore.

pow'r to raise the dead, Pow'r to fill the emp - ty pots with oil, Is waiting for the

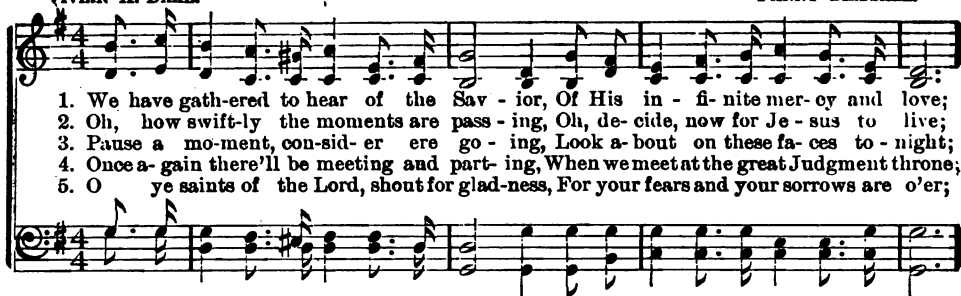
work - er who in Je - sus' steps will tread, And leave his life of ease for one of toil.

Parting to Meet Again.

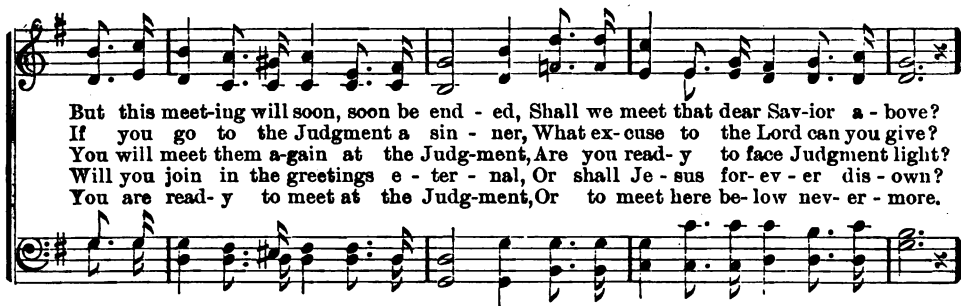
"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment."—Heb. 9: 23.

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

FANNY BIRDSALL.

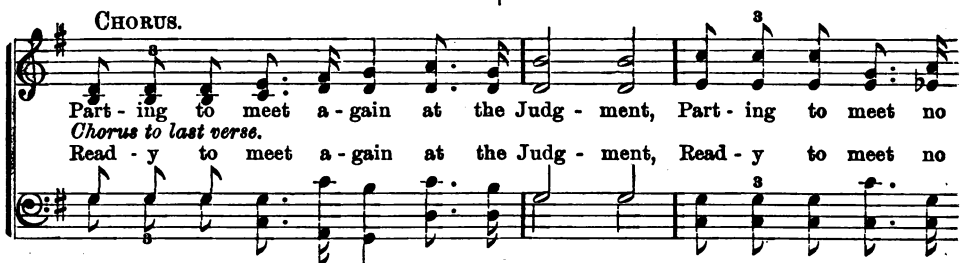


1. We have gath-ered to hear of the Sav - ior, Of His in - fi-nite mer-cy and love;
 2. Oh, how swift-ly the moments are pass - ing, Oh, de-cide, now for Je - sus to live;
 3. Pause a mo-ment, con-sid-er ere go - ing, Look a-bout on these fa-cies to - night;
 4. Once a - gain there'll be meeting and part - ing, When we meet at the great Judg-ment throne;
 5. O ye saints of the Lord, shout for glad-ness, For your fears and your sorrows are o'er;

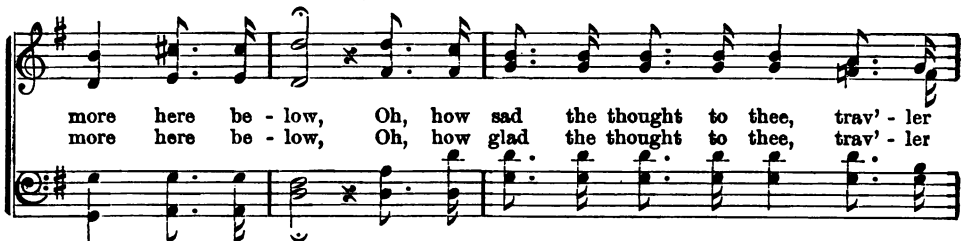


But this meet-ing will soon, soon be end - ed, Shall we meet that dear Sav-ior a - bove?
 If you go to the Judgment a sin - ner, What ex-cuse to the Lord can you give?
 You will meet them a - gain at the Judg-ment, Are you read-y to face Judgment light?
 Will you join in the greetings e - ter - nal, Or shall Je - sus for-ev - er dis - own?
 You are read-y to meet at the Judg-ment, Or to meet here be - low nev - er - more.

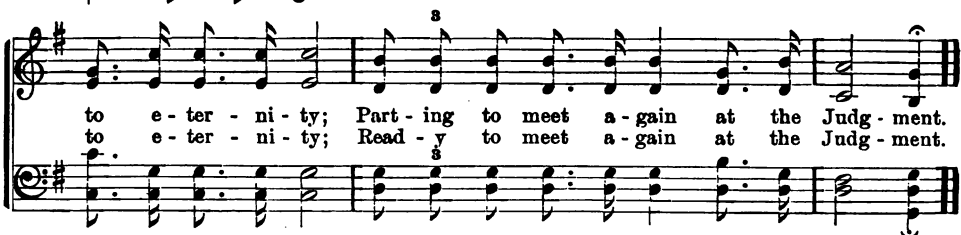
CHORUS.



Part - ing to meet a - gain at the Judg - ment, Part - ing to meet no
Chorus to last verse.
 Read - y to meet a - gain at the Judg - ment, Read - y to meet no



more here be - low, Oh, how sad the thought to thee, trav' - ler
 more here be - low, Oh, how glad the thought to thee, trav' - ler



to e - ter - ni - ty; Part - ing to meet a - gain at the Judg - ment.
 to e - ter - ni - ty; Read - y to meet a - gain at the Judg - ment.

Sin Can Never Enter There.

Rev. 21: 27.

C. W. NAYLOR.

B. E. WARREN.

1. Heav - en is a ho - ly place, Filled with glo - ry and with grace;
 2. If you hope to dwell at last, When your life on earth is past,
 3. You may live in sin be - low, Heav - en's grace re - fuse to know,
 4. If you cling to sin till death, When you draw your la - test breath,

Sin can nev - er en - ter there; All with - in its gates are pure,
 In that home so bright and fair, You must here be cleans'd from sin,
 But you can not en - ter there; It will stop you at the door,
 You will sink, in dark de - spair, To the re - gions of the lost,

From de - file - ment kept se - cure, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
 Have the life of Christ with - in, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
 Bar you out for ev - er - more, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
 Thus to prove at aw - ful cost, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.

CHORUS.

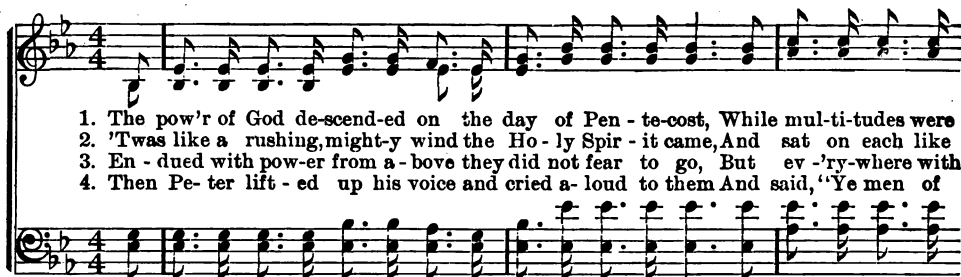
Sin can nev - er en - ter there, Sin can nev - er en - ter there; So if

at the judg - ment bar, Sin - ful spots your soul shall mar, You can nev - er en - ter there.

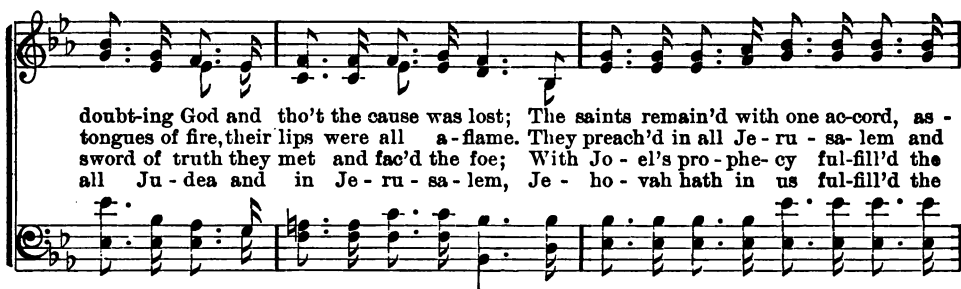
The Power of Pentecost.

ALMA WHITE.

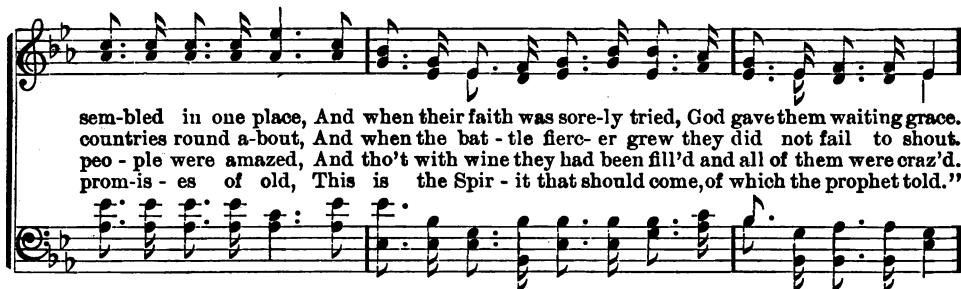
VIDA FREELAND.



1. The pow'r of God de-scend-ed on the day of Pen-te-cost, While mul-ti-tudes were
 2. 'Twas like a rushing, might-y wind the Ho-ly Spir-it came, And sat on each like
 3. En-dued with pow-er from a-bove they did not fear to go, But ev'-ry-where with
 4. Then Pe-ter lift-ed up his voice and cried a-loud to them And said, "Ye men of

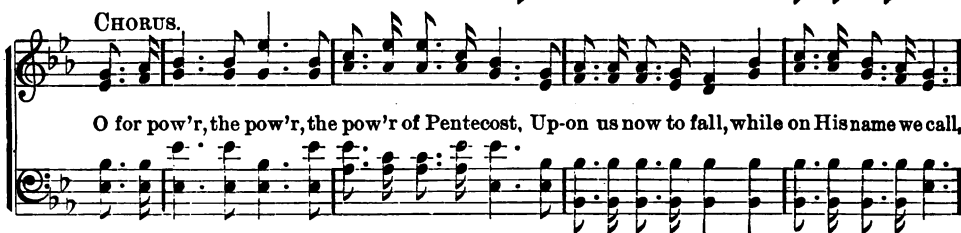


doubt-ing God and tho't the cause was lost; The saints remain'd with one ac-cord, as -
 tongues of fire, their lips were all a-flame. They preach'd in all Je-ru-sa-lem and
 sword of truth they met and fac'd the foe; With Jo-el's pro-phe-cy ful-fill'd the
 all Ju-dea and in Je-ru-sa-lem, Je-ho-vah hath in us ful-fill'd the

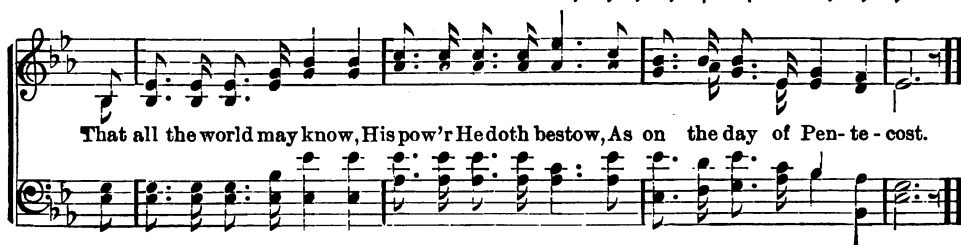


sem-bled in one place, And when their faith was sore-ly tried, God gave them waiting grace.
 countries round a-bout, And when the bat-tle fier-cer grew they did not fail to shout.
 peo-ple were amazed, And tho't with wine they had been fill'd and all of them were craz'd.
 prom-is-es of old, This is the Spir-it that should come, of which the prophet told."

CHORUS.

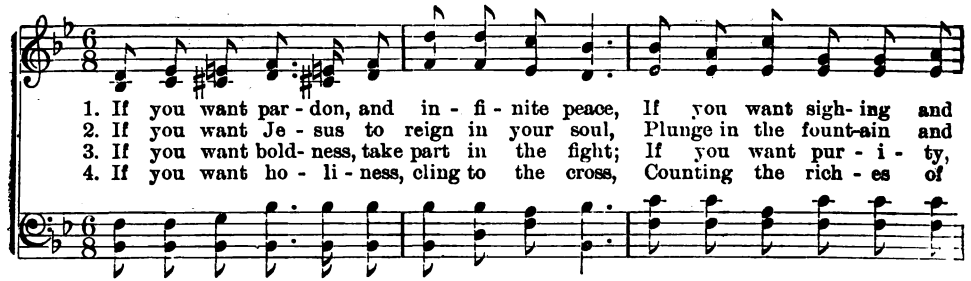


O for pow'r, the pow'r, the pow'r of Pentecost, Up-on us now to fall, while on His name we call,

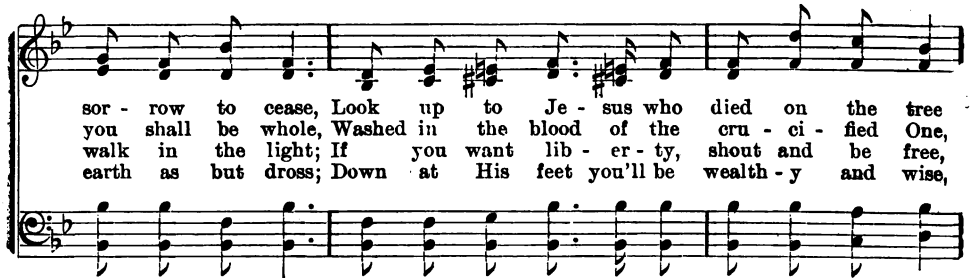


That all the world may know, His pow'r He doth bestow, As on the day of Pen-te-cost.

Beneath the Shade of the Cross.

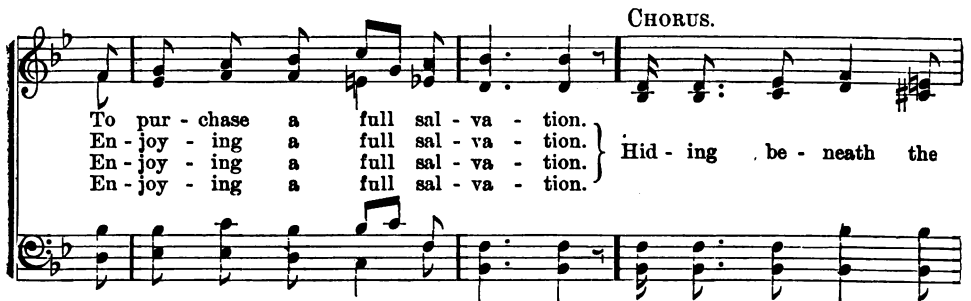


1. If you want par-don, and in-fi-nite peace, If you want sigh-ing and
 2. If you want Je-sus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fount-ain and
 3. If you want bold-ness, take part in the fight; If you want pur-i-ty,
 4. If you want ho-li-ness, cling to the cross, Counting the rich-es of



sor-row to cease, Look up to Je-sus who died on the tree
 you shall be whole, Washed in the blood of the cru-ci-fied One,
 walk in the light; If you want lib-er-ty, shout and be free,
 earth as but dross; Down at His feet you'll be wealth-y and wise,

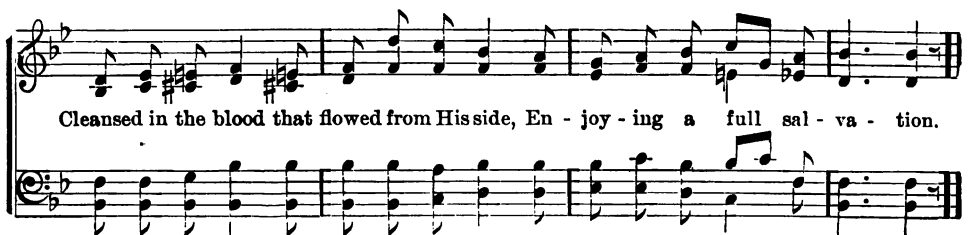
CHORUS.



To pur-chase a full sal-va-tion.
 En-joy-ing a full sal-va-tion.
 En-joy-ing a full sal-va-tion.
 En-joy-ing a full sal-va-tion. } Hid-ing be-neath the



shade of the cross, Count-ing the jew-els of earth but dross.



Cleansed in the blood that flowed from His side, En-joy-ing a full sal-va-tion.

In Step with God.

KENT WHITE.

RAY WHITE.

1. When E - noch walked in days of old He kept in step with God,
 2. When A - bra - ham left fa - ther - land, He kept in step with God,
 3. To E - gypt's land was Jo - seph borne, But kept in step with God,
 4. When Dan - iel stood be - fore the king, He kept in step with God,
 5. Up - on Da - mas - cus' road went Saul Not yet in step with God,

The cen - tur - ies a - round him rolled He kept in step with God.
 O - be - diept to the Lord's com - mand, He kept in step with God.
 Im - pris - oned yet he did not mourn, He kept in step with God.
 Temp - ta - tion 'twas in vain to bring, He kept in step with God.
 And won - d'ring heard the heav'n - ly call To keep in step with God.

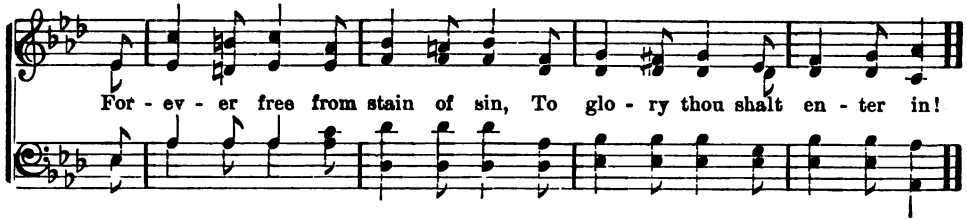
And when his pil - grim - age was past, And heav - en met his gaze at last,
 Tho' Sa - tan did with doubts as - sail, No un - be - lief could e'er pre - vail,
 And Sa - tan's wiles were but in vain, His soul with sin he could not stain,
 On heav'n - ly grace his heart was stayed, Of foes he could not be a - afraid,
 So breth - ren come, from sin be free, And trav - el on - ward joy - ous - ly,

Then in - to glo - ry un - sur - passed, He walked in step with God!
 His faith so strong could nev - er fail He kept in step with God!
 But stead - fast he did still re - main, And kept in step with God!
 But thrice a day he fer - vent prayed, He kept in step with God!
 The ho - ly cit - y ye shall see, So keep in step with God!

CHORUS.

O broth - er keep in step with God And when the path of life is trod,

In Step With God.—Concluded.



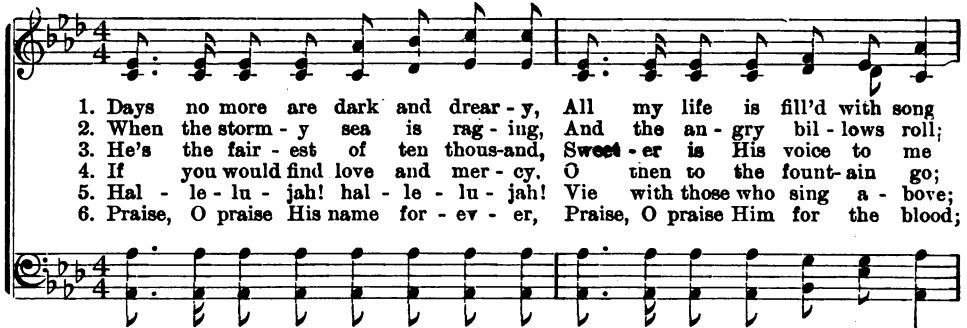
For - ev - er free from stain of sin, To glo - ry thou shalt en - ter in!

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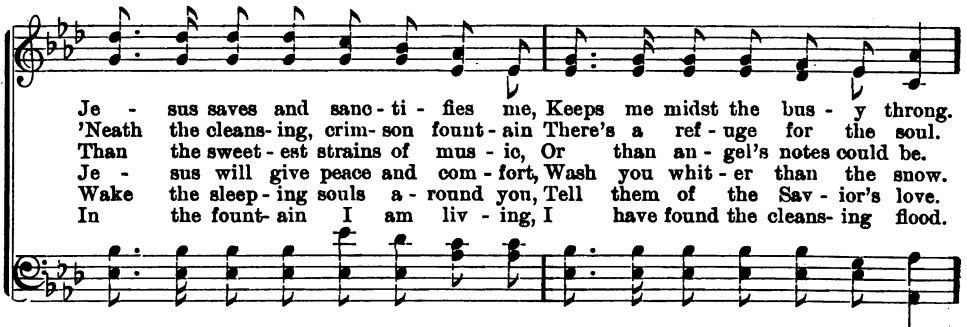
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.



1. Days no more are dark and drear - y, All my life is fill'd with song
2. When the storm - y sea is rag - ing, And the an - gry bil - lows roll;
3. He's the fair - est of ten thous - and, Sweet - er is His voice to me
4. If you would find love and mer - cy, O then to the fount - ain go;
5. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Vie with those who sing a - bove;
6. Praise, O praise His name for - ev - er, Praise, O praise Him for the blood;



Je - sus saves and sanc - ti - fies me, Keeps me midst the bus - y throng.
'Neath the cleans - ing, crim - son fount - ain There's a ref - uge for the soul.
Than the sweet - est strains of mus - ic, Or than an - gel's notes could be.
Je - sus will give peace and com - fort, Wash you whit - er than the snow.
Wake the sleep - ing souls a - round you, Tell them of the Sav - ior's love.
In the fount - ain I am liv - ing, I have found the cleans - ing flood.

CHORUS



Hal - le - lu - jah, sing His prais - es, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb;
O my soul is full of glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

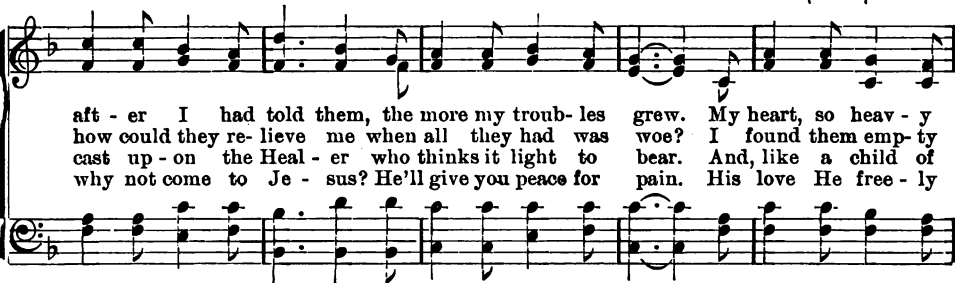
The Better Way.

F. E. B.

FRANCES E. BOLTON.



1. I used to tell my trou - les to ev - 'ry one I knew, But
 2. I used to seek for com - fort from hu - man hearts be - low, But
 3. But now I go re - joic - ing, and ev - 'ry weight of care I
 4. Oh, are you sad and wea - ry, and seek - ing rest in vain? Then

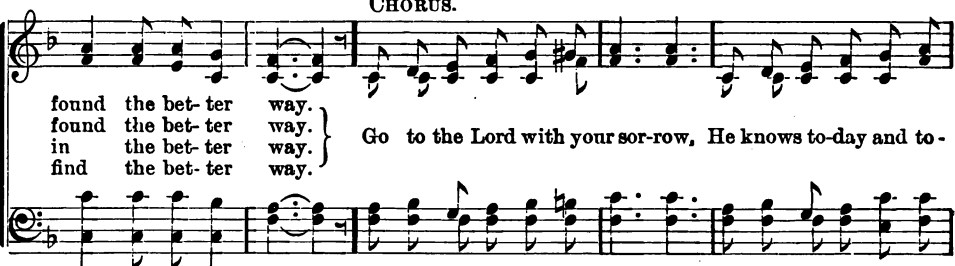


aft - er I had told them, the more my trou - les grew. My heart, so heav - y
 how could they re - lieve me when all they had was voo? I found them emp - ty
 cast up - on the Heal - er who thinks it light to bear. And, like a child of
 why not come to Je - sus? He'll give you peace for pain. His love He free - ly

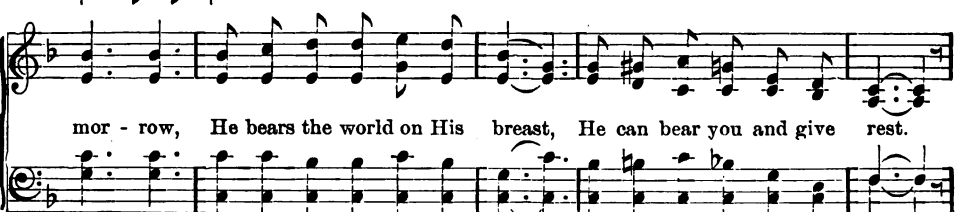


la - den, grew heav - ier day by day, Un - til at last praise Je - sus! I
 cis - terns, I fam - ished day by day, Un - til I came to Cal - v'ry And
 glad - ness, I go from day to day, I'm hap - py in my Sav - ior, And
 of - fers, He'll bless you day by day; So go no more in sor - row, But

CHORUS.



found the bet - ter way.
 found the bet - ter way.
 in the bet - ter way.
 find the bet - ter way. } Go to the Lord with your sor - row, He knows to - day and to -



mor - row, He bears the world on His breast, He can bear you and give rest.

The Better Way.—Concluded.

Tell Him your grief and your an-guish, He will not leave thee to lan-guish,

He will give grace day by day, Teach you the bet-ter way.

89

Moments of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Gently.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek; Here may His
2. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Pres - ence di - vine, Now in our
3. Sav - ior, Thy work re - vive, Here may we see Those who are

lov - ing voice Ten - der - ly speak; Je - sus, our dear - est friend, While at Thy
long - ing hearts Gra - cious - ly shine; O for Thy might - y Pow'r, O for a
dead in sin Quickened by Thee; Come to our hearts to - night, Make ev - 'ry

pp
feet we bend, O let Thy smile de - scend, 'Tis Thee we seek.
bless - ed show'r, Fill - ing this hal - lowed hour With joy di - vine.
bur - den light, Cheer Thou our wait - ing sight, We long for Thee.

Beautiful City.

A. W.

. ALMA WHITE.

1. A beau - ti - ful cit - y is wait - ing for me, Its glo - ries no
 2. No death in that cit - y has ev - er been known, No sin can e'er
 3. That cit - y is wait - ing the faith - ful be - low, Whose hearts are made
 4. O why not pre - pare in that cit - y to live, With Je - sus our

mor - tal can tell, Some day I will en - ter its por - tals of light
 en - ter with - in; The Sav - ior hath suf - fered all men to re - deem
 per - fect in love— All those who are walk - ing with Je - sus in white,
 Sav - ior and King? Where all of the blood - wash'd and sa - ges of old

CHORUS.

And in that fair cit - y shall dwell.
 To save and to keep us from sin. } Beau - ti - ful cit - y, mine
 Have rich - es and treas - ures a - bove.
 His prais - es for - ev - er will sing.

eyes shall be - hold, Beau - ti - ful cit - y, its streets are of gold; Beau - ti - ful

cit - y, where night nev - er comes, Some - day its glo - ry mine eyes shall be - hold.

Day is Breaking O'er the Hills.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. Day is break-ing o'er the hills, Je - sus' love my spir - it thrills.
 2. In this wild - er - ness of sin, Je - sus came and took me in,
 3. In the shad - ows of the night, Search-ing for this won - drous light,
 4. Oh, how pre - cious to a - bid, Near my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,

Won-drous light I now be-hold, Won-drous love can-not be told. O that all might
 Wash-ing all my sins a-way, Turn-ing darkness in-to day. Since in Him I
 I knew not which way to go, Ev - 'ry-where I meet the foe; But the morning
 'Neath the pre-cious crim-son flow, Ev - er kept as white as snow; Dear - er to my

come and see, What the Lord hath done for me; He hath saved me by His grace,
 found sweet rest, Ev - 'ry day my soul is blest, By my side He's ev - er near,
 came at last And the darkness all is passed; Je - sus freed my soul from sin,
 heart is He Than this world could ev - er be; Trusting Him I'll shout and sing,

CHORUS.

And I see His smil-ing face.
 Trust - ing Him I have no fear.
 And the light came stream-ing in.
 Prais - es to my heav'nly King.

Day is break-ing o'er the hills, Light is fall-ing

on the hills; Je - sus gives us lib - er - ty, We will shout the vic - to - ry.

As White as Snow.

JENNIE E. LUSSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O - ver the plains and hill - sides Lies the un-trod - den snow, Marr'd by no
 2. Glo - rious the trans - for - ma - tion—Sins that like scar - let glow, E'en tho' they
 3. Beau - ti - ful type He giv - eth, What is so white as snow? Naught but the

hu - man foot - print, Fair in the noon - tide glow. Oft as it lies be -
 be as crim - son, "They shall be white as snow." Nev - er a word more
 sin - stain'd spir - it Wash'd in the crim - son flow. Soon with the saints in

fore me Com - eth the word of light Un - to my sin - stain'd spir - it,
 bless - ed Comes to the heart of sin, Fly to the cleans - ing fount - ain,
 glo - ry, Clad in fair robes of light, We shall re - peat the sto - ry,

CHORUS.

"Scar - let shall be as white."
 "Wash you and make you clean."
 "Je - sus hath made us white." } Won - der - ful word of prom - ise Un - to the

sin - ful soul: There is a cleans - ing fount - ain O - pen'd to make thee whole.

As White as Snow.—Concluded.

So when I see the snow - flakes Fair in the noon - tide glow,

rallentando.

Then to my heart I whis - per, "Thou shalt be white as snow."
 white as snow.

93

Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

Ps. 11: 17.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ows cast,
 3. Let shad - ows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

FINE.

One thought re - mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!

D. S.—What need I fear since Thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me;

CHORUS.

D. S.

Thou think - est, Lord, of me, of me, Thou think - est, Lord, of me. of me.

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Arise! Ye Soldiers of the Cross.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. A - rise! ye sol - diers of the Cross, the bat - tle we must wage, The
 2. Thy life, thy all, be - long to Him; for thee the debt was paid, Why
 3. The bat - tle ra - ges fiero - er still and we must brav - er grow, Lest
 4. Then trust Him in the dark - est hour, nor heed the can - non's roar, This

hosts of sin are press - ing hard and demons round us rage; Un - furl the ban - ner
 shouldst thou ought from Him withhold? on Him your sins were laid, Be - hold Him on the
 we should lose the vic - tor's crown in this dark world of woe; A - round us fall on
 earth - ly war - fare soon shall cease, our bat - tles will be o'er; Then palms of vic - t'ry

of the Cross, and wield the sword of truth, And give to God your time and strength, while
 curs - ed tree in ag - o - ny and shame; 'Tis Je - sus, Son of Right - eous - ness, for
 ev - 'ry side, those who grow faint and cold, But for His saints our God will fight as
 we shall bear up - on the streets of gold; We'll sing the prais - es of our King, and

CHORUS.

in the bloom of youth.
 ev - er - more the same. } A - rise! A - rise! Lift high thy shield, And to the con - flict
 in the days of old.
 e'er His face be - hold.

go; By faith o'er sin we shall pre - vail, And con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

The Healing Flood.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. On Cal - va - ry the Sav - ior died, the crown of thorns He wore;
 2. He'll soothe thy wea - ry, ach - ing brow and take a - way thy pain;
 3. Then go to Cal - v'ry's ho - ly mount where flows the crim - son tide,

He car - ried all our grief and pain, our sin and sor - row bore. 'Twas
 All those who ear - ly seek His face shall seek Him not in vain; No
 Be - neath the shad - ow of the Cross there ev - er - more a - bide. In

love that caused Him thus to die that we might ransomed be; He left His Fa - ther's
 earthly friend can heal thy wound, there's none thy soul can calm, In Je - sus, Prophet,
 sor - row He will com - fort thee, the light on thee will shine, And Christ who lives and

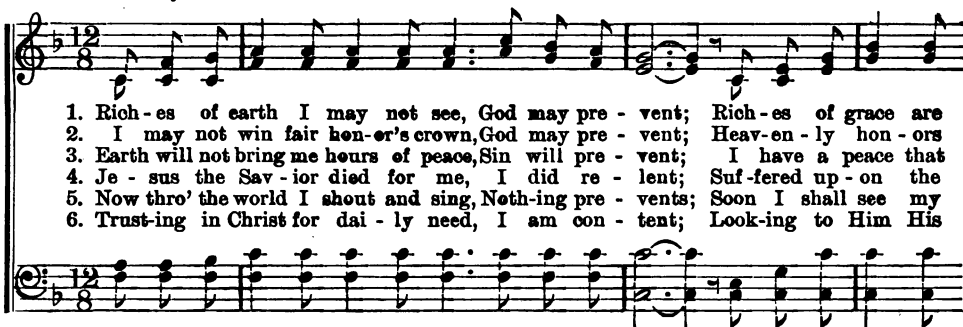
CHORUS.
 throne a - bove to die up - on the tree. }
 Priest and King there is a heal - ing balm. } O look to Je - sus, wea - ry one, There's
 reigns a - bove for - ev - er shall be thine. }

cleansing in the blood, A light is streaming from the Cross Where flows the healing flood.

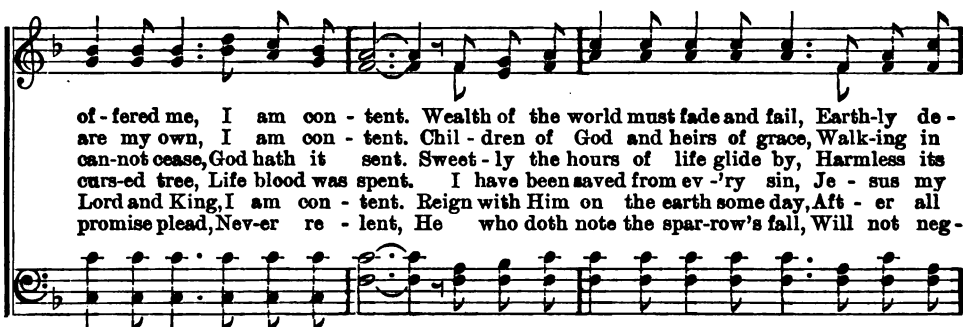
E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

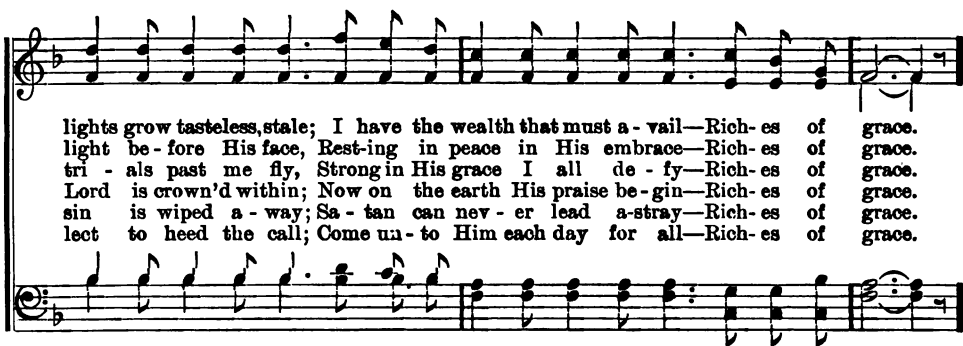
Last three verses by Rev. C. W. BRIDWELL.



1. Rich-es of earth I may not see, God may pre-vent; Rich-es of grace are
 2. I may not win fair hon-er's crown, God may pre-vent; Heav-en-ly hon-ors
 3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will pre-vent; I have a peace that
 4. Je-sus the Sav-ior died for me, I did re-lent; Suf-fered up-on the
 5. Now thro' the world I shout and sing, Neth-ing pre-vents; Soon I shall see my
 6. Trust-ing in Christ for dai-ly need, I am con-tent; Look-ing to Him His

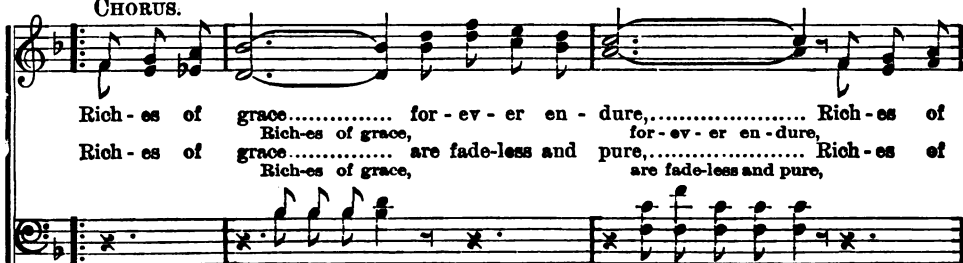


of-fered me, I am con-tent. Wealth of the world must fade and fail, Earth-ly de-
 are my own, I am con-tent. Chil-dren of God and heirs of grace, Walk-ing in
 can-not cease, God hath it sent. Sweet-ly the hours of life glide by, Harmless its
 curs-ed tree, Life blood was spent. I have been saved from ev-ry sin, Je-sus my
 Lord and King, I am con-tent. Reign with Him on the earth some day, Aft-er all
 promise plead, Nev-er re-lent, He who doth note the spar-row's fall, Will not neg-



lights grow tasteless, stale; I have the wealth that must a-vail—Rich-es of grace.
 light be-fore His face, Rest-ing in peace in His embrace—Rich-es of grace.
 tri-als past me fly, Strong in His grace I all de-fy—Rich-es of grace.
 Lord is crown'd within; Now on the earth His praise be-gin—Rich-es of grace.
 sin is wiped a-way; Sa-tan can nev-er lead a-stray—Rich-es of grace.
 lect to heed the call; Come un-to Him each day for all—Rich-es of grace.

CHORUS.



Rich-es of grace..... for-ev-er en-dure,..... Rich-es of
 Rich-es of grace, for-ev-er en-dure,
 Rich-es of grace..... are fade-less and pure,..... Rich-es of
 Rich-es of grace, are fade-less and pure,

Riches of Grace.—Concluded.

1
2

grace..... my safe-ty as - sure;..... Rich - es of grace.
Rich-es of grace, my safe-ty as-sure;

97

Pure and Holy.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pure and ho - ly I would be, Je - sus, Sav - iour, dwell in me,
2. Pure and ho - ly I would be, Drawn by clos - er bonds to Thee,
3. Pure and ho - ly I would be, Lov - ing Shep - herd keep Thou me,

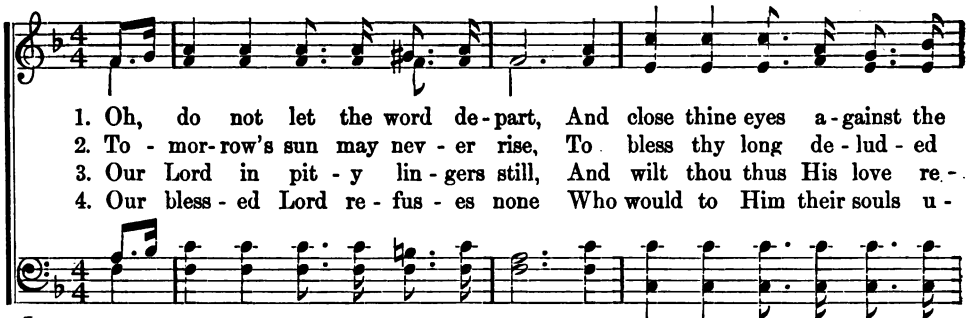
Seal Thy im - age on my heart, Make me per - fect as Thou art.
Lord, my wait - ing heart in - spire, Kin - dle there de - vo - tion's fire.
Safe - ly shel - tered in Thy fold, Till Thy glo - ry I be - hold.

Fount of mer - cy, life and rest, King ex - alt - ed ev - er blest,
While Thy good - ness I pro - claim, And with rev -'rence praise Thy name;
Thou hast led me through the past, Lead and bring me home at last;

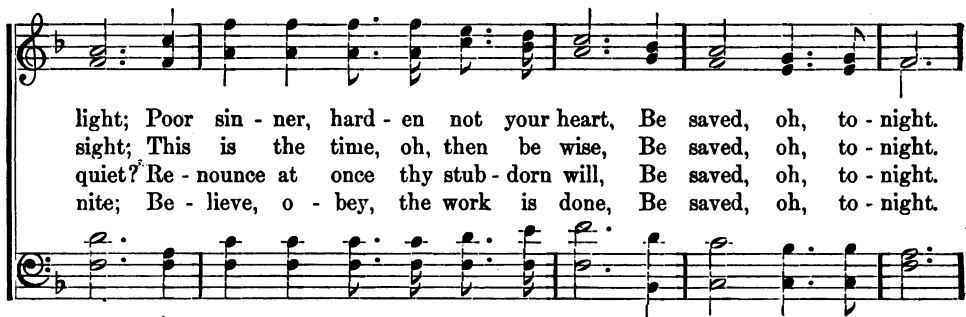
Thou, on whom I cast my care, Hear, O hear, and grant my pray'r.
Thou, on whom I cast my care, Hear, O hear, and grant my pray'r.
Thou, on whom I cast my care, Hear, O hear and an - swer pray'r.

Oh, Why not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

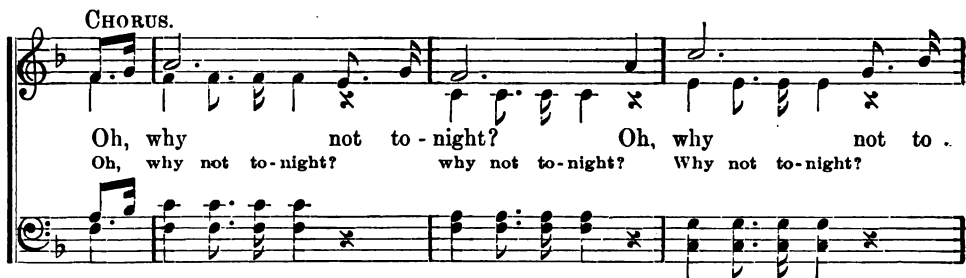


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the
 2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed
 3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-

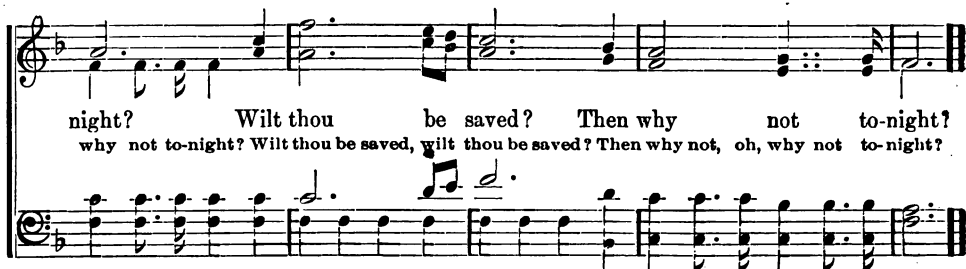


light; Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 quiet? Re-nounce at once thy stub-dorn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.



Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-
 Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?



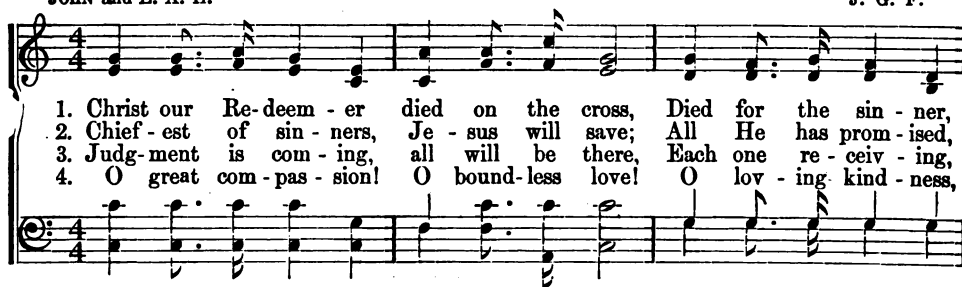
night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. 2: 13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5: 7.

JOHN and E. A. H.

J. G. F.



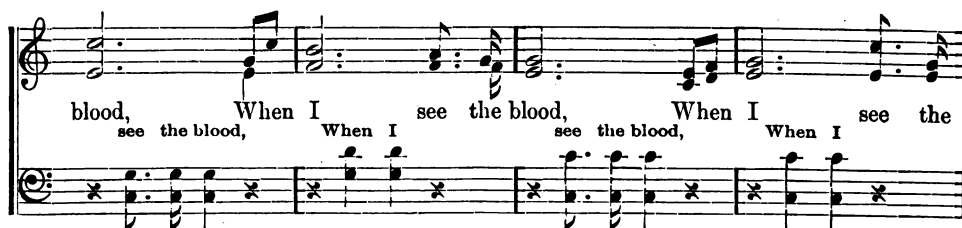
1. Christ our Re-deem - er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
 2. Chief - est of sin - ners, Je - sus will save; All He has prom - ised,
 3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there, Each one re - ceiv - ing,
 4. O great com - pas - sion! O bound - less love! O lov - ing kind - ness,



paid all His due; Sprin - kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
 that will He do; Wash in the foun - tain o - pened for sin,
 just - ly his due; Hide in the sav - ing, sin - cleans - ing blood,
 faith - ful and true! Find peace and shel - ter un - der the blood,



CHORUS.
 And I will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I When I see the



blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the



blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you. o - ver you.
 see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you. o - ver you.

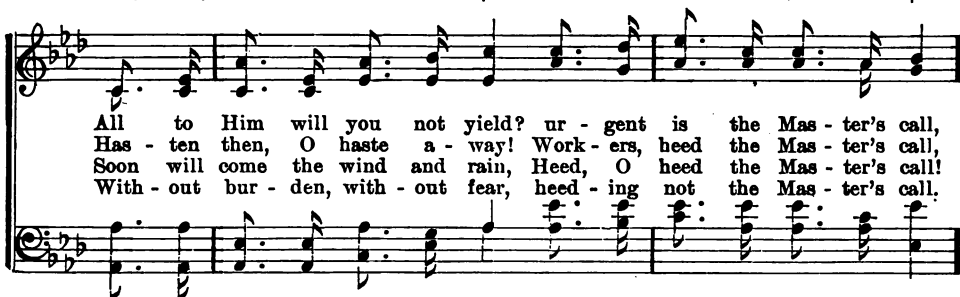
Where the Sunbeams Fall.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.



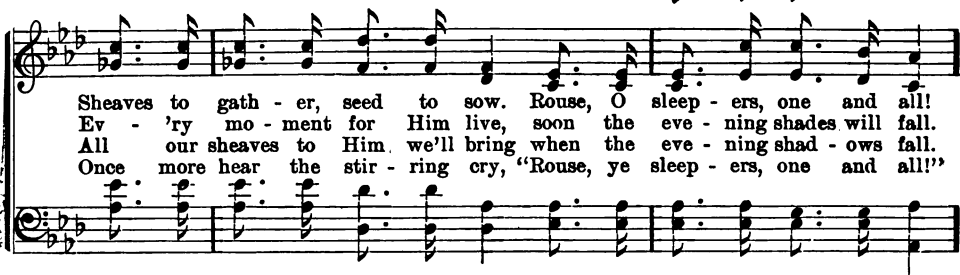
1. Has - ten to the har - vest field where the gold - en sun - beams fall,
 2. Soon will end the har - vest days where the gold - en sun - beams fall,
 3. Quick - ly gath - er in the grain, where the gold - en sun - beams fall,
 4. See the id - lers stand - ing near where the gold - en sun - beams fall,



All to Him will you not yield? ur - gent is the Mas - ter's call,
 Has - ten then, O haste a - way! Work - ers, heed the Mas - ter's call,
 Soon will come the wind and rain, Heed, O heed the Mas - ter's call!
 With - out bur - den, with - out fear, heed - ing not the Mas - ter's call.



Glad - ly an - swer, "Lord, I'll go," where the gold - en sun - beams fall,
 All your time and tal - ents give, where the gold - en sun - beams fall,
 If the reap - ers song we sing where the gold - en sun - beams fall,
 Christ our Lord is pass - ing by, where the gold - en sun - beams fall,



Sheaves to gath - er, seed to sow. Rouse, O sleep - ers, one and all!
 Ev - 'ry mo - ment for Him live, soon the eve - ning shades will fall.
 All our sheaves to Him we'll bring when the eve - ning shad - ows fall.
 Once more hear the stir - ring cry, "Rouse, ye sleep - ers, one and all!"

CHORUS.



In the whit - ened har - vest field where the gold - en sun - beams fall,

Where the Sunbeams Fall.—Concluded.

Je - sus is our strength and shield where the gold - en sun - beams fall,

There the ri - pened grain is bound, where the gold - en sun - beams fall.

Loy - al hearts and hands are found where the gold - en sun - beams fall.

101

Follow All the Way.

E. W. BLANDY.

Arranged.

1. I have heard my Sav - ior call - ing, I have heard my Sav - ior call - ing,
 2. Tho' He leads me thro' the val - ley, Tho' He leads me thro' the val - ley,
 3. Tho' He leads me thro' the gar - den, Tho' He leads me thro' the gar - den,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
 5. Oh! 'tis sweet to fol - low Je - sus, Oh! 'tis sweet to fol - low Je - sus,

CHO.—I will take my cross and fol - low, My dear Sav - ior I will fol - low,

D. C. Chorus.

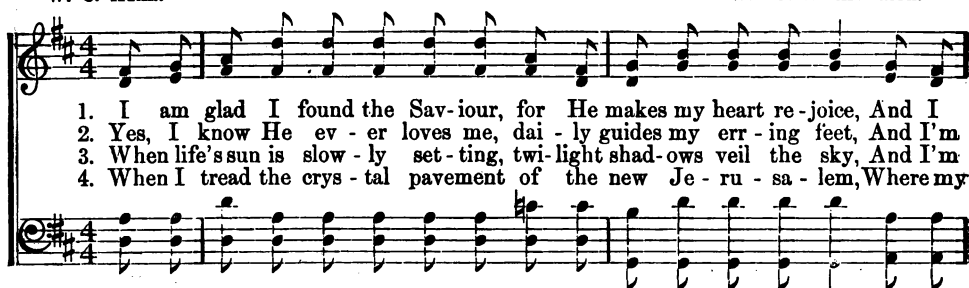
I have heard my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
 Tho' He leads me thro' the val - ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 Tho' He leads me thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will keep me, keep me all the way.
 Oh! 'tis sweet to fol - low Je - sus And be with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

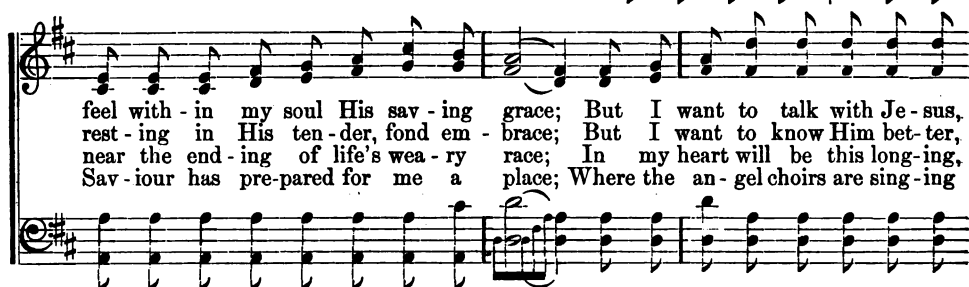
My Saviour Face to Face.

W. C. AGAR.

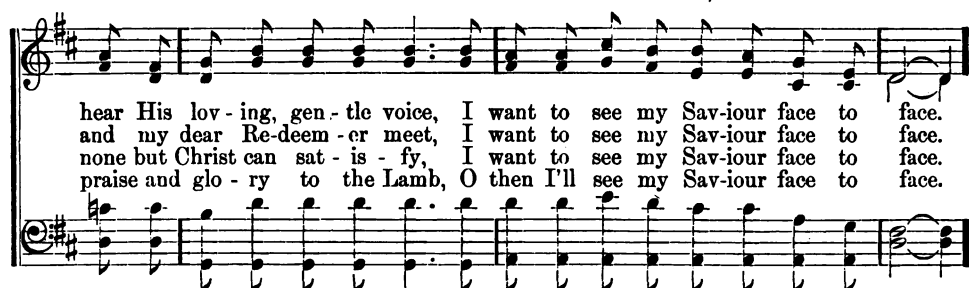
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am glad I found the Sav-iour, for He makes my heart re-joice, And I
 2. Yes, I know He ev-er loves me, dai-ly guides my err-ing feet, And I'm
 3. When life's sun is slow-ly set-ting, twi-ght shad-ows veil the sky, And I'm
 4. When I tread the crys-tal pavement of the new Je-ru-sa-lem, Where my

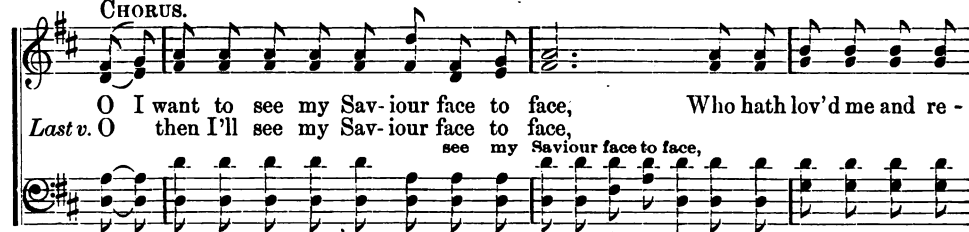


feel with-in my soul His sav-ing grace; But I want to talk with Je-sus,
 rest-ing in His ten-der, fond em-brace; But I want to know Him bet-ter,
 near the end-ing of life's wea-ry race; In my heart will be this long-ing,
 Sav-iour has pre-pared for me a place; Where the an-gel choirs are sing-ing

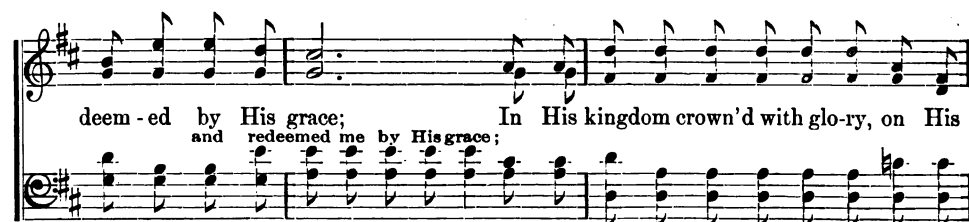


hear His lov-ing, gen-tle voice, I want to see my Sav-iour face to face.
 and my dear Re-deem-er meet, I want to see my Sav-iour face to face.
 none but Christ can sat-is-fy, I want to see my Sav-iour face to face.
 praise and glo-ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Sav-iour face to face.

CHORUS.



O I want to see my Sav-iour face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re-
Last v. O then I'll see my Sav-iour face to face,
 see my Saviour face to face,



deem-ed by His grace; In His kingdom crown'd with glo-ry, on His
 and redeemed me by His grace;

My Saviour Face to Face.—Concluded.

ev - er - last - ing throne, I want to see my Sav-iour face to face.
see my Sav-iour face to fa.e.

103

When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT.

Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us, then, be true and faith - ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be-hold;

In the man-sions, bright and bless - ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav - 'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.

CHORUS.
When we all get to heav-en, What a day of re-joic-ing that will be!
When we all What a day of re-joic-ing that will be!

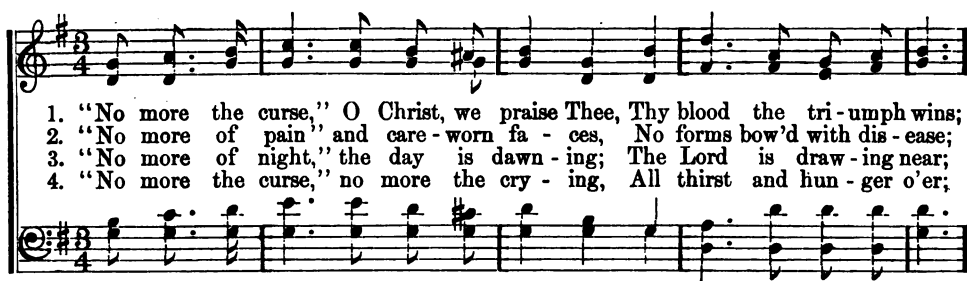
When we all see Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to - ry.
When we all and shout the vic-to - ry.

“No More the Curse.”

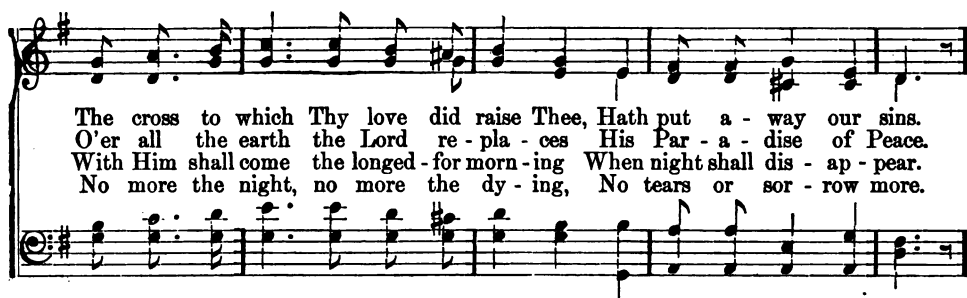
EL NATHAN.

Rev. 21: 4 and 22: 3.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

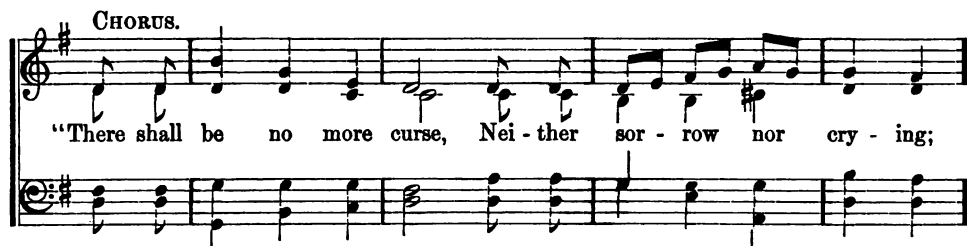


1. “No more the curse,” O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the tri-umph wins;
 2. “No more of pain,” and care-worn fa - ces, No forms bow’d with dis-ease;
 3. “No more of night,” the day is dawn-ing; The Lord is draw-ing near;
 4. “No more the curse,” no more the cry-ing, All thirst and hun-ger o’er;



The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
 O’er all the earth the Lord re-pla - ces His Par - a - dise of Peace.
 With Him shall come the longed-for morn-ing When night shall dis - ap - pear.
 No more the night, no more the dy-ing, No tears or sor - row more.

CHORUS.



“There shall be no more curse, Nei - ther sor - row nor cry - ing;



There shall be no more pain, Nei - ther dark - ness nor dy - ing;



And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes.”

He Touched Me.

CHAS. W. BRIDWELL.

MRS. LILLIAN BRIDWELL.

1. He touched me and new life came in-to my soul, He cleansed me and I was made
 2. He touched me and un- der His wings I can trust; He loves me and all of earth's
 3. He touched me and how I de-light in His words, He promised to feed me as
 4. He rests me and in Him I have not a care; He hears me and hast-ens to

per - fect - ly whole; He cleansed me and sor - row all van - ished a - way, And
 treas - ures are dust; He keeps me and in Him I now have sweet rest, Thro'
 He does the birds; He heals me, O praise Him! I'm now sanc - ti - fied, With
 an - swer my pray'r; He saves me and in Him I now stand com - plete, With

CHORUS.

then all my night-time was turned in-to day.
 all of my jour - ney, I'm hap - py and blest. } He touched me and o - ver life's
 His love un - fail - ing, I'm now sat - is - fied.
 in - fin - ite full - ness my heart is re - plete.

tur - bu - lent sea, With nev - er a dan - ger that He does not see; He touched me and

nev - er a - gain will I pine, Still led by Thy Spir - it, O Lord I am Thine.

Keep Pressing On.

ALMA WHITE.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

1. When tri-als sore be-set you, keep bat-tling for the right, The Sav-ior stands be-
 2. The light will shine more clear-ly as you keep pressing on, Then think of all your
 3. Your days are swift-ly pass-ing, you have no time to lose, In paths that are for-
 4. We must keep press-ing on - ward, if in the race we win, The crown of life is

side you, to help you in the fight; Then do not fear to trust Him, His
 bless-ings, and count them one by one; When ad-verse winds are blow-ing, be
 bid-den, or those that you might choose; The gate is straight be-fore you, where
 wait-ing, the vic-tor o-ver sin; Life's day will soon be end-ed, the

word can nev-er fail, Tho' all is dark a-round you and en-e-mies as-sail.
 faith-ful then, and true, In that fair land of prom-ise a crown is wait-ing you.
 Je-sus leads the way, O then keep press-ing on-ward to that e-ter-nal day.
 bat-tle-cry will cease, And we shall dwell with Je-sus where all is per-fect peace.

CHORUS. *cres.*
 All praise we'll give to Je-sus, when on that shore we meet, A-midst the glad ho-

san-nas, when all the saints we greet, With hearts of love o'er-flow-ing for

Keep Pressing On.—Concluded.

Him who died to save, We'll crown Him King for-ev - er, and palms of vic - t'ry wave.

107

Look Away to Jesus.

L. S. LAWRENCE.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

1. When pressed with the burdens and cares of this life, And powers of dark-ness as - sail,
2. Your la-bor has come between you and your Lord, His face you no lon-ger be - hold,
3. No mat-ter how heavy the burdens you bear, Or press-ing your du - ties may be,
4. Like Ma-ry of old you may sit at His feet And learn of His won-der-ful love,
5. With heart all a-flame then you'll tell of His love, That sinners may see and be - lieve,

If you will trust Je-sus to help with your load, O'er for - ces of sin you'll pre-vail.
 You say you are fol - lowing close in His steps, But dark-ness is o - ver your soul.
 Take time to love Je-sus, your Savior and King, Your la - bor much lighter will be.
 Go, choose that good portion that ne'er will depart, He'll give it to you from a - bove.
 Sal - va-tion has come to the world thro' the blood, To all who His mes-sage re - ceive.

CHORUS.

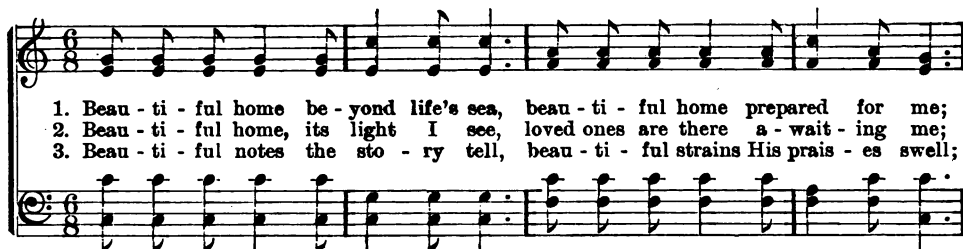
Look a - way, look a - way to Je - sus, Look a - way, look a - way to Je - sus,

On Him cast your care, your burdens He'll bear, Look a - way, look a - way to Je - sus. *rit.*

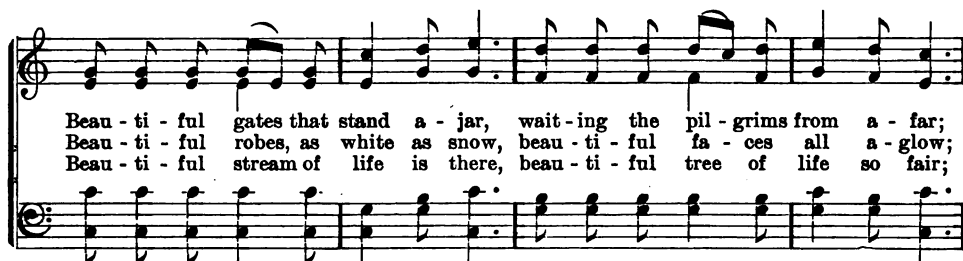
Beautiful Home.

A. W.

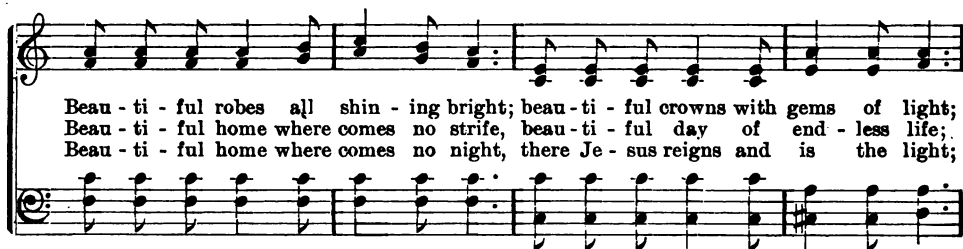
ALMA WHITE.



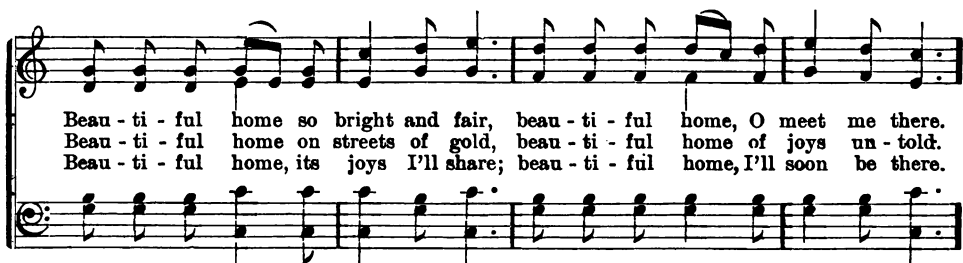
1. Beau - ti - ful home be - yond life's sea, beau - ti - ful home prepared for me;
 2. Beau - ti - ful home, its light I see, loved ones are there a - wait - ing me;
 3. Beau - ti - ful notes the sto - ry tell, beau - ti - ful strains His prais - es swell;



Beau - ti - ful gates that stand a - jar, wait - ing the pil - grims from a - far;
 Beau - ti - ful robes, as white as snow, beau - ti - ful fa - ces all a - glow;
 Beau - ti - ful stream of life is there, beau - ti - ful tree of life so fair;

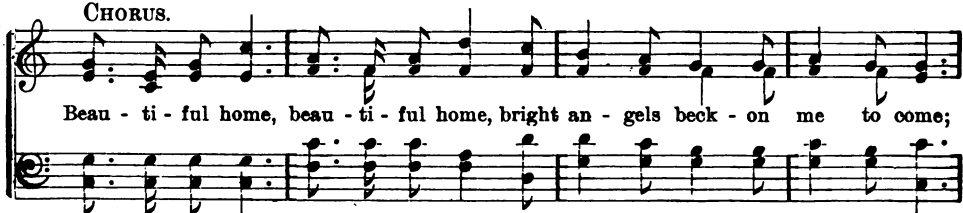


Beau - ti - ful robes all shin - ing bright; beau - ti - ful crowns with gems of light;
 Beau - ti - ful home where comes no strife, beau - ti - ful day of end - less life;
 Beau - ti - ful home where comes no night, there Je - sus reigns and is the light;



Beau - ti - ful home so bright and fair, beau - ti - ful home, O meet me there.
 Beau - ti - ful home on streets of gold, beau - ti - ful home of joys un - told.
 Beau - ti - ful home, its joys I'll share; beau - ti - ful home, I'll soon be there.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, bright an - gels beck - on me to come;

Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

Beau - ti - ful crown I soon shall wear, beau - ti - ful home, I'll soon be there,

Beau - ti - ful home where I can rest, and lean my head on Je - sus' breast;

Beau - ti - ful home ev - er to last, aft - er this life of toil is past.

109

Bound for Heaven.

M. W. K.

Anon.

1. I'm a pil - grim bound for heav - en, And a stran - ger in these lands;
 2. Friends and goods are all sur - ren - dered, All are bid with tears good - bye;
 3. Sa - tan comes and sore - ly tries me, Old com - pan - ions call a - way;
 4. Je - sus saves and sanc - ti - fies me, Keeps me safe, and helps me stand;
 5. Far - well, scenes and plans once cher - ished, Glad - ly all I now re - sign;

CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

D. C. Chorus.

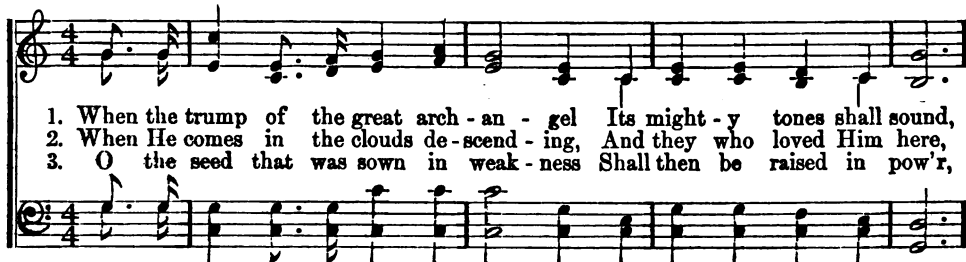
I've a home in yon - der oit - y, And a house not made with hands.
 Je - sus now is my com - pan - ion As I jour - ney to the sky.
 But I pray, and God de - liv - ers, Keeps me in the nar - row way.
 Makes me dai - ly more than con - qu'ror, On - and up in Beu - lah - land.
 Tru - er rich - es now a - wait me, And shall be for - ev - er mine.

Soon I'll end my pil - grim jour - ney In the house not made with hands.

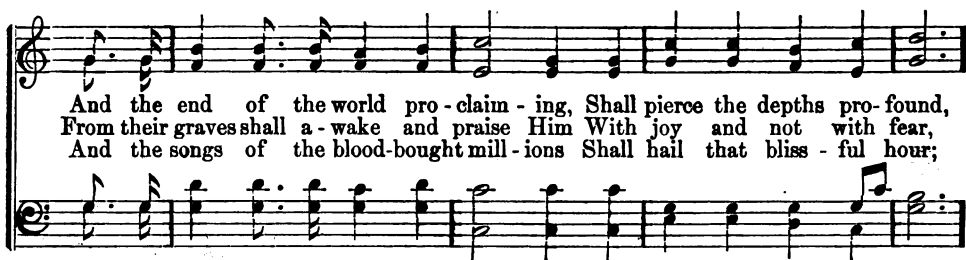
In the Twinkling of an Eye.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

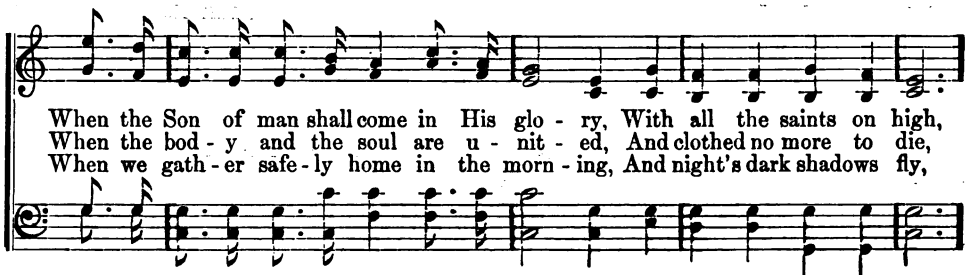
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



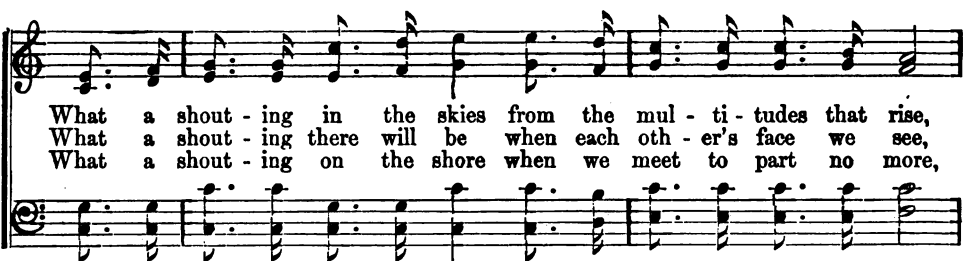
1. When the trump of the great arch - an - gel Its might - y tones shall sound,
 2. When He comes in the clouds de - scend - ing, And they who loved Him here,
 3. O the seed that was sown in weak - ness Shall then be raised in pow'r,



And the end of the world pro - claim - ing, Shall pierce the depths pro - found,
 From their graves shall a - wake and praise Him With joy and not with fear,
 And the songs of the blood-bought mill - ions Shall hail that bliss - ful hour;

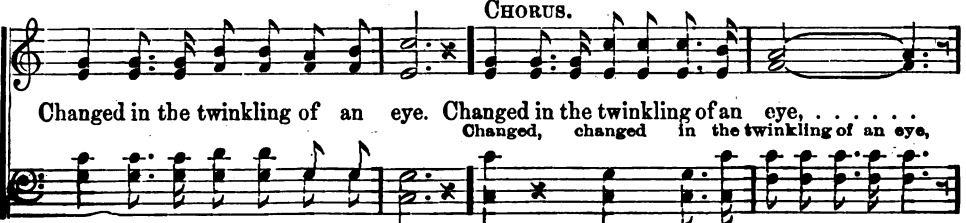


When the Son of man shall come in His glo - ry, With all the saints on high,
 When the bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, And clothed no more to die,
 When we gath - er safe - ly home in the morn - ing, And night's dark shadows fly,



What a shout - ing in the skies from the mul - ti - tudes that rise,
 What a shout - ing there will be when each oth - er's face we see,
 What a shout - ing on the shore when we meet to part no more,

CHORUS.



Changed in the twinkling of an eye. Changed in the twinkling of an eye,
 Changed, changed in the twinkling of an eye,

In the Twinkling of an Eye.—Concluded.

Changed in the twinkling of an eye; The trum - pet shall sound
 Changed, changed in the twinkling of an eye;

the dead shall be raised, Changed in the twinkling of an eye.
 in the twinkling of an eye.

III

There is a Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

Hindoo Air.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubting stand?
 3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fa - ther's hand,

Bright, bright as day; O how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our
 Why still de - lay? O we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
 Love can - not die; On then to glo - ry run Be a crown and

Sav - iour King, Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 sor - row free; Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 king - dom won; And bright a - bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye.

The Sea of Life.

ALMA WHITE.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

Very slowly.

1. Je - sus my Lord, oft - en whis - pers to me: "Be of good cheer out on
 2. He will keep thee on the great sea of life, When winds are high and the
 3. Trust in His word, look to Him for the light, How - ev - er drear - y and
 4. The heav'n-ly port will be reached some fair day, Your ship at an - chor will

life's troub - led sea, No gale so high or the night long and dark,
 bil - lows at strife; "Be of good cheer," Je - sus says o'er and o'er,
 dark is the night, The day will break and sweet rest come at last,
 lie in the bay; Be of good cheer all your tri'ls will be o'er

CHORUS.

That I'm not near to thy storm - driv - en bark,"
 "Thy God is near when the fierce bil - lows roar."
 The long, long night will for ev - er be past. } Out on life's sea, Je - sus
 In that fair land where the storms beat no more.

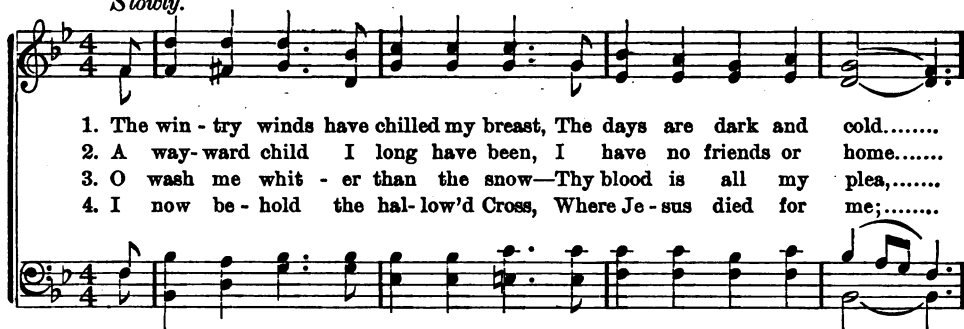
softly. *dim.*
 speaks to my soul; "Out on life's sea, I will nev - er leave thee, Out on life's

f *p* *dim.*
 sea, where the great bil-lows roll, Out on life's sea I will nev - er leave thee."

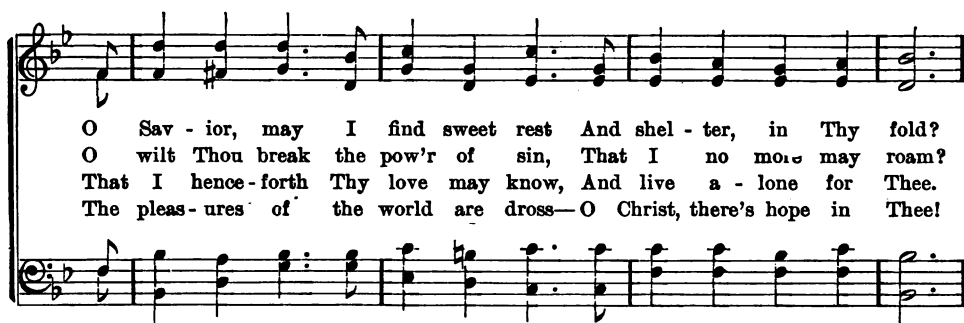
The Wanderer's Plea.

ALMA WHITE.
Slowly.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.



1. The win - try winds have chilled my breast, The days are dark and cold.....
 2. A way - ward child I long have been, I have no friends or home.....
 3. O wash me whit - er than the snow—Thy blood is all my plea.....
 4. I now be - hold the hal - low'd Cross, Where Je - sus died for me;.....



O Sav - ior, may I find sweet rest And shel - ter, in Thy fold?
 O wilt Thou break the pow'r of sin, That I no more may roam?
 That I hence - forth Thy love may know, And live a - lone for Thee.
 The pleas - ures of the world are dross—O Christ, there's hope in Thee!

CHORUS.



O hear my pray'r, Thou spot - less One, Thy blood was shed for me;



With - out Thy help I am un - done, Hear Thou the wand'rer's plea.

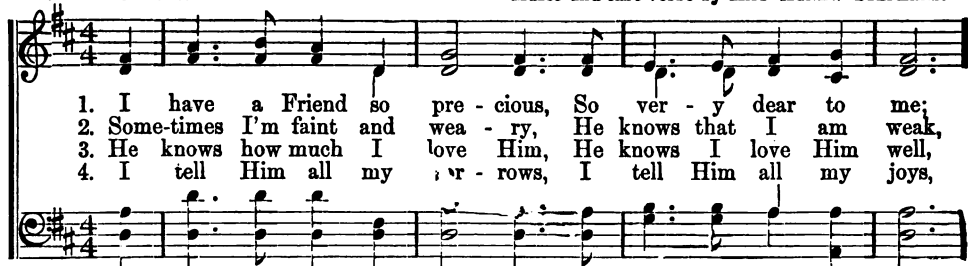
I'll listen to Thy loving words,
 And trust Thee day by day
 To feed and clothe me as the birds,
 And drive my fears away.

Then in my heart there'll be no strife,
 My days will all be bright;
 And in the path that leads to life
 I'll walk in Jesus' light.

My Lord and I.

Mrs. L. SHORRY.

Music and last verse by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me;
 2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
 3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well,
 4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,



rit.
 He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;
 And when He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek; ...
 But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell; ...
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys; ...



f
 I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh; ...
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky;
 It is an ev - er - last - ing love In ev - er rich sup - ply;
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;



And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

5 He knows how I am longing
 Some weary soul to win,
 And so He bids me go and speak
 A loving word for Him.
 He bids me tell His wondrous love,
 And why He came to die;
 And so we work together,
 My Lord and I.

6 He tells me of His kingdom,
 It is not far away;
 And oh, His heart is longing
 To take me there some day.
 Immortal bliss is waiting,
 And joys that never die;
 Soon there will reign together
 My Lord and I.


Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn - ing from the world a - way,
 2. Naught re - serv - ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour
 3. Tak - ing up the cross of Je - sus, Glad for Him to suf - fer shame,
 4. Praise His pre - cious name for - ev - er That His blood hath made me free!

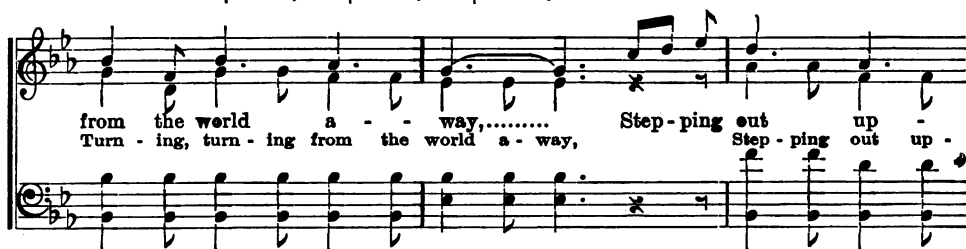


Step - ping out up - on the prem - ise, All I have is His to - day.
 When the fire from heav'n de - scend - ing Shall at - test His glo - rious pow'r.
 All my gain I count but less - es For the glo - ry of His name.
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.



Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - - sus, Turn - ing
 Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,



from the world a - - way,..... Step - ping out up -
 Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a - way, Step - ping out up -



on His prom - - ise, All I have is His to - day.
 on His bless - ed prom - ise,

Jesus I'll Stand True.

L. S. L.

L. S. LAWRENCE.

1. Tho' all the world doth me for-sake and tri-als sore op-press, Yet thro' it
 2. Storms may a-rise and waves beat high, but there's a place of rest, And in the
 3. O troubled soul why should you fear, when Je-sus brings a test, Tho' dark the
 4. Some day we'll stand on yon bright shore, where all is peace and rest, And there re-

all His way I'll take— my Sav-ior knows what's best; Tho' foes be-
 fourth watch He'll draw nigh— my Sav-ior knows what's best; He speaks the
 night He's al-ways near— my Sav-ior knows what's best; There's nothing
 joyce for ev-er-more— my Sav-ior knows what's best, We'll shout His

set on ev-'ry side and friends and lov'd ones too, Thro' all I will in Thee a-
 word, the winds all cease, the stern's wild rages sub-dues, My soul is filled with joy and
 that His love al-lows to come to me or you, Ex-cept 'twill help us win a
 praise while a- ges roll, with those who have prov'd true, And walk with joy the streets of

CHORUS.

bide— Je - sus I'll stand true.
 peace— Je - sus I'll stand true.
 crown— Je - sus I'll stand true.
 gold— Je - sus I'll stand true. } My Sav-ior knows what's best for me, He

knows what I should do; How-ev-er hard the test may be, Je - sus I'll stand true.

Treasures Above.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. My treas-ures are laid up a-bove, I have no home be-low; A home I seek be-
 2. My treas-ures are laid up a-bove, a crown is wait-ing there; No ten-der ties of
 3. My treas-ures are laid up a-bove where thieves can never come, Be-yond the brightness
 4. My treas-ures are laid up a-bove; life's day will soon be gone, And o-ver yon-der

yon-d the skies where joys of life e'er flow. The rich-es of the world are dross, and
 earth can keep me from my man-sion fair. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, and
 of the sun is my e-ter-nal home. With-in the jas-per walls are those whom
 crys-tal sea we'll gath-er one by one; No more to feel the curse of sin, no

D. S.—My treas-ures are laid up a-bove where

quick-ly pass a-way; True wealth have those who trust in God, and live by faith al-way.
 all the world looks cold, Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face and walk the streets of gold.
 Je-sus died to save, They wash'd their robes and made them white beneath the crimson wave.
 more to hear the cry Of those who suf-fer in this world, and thro' the curse must die.

sor-rows nev-er come, Then faith-ful-ly I'll watch and wait till Je-sus calls me home.

CHORUS.

My treas-ures are laid up a-bove, I've rich-es there un-told,

A man-sion is pre-pared for me where pearl-y gates un-fold.

The Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

Cho. by W. A. A.

WALTER A. ANDREWS.

MALE VOICES.

1. When I sur - vey..... the won-drous Cross..... On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord..... that I should boast..... Save in the
 3. See, from His head,..... His hands, His feet,..... Sor-row and

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous Cross,

Prince..... of Glo-ry died My rich-est gain..... I count but
 death..... of Christ, my God;..... All the vain things..... that charm me
 love..... flow mingled down;..... Did e'er such love..... and sor-row
 On which the Prince of glo-ry died, My rich-est gain

loss,..... And pour con - tempt..... on all my pride.....
 most,..... I sac - ri - fice..... them to His blood.....
 meet,..... Or thorns com - pose..... so rich a crown?.....
 I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHORUS.

O Cross sub - lime,..... up - raised for me,..... It bore my
 O Cross sub-lime, up-raised for me,

sin..... and shame, and guilt,..... A-bund-ant grace..... His par-don
 It bore my sin, and shame, and guilt; A-bun-dant grace,

The Wondrous Cross.—Concluded.

rit.

free,..... Are mine, since Christ..... His blood hath spilt.....
His pardon free, Are mine since Christ His blood hath spilt.

119

I Love Him.

C. F. O.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. S. M.

Poco adagio.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was far a - way, deep down in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but

sav'd from sin's a - larm Down at the cross my heart is bend - ing low, The
pas - sions fierce with - in; Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in God I live, And

CHORUS.

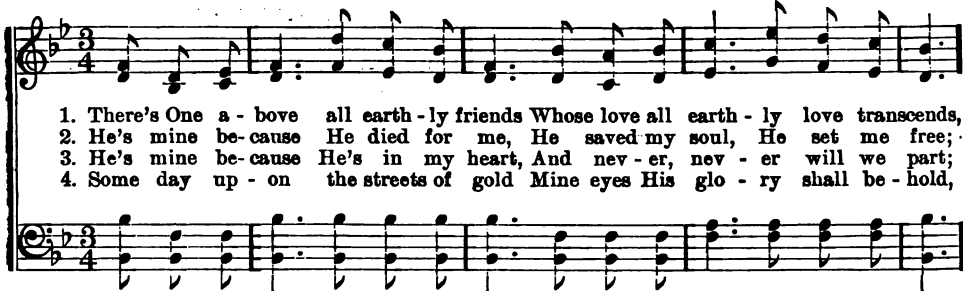
prec - ious blood of Je - sus wash - es white as snow. } I love Him, I love Him,
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Je - sus' blood. } I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world a-round the peace that He doth give. } I love Him, I love Him,

Be - cause He first lov'd me, And pur - chased my sal - va - tion On Mount Cal - va - ry.

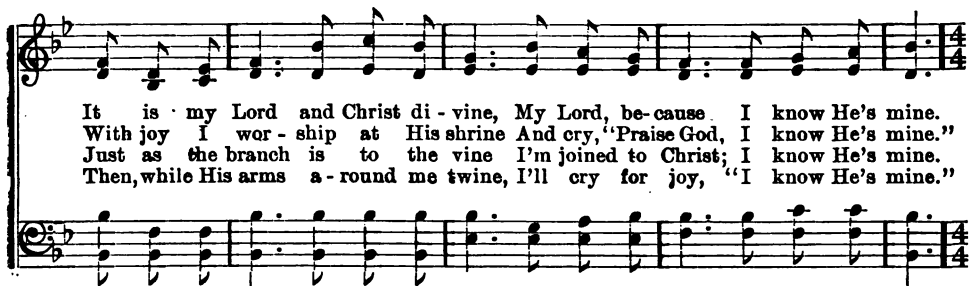
I Know He's Mine.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

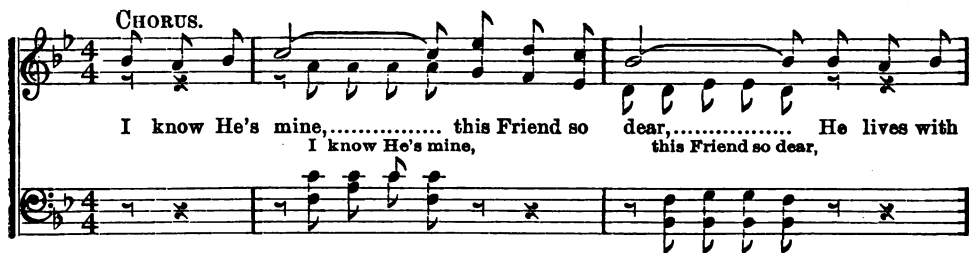
B. FRANK BUTTS.



1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends,
 2. He's mine be - cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;
 3. He's mine be - cause He's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be - hold,




It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be - cause I know He's mine.
 With joy I wor - ship at His shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine.
 Then, while His arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine."



CHORUS.
 I know He's mine,..... this Friend so dear,..... He lives with
 I know He's mine, this Friend so dear,



me,..... He's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....
 He lives with me, He's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms

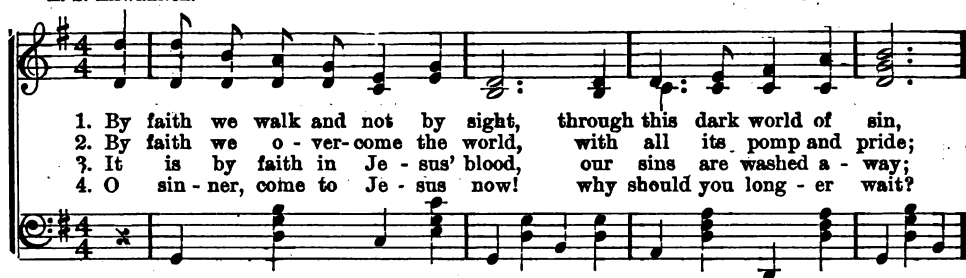


a - round Him shine, And, best of all, I know He's mine.
 a - round Him shine,

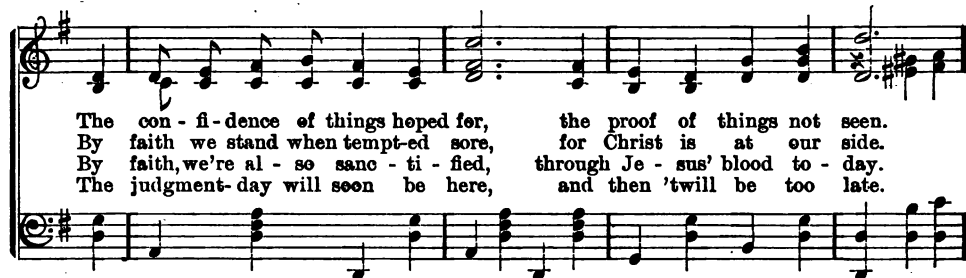
The Just Shall Live By Faith.

L. S. LAWRENCE.

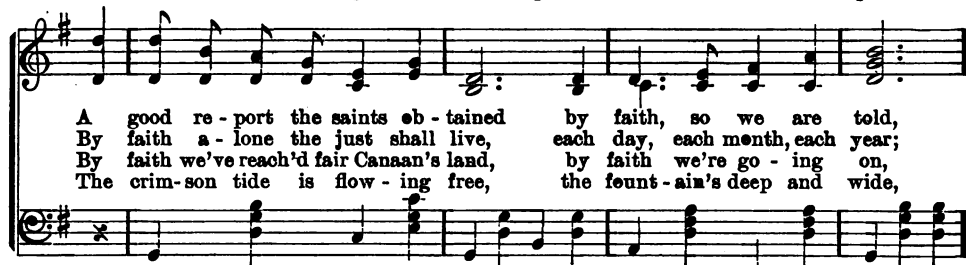
ARTHUR K. WHITE.



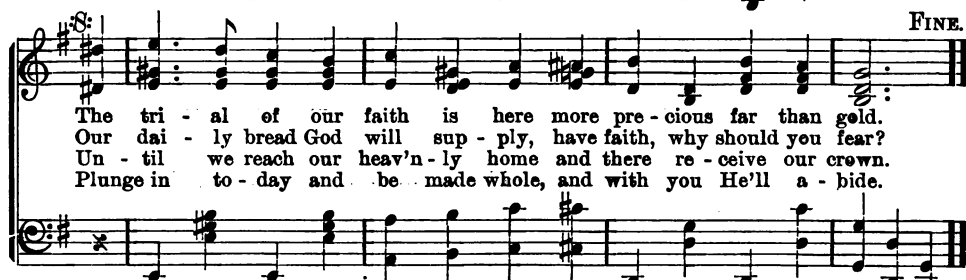
1. By faith we walk and not by sight, through this dark world of sin,
 2. By faith we o - ver - come the world, with all its pomp and pride;
 3. It is by faith in Je - sus' blood, our sins are washed a - way;
 4. O sin - ner, come to Je - sus now! why should you long - er wait?



The con - fi - dence of things hoped for, the proof of things not seen.
 By faith we stand when tempt - ed sore, for Christ is at our side.
 By faith, we're al - so sanc - ti - fied, through Je - sus' blood to - day.
 The judgment - day will soon be here, and then 'twill be too late.

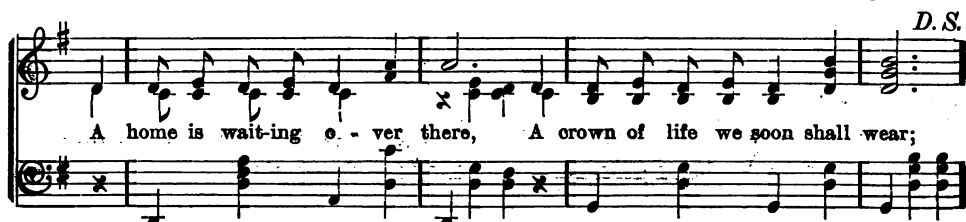


A good re - port the saints ob - tained by faith, so we are told,
 By faith a - lone the just shall live, each day, each month, each year;
 By faith we've reach'd fair Canaan's land, by faith we're go - ing on,
 The crim - son tide is flow - ing free, the feunt - ain's deep and wide,



The tri - al of our faith is here more pre - cious far than gold.
 Our dai - ly bread God will sup - ply, have faith, why should you fear?
 Un - til we reach our heav'n - ly home and there re - ceive our crown.
 Plunge in to - day and be made whole, and with you He'll a - bide.

D.S.—Our hearts in rap - tured bliss shall sing The prais - es of our King.



A home is wait - ing e - ver there, A crown of life we soon shall wear;

In the Vineyard of the Lord.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. In the vine- yard of the Lord we will work for Christ to- day; In the
 2. Mas- ters here we have but One, in the vine- yard of the Lord; Joy un-
 3. In the vine- yard of the Lord not a hire- ling can be found, In the
 4. In the vine- yard of the Lord, Je- sus gives sun- shine and rain, Plan- ning

vine- yard of the Lord we will watch and shout and pray; In His ser- vice to a- bide
 speak- a- ble have we, feed- ing on the Liv- ing Word; All we are and have are His,
 vine- yard of the Lord truth and love in hearts about; Soon we'll hear His "Welcome home,
 all our work and time, prom- is- ing no earthly gain; But He gives us strength and grace,

till we hear Him say, "Well done" When we join the blood- wash'd throng in that
 all our mind and strength and soul, Dai- ly is our grace sup- plied, press- ing
 faith- ful thou hast been and true, En- ter thou e- ter- nal joys, man- sions
 for the work- ers they are few, Who will give their earth- ly goods, all their

CHORUS.

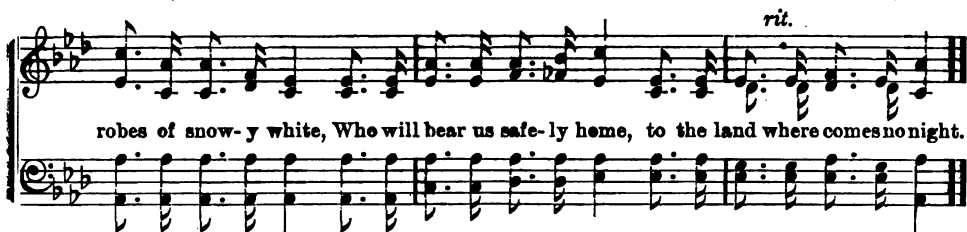
hap- py har- vest home.
 on- ward to the goal.
 are a- wait- ing you." } There will be..... a shin- ing host,.....
 time and tal- ents too. There will be a shin- ing host,

who to earth will wing their flight, Pass- ing blaz- ing worlds and suns, swift- er

In the Vineyard of the Lord.—Concluded.



than the morning light; There will be..... a shin-ing host..... in their
There will be a shin-ing host



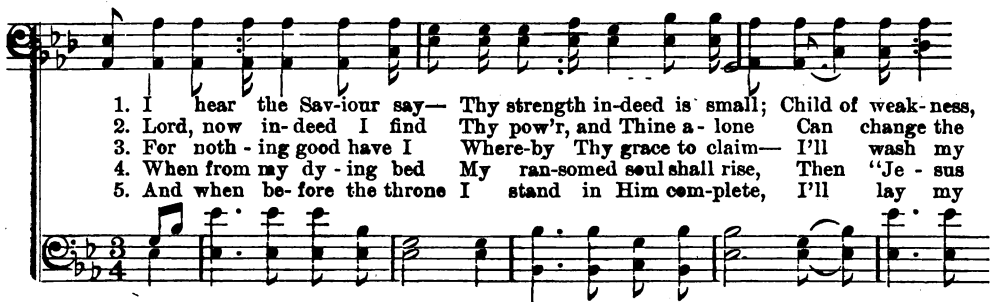
rit.
robes of snow-y white, Who will bear us safe-ly home, to the land where comes night.

123

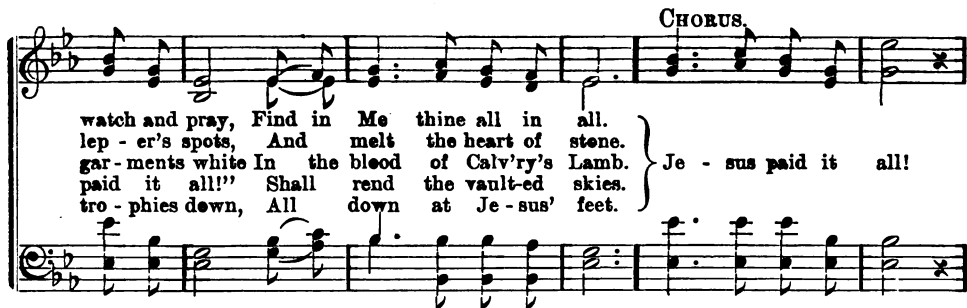
All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL.

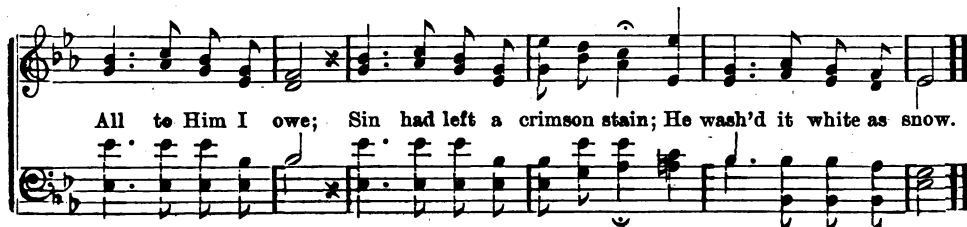
JOHN T. GRAPE.



1. I hear the Sav-iour say— Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
4. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise, Then "Je-sus
5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my



CHORUS.
watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. } Je-sus paid it all!
gar-ments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
paid it all!" Shall rend the vaulted skies.
tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.



All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He wash'd it white as snow.

Victory Ahead.

W. G.

Rev. WILLIAM GRUM.

1. When the hosts of Is - ra - el, led by God, Round the walls of Jer - i - cho
 2. Da - vid with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the gi - ant on the field
 3. Dan - iel pray'd un - to the Lord thrice each day, Then un - to the li - on's den
 4. Oft - en with the car - nal mind I was tried, Ask - ing for de - liv - er - ance
 5. When like those who've gone before to that land, By death's riv - er cold and dark

soft - ly trod; Trusting in the Lord, they felt the conq'ror's tread, By faith they
 all a - lone; Trusting in the Lord, he knew what God had said, By faith he
 led the way; Trusting in the Lord, he did not fear or dread, By faith he
 oft I cried; Trusting in the Lord, I reckon'd I was dead, By faith I
 I shall stand; Trusting in the Lord, I will not fear or dread, By faith I

CHORUS.

saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 see the vic - to - ry a - head. } Vic - to - ry a - head! Vic - to - ry a - head!


Thro' the blood of Je - sus, vic - to - ry a - head; Trust - ing in the Lord, I

feel the conq'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head.


Joyful Bells.

Mrs. L. B.

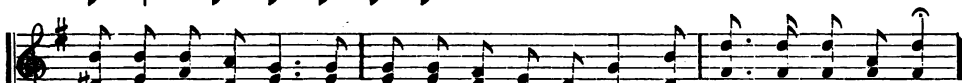
Mrs. LILLIAN BRIDWELL.



1. My heart I gave to Je - sus, His love He did be - stow; He gave me peace and
 2. He asked my time and tal - ent, to Him I did re - ply, "Yes, Lord I frec - ly
 3. All pride and e - vil tem - per are gone since Je - sus came; My soul shouts hal - le -
 4. This joy is not de - pend - ent on what the world can give, For dai - ly with my
 5. No land or place or sea - son can an - y dif - fer - ence make, I'll go wher - e'er He



com - fort this world can nev - er know. He brought me out of dark - ness, my
 give them, to la - bor or to die." When all was on the al - tar, the
 lu - jah! O praise His ho - ly name! The heav'nly bells keep ring - ing sal -
 Bridegroom I love to walk and live. The bells just keep on ring - ing, tho'
 leads me and all for Him for - sake; And soon in yon bright cit - y, with



sins He all for - gave, He set the joy - bells ring - ing, I've proved His pow'r to save.
 fire fell from a - bove, The Spir - it took pos - ses - sion and all was per - fect love.
 va - tion full and free, My Sav - ior leads me on - ward and that's e - nough for me.
 I am faint at heart, Tho' tri - als sore be - set me with Him I ne'er will part.
 all the blood - wash'd through I'll see Him in His beau - ty and join the glad new song,

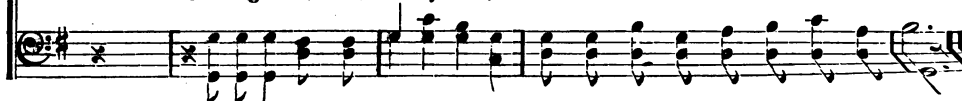
CHORUS.



Joy - ful bells! Chim - ing bells! My heart their joyful strains with music fills.
 Joyful bells! Chiming bells! music fills.



Chiming bells! Heav'nly bells! My life is filled with mu - sic from these bells.
 Chiming bells! Heav'nly bells!



Father's Letters.

Furnished by "AUNT REBECCA."
Not too fast.

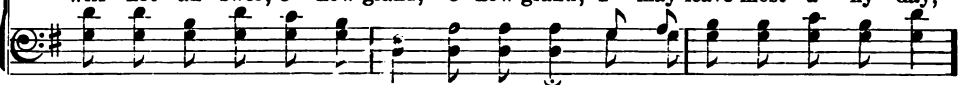
Arr. by A. F. I.



1. I have let - ters from my Fa - ther in my hand, in my hand, Writ - ten by my
 2. Fa - ther told me in His let - ters that are grand, that are grand, I could make my -
 3. I am now a new cre - a - tion in this land, in this land; I am free from
 4. I'm a stran - ger to the na - tions of this land, of this land; They don't know my
 5. I am sanc - ti - fied and hap - py in my heart, in my heart; For the blood of
 6. I am not a - fraid of dy - ing in this land, in this land; But I oft - en
 7. Death is called a dread - ful mon - ster in this land, in this land; When He calls I



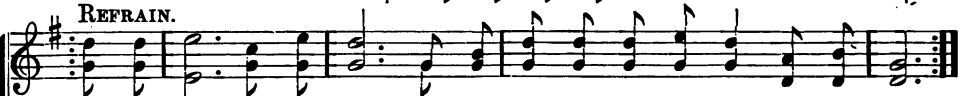
Eld - er Broth - er; they are grand, they are grand; They were writ - ten o'er the sea,
 self no bet - ter in this land, in this land; Then I cried "what shall I do?"
 con - dem - na - tion, it is grand, it is grand; I can sing and shout and pray,
 sit - u - a - tion, it is grand, it is grand; Fa - ther's rich - es I be - hold,
 Je - sus cleans - es ev - 'ry part, ev - 'ry part; I have lost my "car - nal mind,"
 feel like fly - ing; O how grand, O how grand; All the world is dark as night,
 will not an - swer; O how grand, O how grand; I may leave most a - ny day,



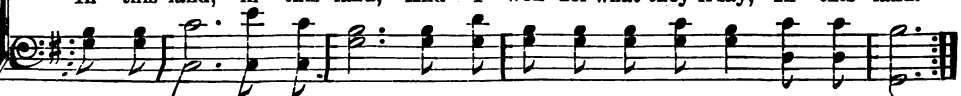
And were for - ward - ed to me, I'm as hap - py as can be in this land.
 For I had not read them thro', And He made me all a - new in this land."
 And I'm hap - py night and day, And my soul can hard - ly stay in this land.
 And I've wealth that can't be told, And my kin - dred ne'er grow old in this land.
 Doubts and fears are left be - hind, And the Com - fort - er I find in my heart.
 But my Fa - ther's face is bright, And I'm walk - ing in the light thro' this land.
 But they'll find no emp - ty clay, And I won - der what they'll say in this land.



REFRAIN.



In this land, in this land, I'm as hap - py as can be, In this land.
 In this land, in this land, And He made me all a - new, In this land.
 In this land, in this land, And my soul can hard - ly stay In this land.
 In this land, in this land, And my kin - dred ne'er grow old, In this land.
 In my heart, in my heart, And the Com - fort - er I find, In my heart.
 Thro' this land, thro' this land, And I'm walk - ing in the light, Thro' this land.
 In this land, in this land, And I won - der what they'll say, In this land.



Mercy is Free.

CHAS. W. BRIDWELL.

MRS. LILLIAN BRIDWELL.

1. Come to the Sav - ior, O do not de - lay, Mer - cy is free, yes, boundless and
 2. Tho' you have sinned He will save you to - day, Mer - cy is free, yes, boundless and
 3. Fol - low the path that your Master has trod, Mer - cy is free, yes, boundless and
 4. Liv - ing for Christ you'll be hap - py and blest, Mer - cy is free, yes, boundless and
 5. On - ward we go in the bat - tle of life, Mer - cy is free, yes, boundless and

free; Come then at once from your sins turn away, Mercy is free, yes, boundless and free.
 free; Poor guilty souls need not doubt or delay Mercy is free, yes, boundless and free.
 free; It leads a - way to the city of God, Mercy is free, yes, boundless and free.
 free; In His sweet will there is rest, perfect rest, Mercy is free, yes, boundless and free.
 free; Jesus will keep 'midst the toil and the strife, Mercy is free, yes, boundless and free.

CHORUS.

Come to the Sav - ior, O trust and be - lieve,
 Come to the Sav - ior, O trust and be - lieve, and be - lieve,

Grace is a - bound - ing, His bless - ing re - ceive; . . . Why will you
 Grace is a - bound - ing, His bless - ing re - ceive, yes, receive,

lin - ger, O why will you roam, . . . Je - sus is call - ing, "Come home."
 Why will you linger, O why will you roam, will you roam,

Victory Every Day.

ALMA WHITE.

Mrs. L. O. BRIDWELL.

1. Earth has lost its charms for me, since from sin my soul is free,
 2. From the Sav - ior's bleed - ing side flows for me a cleans - ing tide,
 3. When my long - ing heart was blest and my soul in Him found rest,
 4. Since His love to me He brought all the world to me is naught;

Blithe - ly as the birds of May, I go sing - ing on my way,
 On my pil - grim - age be - low, ev - er kept as white as snow;
 Ev - 'ry - thing in na - ture sang, all the earth with mu - sic rang;
 I have found the liv - ing streams an - gels showed me in my dreams.

Pass - ing thro' the prom - ised land, fed like them from his own hand;
 In the sun - shine of His love, all His prom - is - es I prove;
 On the shin - ing, hap - py way I have vic - t'ry all the day,
 On the cross the price was paid, when on Him my sins were laid,

Won - drous love that keeps my soul . . . ev - er press - ing t'ward the goal!
 Look - ing in His smil - ing face . . . kept each moment by His grace.
 Lov - ing Him who died for me, . . . serv - ing Him who keeps me free.
 In His love I'm sat - is - fied, . . . thro' His blood I'm sanc - ti - fied.

CHORUS.
 Vic - t'ry ev - 'ry day, vic - t'ry all the way, His sanc - ti - fy - ing

Victory Every Day.—Concluded.

power keeps me ev - 'ry hour; Vio - t'ry ev - ry day,
 vic - t'ry all the way, In Je - sus I have vic - t'ry ev - 'ry day.

129

My Redeemer Lives.

Arranged by M. G. P. and A. F. I.

Arranged by Rev. M. G. PRESCOTT.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, That He's pre-pared a home for me,
 2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His blood a-tones for me;
 3. And now, be-wil-dered at the thought, I stand and won-der at His love,
 4. I knew that seen my Lord will come, I know He will not tar-ry long,
 D. C.—For I'm ex-pect-ing Je - sus seen, I'm wait-ing now for Him to call.

And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives To those who would His chil-dren be.
 I'm list-'ning for the gen-tle call To say, the Mas-ter wait-eth thee.
 How He from Heav'n to earth was brought To die, that I might live a-bove.
 I know He soon will call me home To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.
 He'll take me to His heav'n-ly home, To dwell with-in the jas-per wall.

CHORUS.

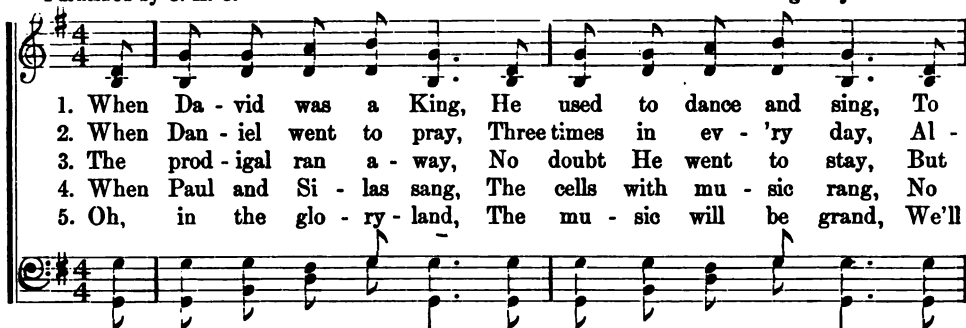
D. C.

Then ask me not to min-gle on A-mid the gay and thoughtless throng;

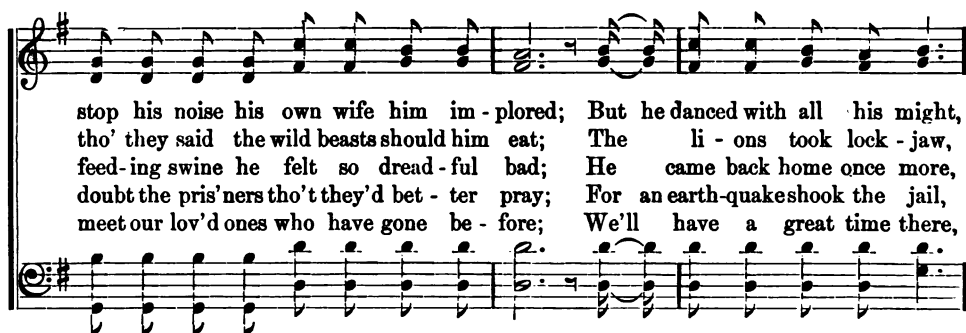
There's Music There.

Furnished by C. H. C.

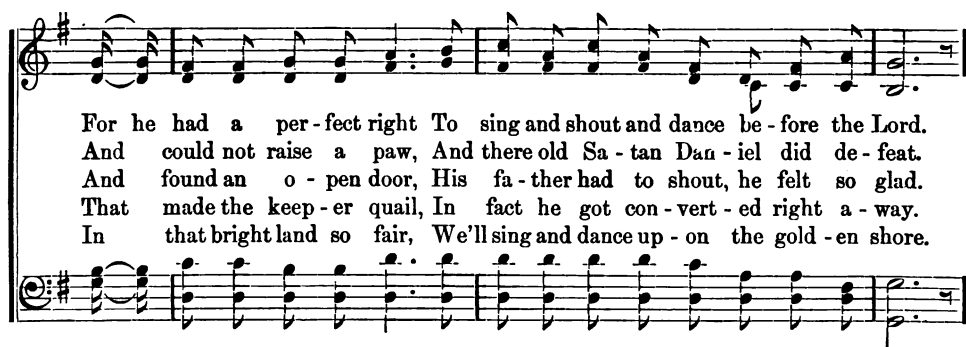
Arranged by A. F. I.



1. When Da - vid was a King, He used to dance and sing, To
 2. When Dan - iel went to pray, Three times in ev - 'ry day, Al -
 3. The prod - igal ran a - way, No doubt He went to stay, But
 4. When Paul and Si - las sang, The cells with mu - sic rang, No
 5. Oh, in the glo - ry - land, The mu - sic will be grand, We'll

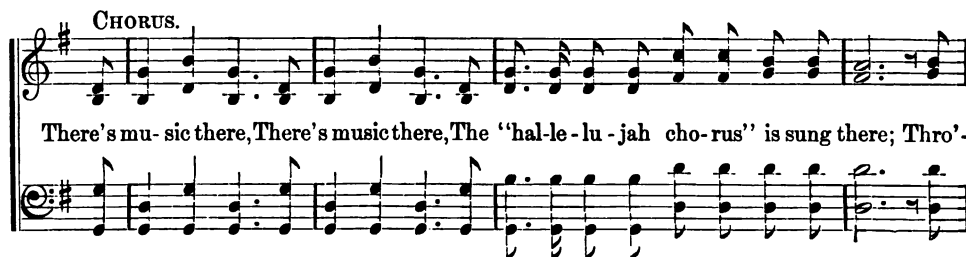


stop his noise his own wife him im - plored; But he danced with all his might,
 tho' they said the wild beasts should him eat; The li - ons took lock - jaw,
 feed - ing swine he felt so dread - ful bad; He came back home once more,
 doubt the pris'ners tho't they'd bet - ter pray; For an earth-quake shook the jail,
 meet our lov'd ones who have gone be - fore; We'll have a great time there,



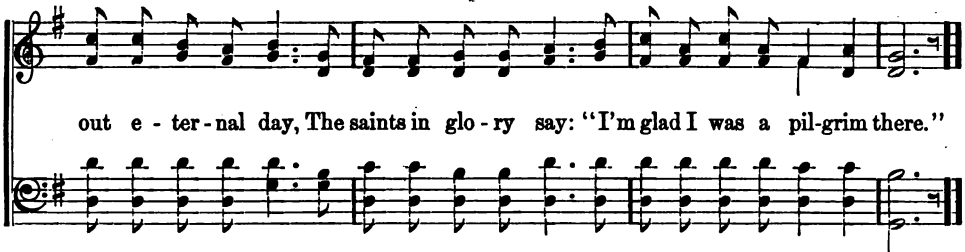
For he had a per - fect right To sing and shout and dance be - fore the Lord.
 And could not raise a paw, And there old Sa - tan Dan - iel did de - feat.
 And found an o - pen door, His fa - ther had to shout, he felt so glad.
 That made the keep - er quail, In fact he got con - vert - ed right a - way.
 In that bright land so fair, We'll sing and dance up - on the gold - en shore.

CHORUS.



There's mu - sic there, There's music there, The "hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus" is sung there; Thro' -

There's Music There.—Concluded.



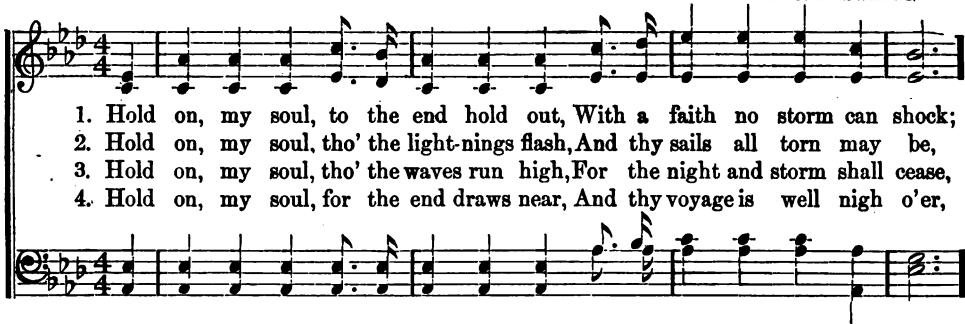
out e - ter - nal day, The saints in glo - ry say: "I'm glad I was a pil - grim there."

131

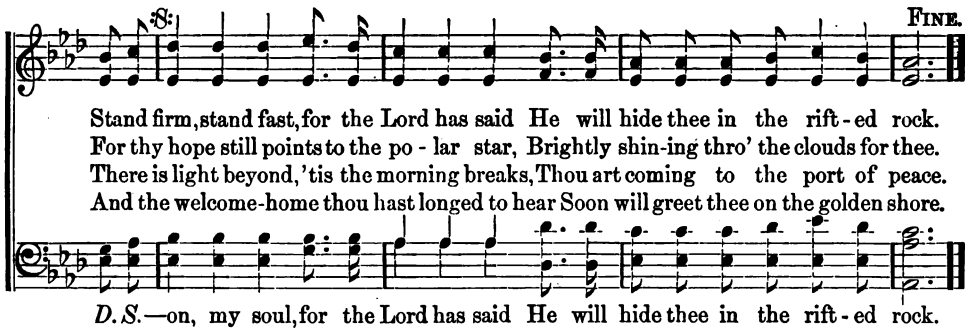
Hold On, My Soul.

WM. H. JONES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.




1. Hold on, my soul, to the end hold out, With a faith no storm can shock;
2. Hold on, my soul, tho' the light-nings flash, And thy sails all torn may be,
3. Hold on, my soul, tho' the waves run high, For the night and storm shall cease,
4. Hold on, my soul, for the end draws near, And thy voyage is well nigh o'er,



FINE.

Stand firm, stand fast, for the Lord has said He will hide thee in the rift-ed rock.
 For thy hope still points to the po - lar star, Brightly shin-ing thro' the clouds for thee.
 There is light beyond, 'tis the morning breaks, Thou art coming to the port of peace.
 And the welcome-home thou hast longed to hear Soon will greet thee on the golden shore.

D.S.—on, my soul, for the Lord has said He will hide thee in the rift-ed rock.



CHORUS. *D.S.*

Hold on, hold on, With a faith no storm can shock, Hold on, hold on, hold on,

Return O Israel.

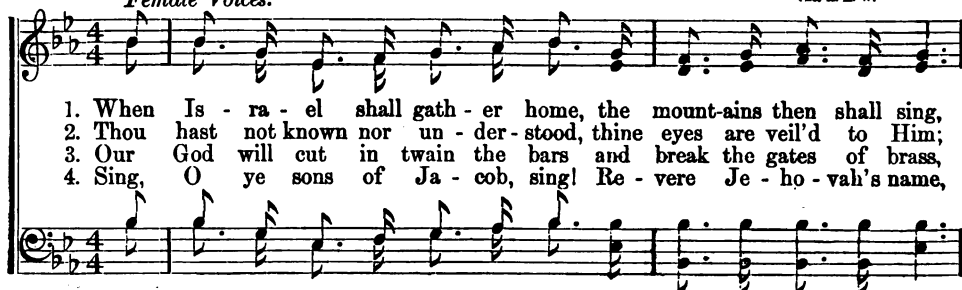
Written especially for God's ancient people. "He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock. For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand that was stronger than he."—Jeremiah 31: 10-11.

A. W.

Female Voices.

ALMA WHITE.

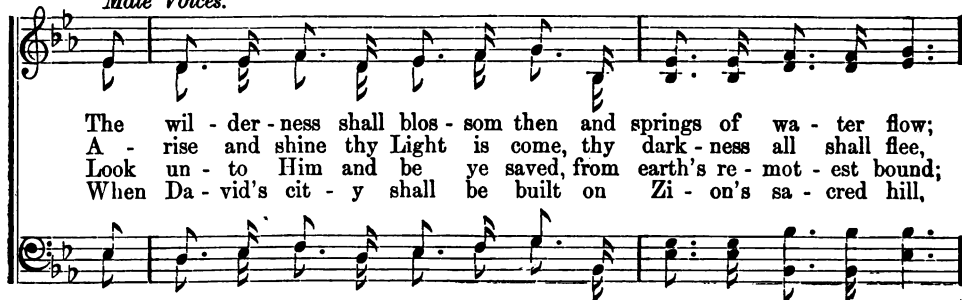
(No. A. K. W.)



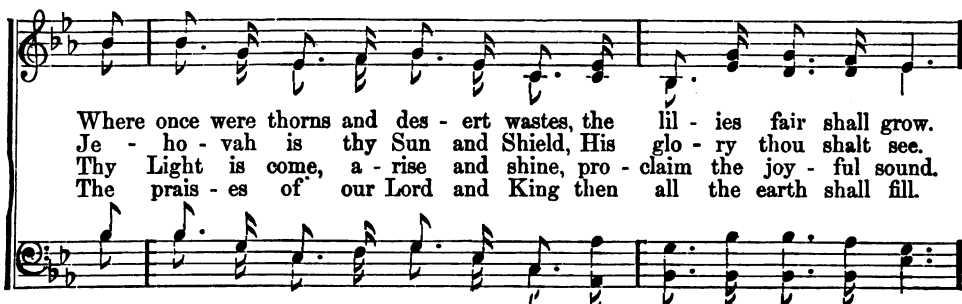
1. When Is - ra - el shall gath - er home, the mount - ains then shall sing,
 2. Thou hast not known nor un - der - stood, thine eyes are veil'd to Him;
 3. Our God will cut in twain the bars and break the gates of brass,
 4. Sing, O ye sons of Ja - cob, sing! Re - vere Je - ho - vah's name,



The for - ests and the trees break forth in prais - es to their King;
 Thy sight He will re - store to thee and save thee from all sin.
 And make the crook - ed plac - es straight and let thee safe - ly pass;
 The earth with thee shall cry a - loud and spread a - broad His fame.

Male Voices.


The wil - der - ness shall blos - som then and springs of wa - ter flow;
 A - rise and shine thy Light is come, thy dark - ness all shall flee;
 Look un - to Him and be ye saved, from earth's re - mot - est bound;
 When Da - vid's cit - y shall be built on Zi - on's sa - cred hill,



Where once were thorns and des - ert wastes, the lil - ies fair shall grow.
 Je - ho - vah is thy Sun and Shield, His glo - ry thou shalt see.
 Thy Light is come, a - rise and shine, pro - claim the joy - ful sound.
 The prais - es of our Lord and King then all the earth shall fill.

Return O Israel.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, O Is - ra - el, re - turn, A - loud your voice - es raise,

For thy Re - deem - er now is come, O sing and shout His praise.

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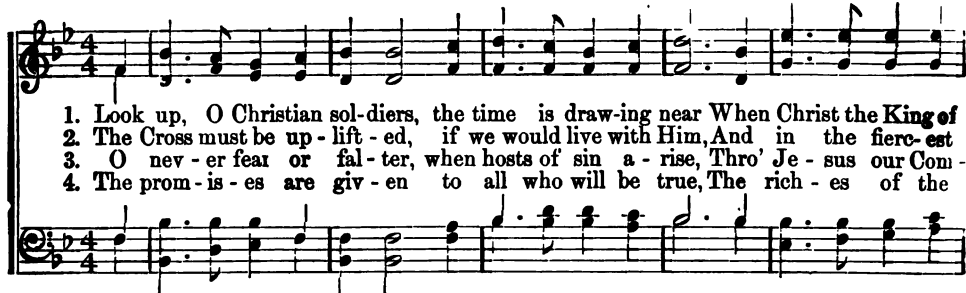
Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with-out end. A - men.

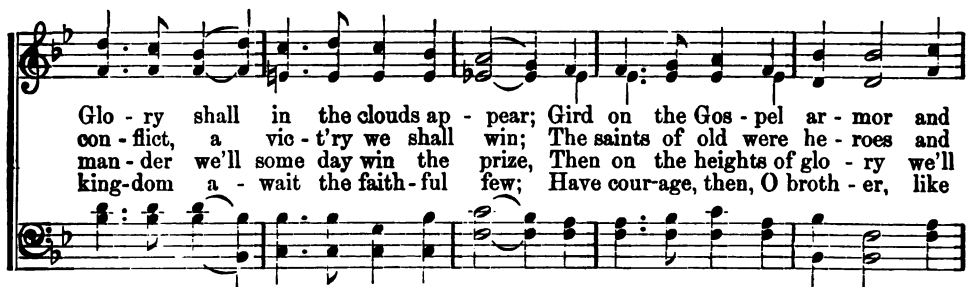
The Bugle Call.

ALMA WHITE.

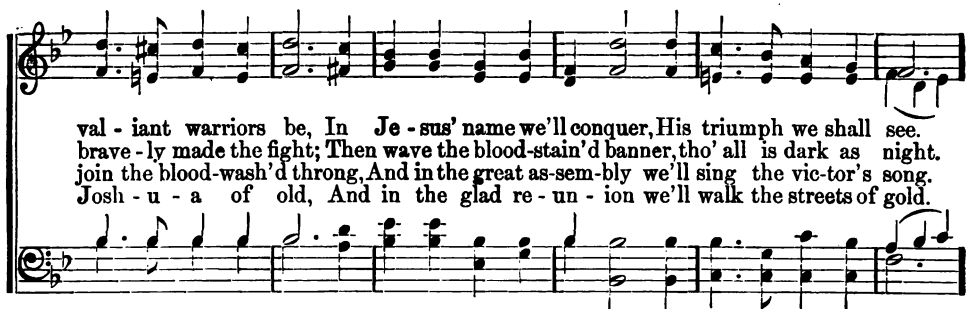
Mrs. LILLIAN BRIDWELL.



1. Look up, O Christian sol-diers, the time is draw-ing near When Christ the King of
 2. The Cross must be up - lift - ed, if we would live with Him, And in the fierc-est
 3. O nev - er fear or fal - ter, when hosts of sin a - rise, Thro' Je - sus our Com -
 4. The prom - is - es are giv - en to all who will be true, The rich - es of the




Glo - ry shall in the clouds ap - pear; Gird on the Gos - pel ar - mor and
 con - flict, a vic - t'ry we shall win; The saints of old were he - roes and
 man - der we'll some day win the prize, Then on the heights of glo - ry we'll
 king-dom a - wait the faith - ful few; Have cour-age, then, O broth - er, like

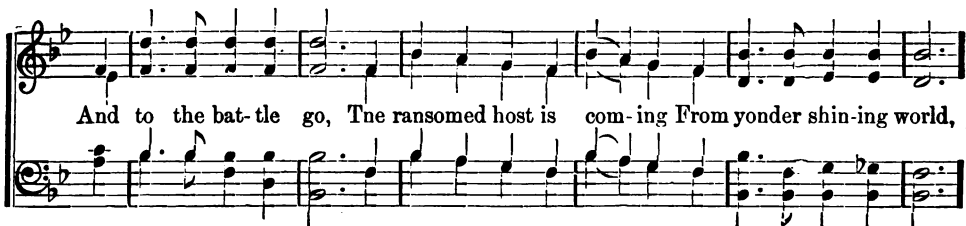


val - iant warriors be, In Je - sus' name we'll conquer, His triumph we shall see.
 brave - ly made the fight; Then wave the blood - stain'd banner, tho' all is dark as night.
 join the blood - wash'd throng, And in the great as - sem - bly we'll sing the vic - tor's song.
 Josh - u - a of old, And in the glad re - un - ion we'll walk the streets of gold.

CHORUS.



The bu - gle call is sound-ing, The trumpets loud - ly blow, Then forward Christian soldiers,



And to the bat - tle go, The ransomed host is com - ing From yonder shin - ing world,

The Bugle Call.—Concluded.

cres.

Thro' Jesus' blood we'll conquer, Tho' fier-y darts are hurled, Tho' Jesus' blood we'll conquer,

ff

Thro' Jesus' blood we'll conquer, Tho' Jesus' blood we'll conquer, Tho' fier-y darts are hurl'd.

rit.

135

He Leadeth Me.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine;
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea— Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

1 2

{ He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me! By His own hand He leadeth me! }
 { His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He (*Omit.* . . .) lead-eth me.

The Wanderer's Return.

SOLO.

MCKERNON.

p Moderato con espress.

1. In a lone cot-tage not far down the way, Live an old cou-ple with hair sil-v'ry gray,
2. Father, we've heard there are workers for Thee Telling the sto-ry of grace full and free,
3. Should that poor prodigal be here to-night, Who on the hopes of his parents brought blight,
4. Hear, blessed Sav-ior, my cry un - to Thee, Blot out the past and from sin set me free,



Mourning the loss of a pro-di-gal son, Once as the light of their eyes, but now gone;
 In - to the dark haunts of sin dai - ly go, Won-der-ful love of a Sav-ior to show;
 If he will now at the cross own his guilt, Je - sus is here, and for such His blood split;
 Free from the past with its mis'ry and shame, Sav-ior, I dare to be-lieve on Thy name;



Gone on the broadway of sin and de-spair, Wander'd a-way from a fond mother's care,
 Holding out hope to those fast in sin's thralls, May-be our boy is in one of their halls,
 Blood that a-vails to re-move ev-'ry stain, If he by faith will but claim it a - gain,
 O Hal-le-lu-jah! I feel the Blood flow, Cleansing and making me whiter than snow,



Words used by permission of The Salvation Army, London, England.

The Wanderer's Return.—Concluded.

Gone with companions so thoughtless and gay, Still do his par-ents un - ceas-ing-ly pray.
Then, mighty Spir-it, take hold of him there, Bring him down low at Thy footstool in pray'r.
And all the joy-bells of heav-en will bring, While with thanksgiving his parents will sing.
Now to Thy glo - ry I'll spend all my days, And will for - ev - er this glorious theme raise.

CHORUS. *mf*

V. 1-2. Heav'n ly Fa - ther, bless our pro-di-gal boy! . . Heav'n - ly
V. 3-4. Glo - ry, glo - ry, God lives to an - swer pray'r, Glo - ry,

Fa - ther Sa - tan would de-destroy our dar-ling, Je - sus, Je - sus, Lamb for
glo - ry, this we will de-clare to all men, Glo - ry, glo - ry Thro' God's re -

rall.

sinners once slain, Save our boy, save our boy, Bring him safe home a-gain.
deem - ing scheme, There's a sea, flow-ing free, Mak-ing the vil - est clean.

O Wayward Child, Come Home.

ALMA WHITE.

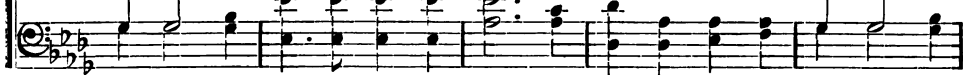
Mrs. LILLIAN BRIDWELL.



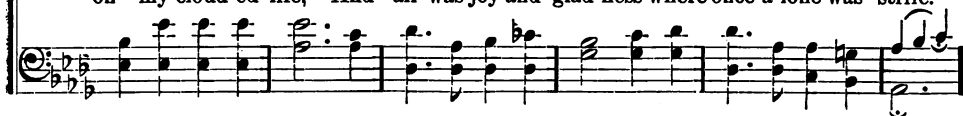
1. While sit-ting in the twi-light, a - lone at close of day, I thought of home and
2. Her locks that once were golden, had turn'd to sil - ver gray, Her eyes were dim with
3. 'Twas then I thought of Je - sus, who died on Cal - va - ry, To save poor, sin - ful
4. The darkness was a - bout me, — the cur - tains of the night, — And there with Him I
5. O how could one so wretch - ed be fill'd with such de - light? O how could one so



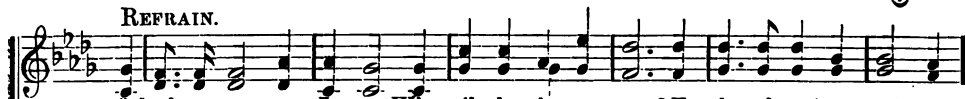
loved ones, when I was far a - way; My moth - er's voice so gen - tle, seem'd
weep - ing since I had gone a - stray. O how could she still love me, since
crea - tures and give them lib - er - ty; He came to break their fet - ters be -
wres - tled un - til the morn - ing light, And when the sun was ris - ing just
blind - ed re - ceive such wondrous sight? The sun at last had ris - en up -



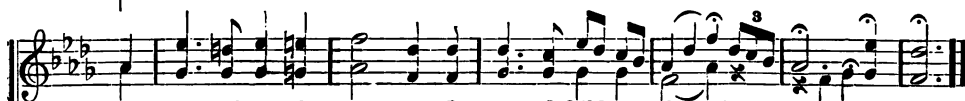
there to speak to me, And in my ears to whis - per, "The Sav - ior seeks for thee."
I had caused such pain? Ofttimes I'd been en - treat - ed, but all had been in vain.
cause He loved them so; And on the cross He suf - fer'd that all His love might know.
o'er the eastern hill, The riv - er of sal - va - tion be - gan my soul to fill.
on my cloud - ed life, And all was joy and glad - ness where once a - lone was strife.



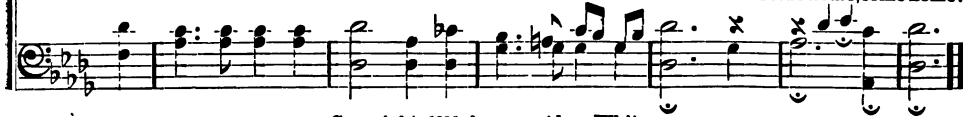
REFRAIN.



O look a - way to Je - sus, Why wilt thou longer roam? For thee there is a wel - come,



A glad and roy - al wel - come. O wayward child, come home! Come home, come home.
Come home, come home!



The Battle Call.

ALMA WHITE.

RAY WHITE.

1. To the con-flict Je-sus calls thee; fier - er, fier - er grows the fight;
 2. To the bat-tle front He calls thee, quick-ly an-swer "I will go;"
 3. With the blood-stained banner wav-ing, we can nev - er suf - fer loss;

Quick-ly go in shin-ing ar - mor, put the al - ien bands to flight. Sa - tan
 In the conflict thou shalt con-quer vic-tor be o'er ev - 'ry foe. Glo - ry,
 "Onward," then, will be our watchword, 'neath the banner of the Cross. Je - sus

and his host are 'round us, nev - er fal - ter, nev - er tire; Till his forc - es all are
 glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! How the heart-beats quicker grow When we see the foe re -
 is our King for-ev - er, we shall crown Him Lord of all; He hath purchased our re -

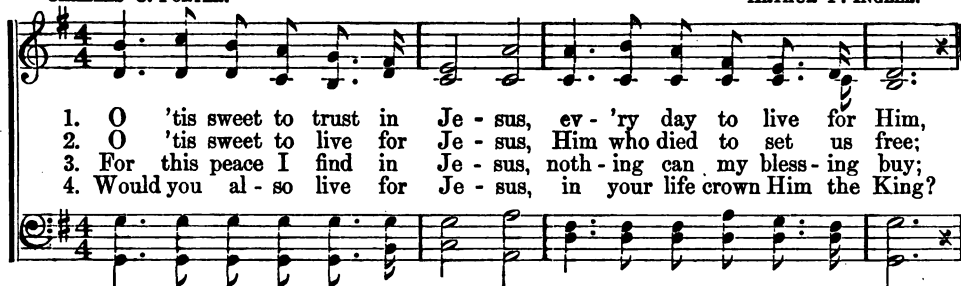
CHORUS.
 si - lent, nev - er, nev - er cease to fire.
 treat-ing,—broken ranks surge to and fro. } Shout the praises of Je - ho-vah, He is
 demption, at His feet, O let us fall. }

with us ev - er-more; Je - sus nev - er lost a bat-tle, Shout His praises o'er and o'er.

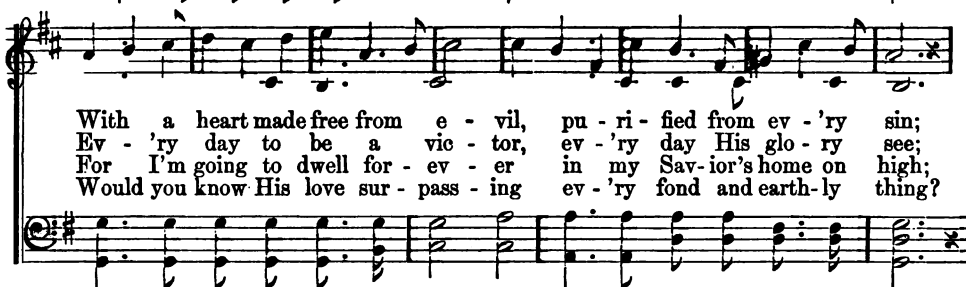
Trusting Jesus.

CHARLES C. PORTER.

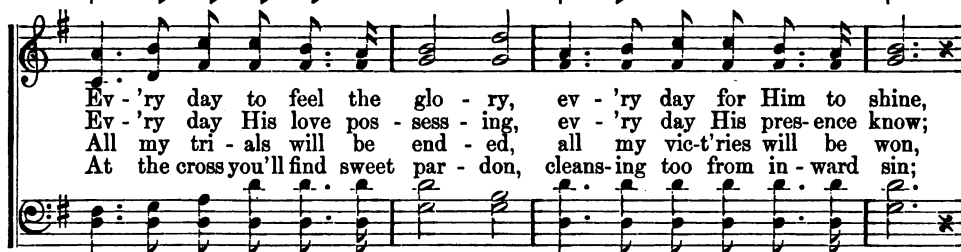
ARTHUR F. INGLES.



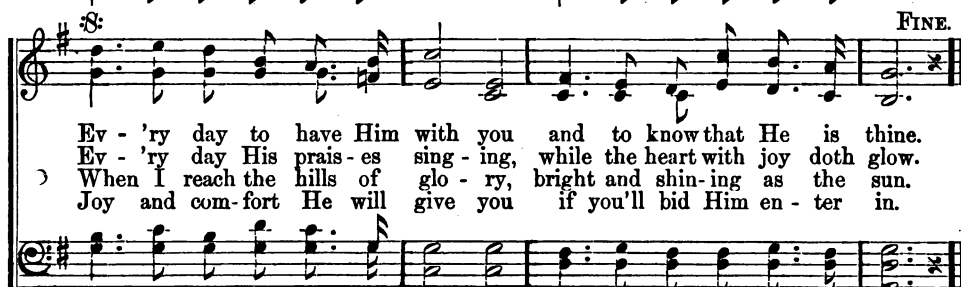
1. O 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, ev - 'ry day to live for Him,
 2. O 'tis sweet to live for Je - sus, Him who died to set us free;
 3. For this peace I find in Je - sus, noth - ing can my bless - ing buy;
 4. Would you al - so live for Je - sus, in your life crown Him the King?



With a heart made free from e - vil, pu - ri - fied from ev - 'ry sin;
 Ev - 'ry day to be a vic - tor, ev - 'ry day His glo - ry see;
 For I'm going to dwell for - ev - er in my Sav - ior's home on high;
 Would you know His love sur - pass - ing ev - 'ry fond and earth - ly thing?



Ev - 'ry day to feel the glo - ry, ev - 'ry day for Him to shine,
 Ev - 'ry day His love pos - sess - ing, ev - 'ry day His pres - ence know;
 All my tri - als will be end - ed, all my vic - t'ries will be won,
 At the cross you'll find sweet par - don, cleans - ing too from in - ward sin;



Ev - 'ry day to have Him with you and to know that He is thine.
 Ev - 'ry day His prais - es sing - ing, while the heart with joy doth glow.
 When I reach the hills of glo - ry, bright and shin - ing as the sun.
 Joy and com - fort He will give you if you'll bid Him en - ter in.

D.S.—On the nar - row way to glo - ry with my Lord I'm go - ing through.
 CHORUS. *D.S. al Fine.*



I've sur - ren - dered all to Je - sus, I have bid the world a - dieu,

He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. 31: 3.
 "For I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. 3: 6.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

TENOR & ALTO DUET.

1. My Fa-ther has ma-ny dear chil - dren; Will He ev - er for - get to keep me?
 2. Our Fa-ther re-mem-bers the spar - rows, Their val - ue and fall He doth see;
 3. The words of the Lord are so price - less, How pa-tient and watchful is He;
 4. I now will a - bide in His shad - ow, Nev - er restless nor fear - ful will be;
 5. O broth - er, why don't you accept Him? He of - fers sal - va-tion so free;

He gave His own Son to re-deem them, And He cannot for-get to keep me.
 But dear - er to Him are His chil - dren, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 Tho' moth - er for - get her own off - spring, Yet He'll never for-get to keep me.
 In the se - cret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 Re - pent, and be - lieve, and o - bey Him, And He'll never for-get to keep thee.

REFRAIN.

He'll never for - get to keep me (keep me,) He'll never for - get to keep me (keep me;)
 5th v. He'll never for - get to keep thee (keep thee,) He'll never for - get to keep thee (keep thee;)

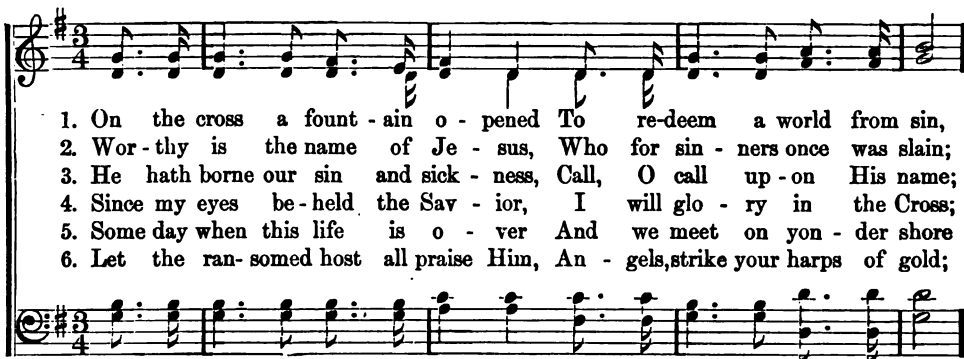
He gave His own Son to re-deem me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 2d v. But dear - er to Him are His chil - dren, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 3d v. Tho' moth - er for - get her own off - spring, Yet He'll never for-get to keep me.
 4th v. In the se-cret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 5th v. Re-pent, and be - lieve, and o - bey Him, And He'll never for-get to keep thee.

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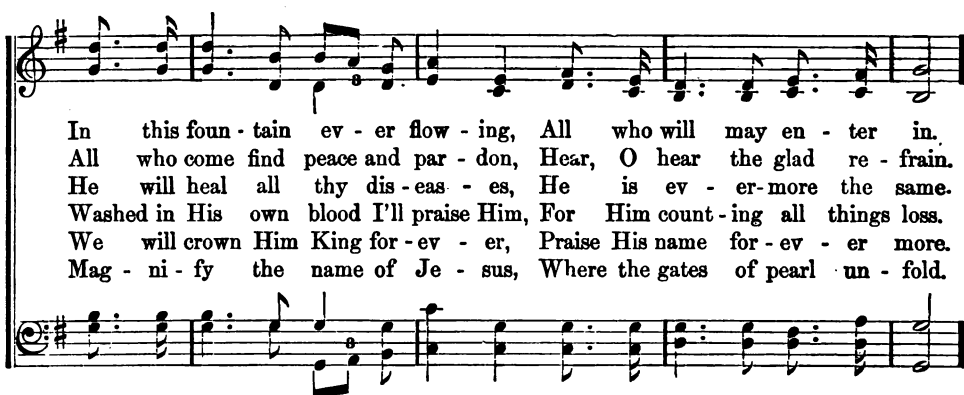
The Healing Fountain.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.



1. On the cross a fount - ain o - pened To re-deem a world from sin,
 2. Wor - thy is the name of Je - sus, Who for sin - ners once was slain;
 3. He hath borne our sin and sick - ness, Call, O call up - on His name;
 4. Since my eyes be - held the Sav - ior, I will glo - ry in the Cross;
 5. Some day when this life is o - ver And we meet on yon - der shore
 6. Let the ran - somed host all praise Him, An - gels, strike your harps of gold;

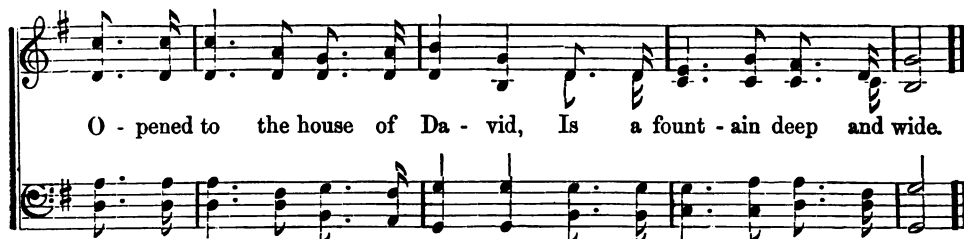


In this foun - tain ev - er flow - ing, All who will may en - ter in.
 All who come find peace and par - don, Hear, O hear the glad re - frain.
 He will heal all thy dis - eas - es, He is ev - er - more the same.
 Washed in His own blood I'll praise Him, For Him count - ing all things loss.
 We will crown Him King for - ev - er, Praise His name for - ev - er more.
 Mag - ni - fy the name of Je - sus, Where the gates of pearl un - fold.

CHORUS.



(the cleans - ing, heal - ing fount - ain, Flow - ing from the Sav - ior's side:



O - pened to the house of Da - vid, Is a fount - ain deep and wide.

Condemned In Pilate's Judgment Hall.

ALMA WHITE.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

Slowly.

1. They crowned our Sav - ior's head with thorns and smote Him in the face; They
 2. They laid the scourge up - on His back, but this would not suf - fice; "If
 3. Be - hold, the man of sor - rows stood, with blood-drops on His brow, They

led Him to the judg - ment hall and heaped on Him dis - grace. Then
 thou art Caes - ar's friend," they cried, "His death must pay the price," "Shall
 placed a reed in His right hand and said, "Be - fore him bow." They

Pi - late in the judgment seat, said, "Ye have brought to me A man in whom I
 I de - liv - er up your King to die up - on a cross? "We have no king, we're
 nailed Him to the cru - el cross and pierced Him in the side, And there surround - ed

CHORUS.

find no fault, to die up - on a tree," } "Away with Him, a - way with Him," With
 Caes - ar's friends, to us 'twill be no loss," }
 by His foes He bowed His head and died.

one ac - cord they cried, "O let Him to the mountain go, And there be cru - ci - fied." a

The Footsteps of Jesus.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. The footsteps of Je-sus we'll fol-low, And faith-ful-ly stand thro' each test;
 2. When pass-ing thro' dan-ger-ous pla-ces, His prom-is-es nev-er can fail;
 3. Like mar-tys we glad-ly would suf-fer, If we could but glo-ri-fy Him;
 4. Our trans-port to glo-ry is com-ing, It may be in char-iots of fire;

The love of our God is a-bound-ing, Our hearts are so hap-py and blest;
 We'll fol-low more close-ly His foot-steps, When pow-ers of dark-ness as-sail.
 In death is no shrink-ing or ter-ror, Since we have been saved from all sin.
 How-ev-er God sees fit to take us, Is all we could ask or de-sire;

The foot-steps of Je-sus we'll fol-low, The path is all glow-ing with light;
 The li-ons of sin we hear roar-ing, While rest-less-ly searching for prey,
 When a-liens of sin are a-round us And we feel the chill of their breath,
 We'll then see the King in His beau-ty, And talk of the rich-es of grace

Our pil-grim-age soon will be end-ed, In realms of e-ter-nal de-light.
 But why should we tremble and fear them, When Je-sus is lead-ing the way!
 We'll fol-low the foot-steps of Je-sus, And nev-er, no nev-er fear death.
 Pro-vid-ed thro' won-der-ful mer-cy, While run-ning the heav-en-ly race.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ry to God in the high-est, His peace now a-bid-eth with-in,

The Footsteps of Jesus.—Concluded.

A fount-ain was o-pen-ed on Cal - v'ry, To cleanse and to keep us from sin.

144

The Sinner's Doom.

ALMA WHITE.

ARTHUR K. WHITE.

1. The day of wrath is near at hand, When wick - ed men shall fear
 2. "Too late, too late," our Lord will say, "This is the day of doom
 3. In hell the rich man called for help, A - las, it was too late,
 4. Down in the world of dark de-spair, There's not a ray of light,

The name of Je - sus, cru - ci - fied, Whose words they would not hear.
 For all who have the Cross re-fused, In heav'n there is no room;
 And all who like the rich man die, Must share his aw - ful fate;
 Where dark-ness shrouds the souls of men, In hell's e - ter - nal night.

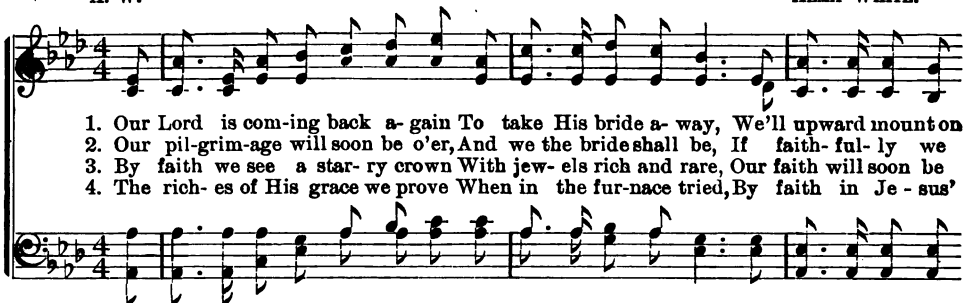
A time of troub - le it will be When men for help shall call,
 For you they crown'd My head with thorns, For you they pierced My side,
 He lived for self, and self a-lone, And in his sins he died;
 O look to Him, lost ones to-day, His blood can make you free,

And smite their breasts and cry a-loud, "O mount-ains on us fall!"
 You spurned My love from day to day, My name you have de - nied."
 In hell He lift - ed up his eyes—"Send La - za - rus," he cried.
 He is the ref - uge of the soul, For - mer - cy to Him flee.

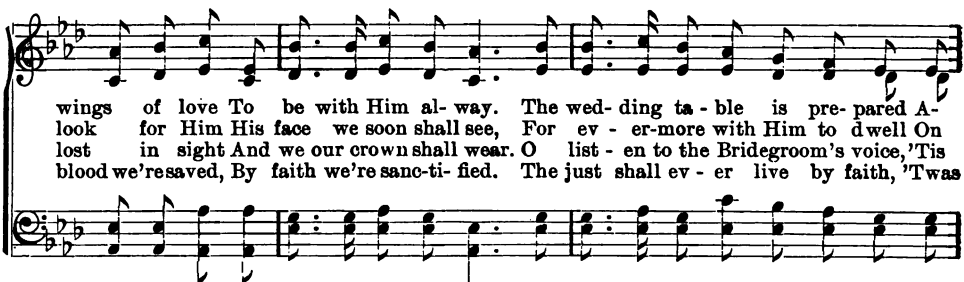
The Waiting Bride.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.



1. Our Lord is com-ing back a-gain To take His bride a-way, We'll upward mount on
 2. Our pil-grim-age will soon be o'er, And we the brides shall be, If faith-ful-ly we
 3. By faith we see a star-ry crown With jew-els rich and rare, Our faith will soon be
 4. The rich-es of His grace we prove When in the fur-nace tried, By faith in Je-sus'

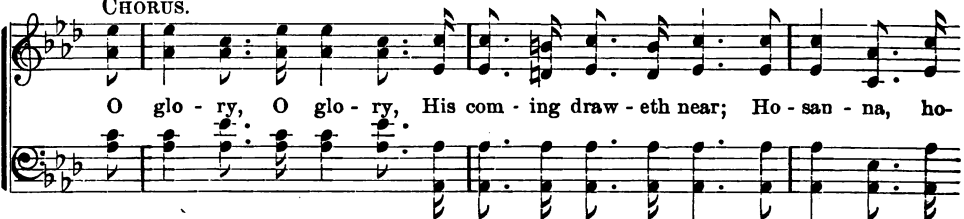


wings of love To be with Him al-way. The wed-ding ta-ble is pre-pared A-
 look for Him His face we soon shall see, For ev-er-more with Him to dwell On
 lost in sight And we our crown shall wear. O list-en to the Bridegroom's voice, 'Tis
 blood we're saved, By faith we're sanc-ti-fied. The just shall ev-er live by faith, 'Twas




bove the star-ry dome; The hosts of heav-en will be there To bid us welcome home.
 that e-ter-nal shore, The new Je-ru-sa-lem will be Our home for ev-er-more.
 mu-sic to the ear, He whis-pers soft-ly o'er and o'er, "Trust me, thou needst not fear."
 so in days of old; And we by faith must ev-er live If we His face be-hold.

CHORUS.



O glo-ry, O glo-ry, His com-ing draw-eth near; Ho-san-na, ho-



san-na, He'll in the clouds ap-pear. It may be night or day He'll

The Waiting Bride.—Concluded.

take His bride a - way, O let the mu - sic ring, Ho - san - na to our King.

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Be Ready When He Comes.

Matt. 24, 44.

D. O. T.

D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Would you flee from sin and serve the Lord, Be read - y when He comes;
 2. It is not His will that you be lost, Be read - y when He comes;
 3. Do you know the end of time is near? Be read - y when He comes;
 4. There is aw - ful dan - ger in de - lay, Be read - y when He comes;

He will soon ap - pear with His re - ward, Be read - y when He comes.
 Would you save your soul at a - ny cost? Be read - y when He comes.
 Can you live and die in sin's ca - reer? Be read - y when He comes.
 Will you cast your on - ly hope a - way? Be read - y when He comes.

CHORUS.

Be read - y, be read - y, Be read - y when the Bridegroom comes;
 When He comes, when he comes,

Be read - y, Be read - y, Be read - y when He comes.
 When He comes, when He comes,

Cast On Him Thy Care.

: A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. O trou-ble-d soul, there's rest for thee, the Sav-ior's draw-ing near, Far more than
 2. Be-hind the clouds the Sav-ior waits, to ban-ish all thy gloom, Then pa-tient-
 3. He tells thee al-ways to re-joice, and by His pow'r pre-vail, And when the

friends or life is He, there's naught for thee to fear; For ev-'ry wound there
 ly look thou for Him and in thy heart make room; The rich-es of His
 Cross is hard to bear, let not thy cour-age fail: His blood was shed that

is a balm, then why shouldst thou repine? With bless-ings He will come to thee, the
 grace are thine if thou wilt trust in Him, He'll com-fort, help and strengthen thee, and
 all might know, the wonders of His grace, And some day when this life is o'er we'll

CHORUS.

light on thee will shine. } There's rest for thee, there's rest for thee, Then cast on
 let the light shine in. }
 see Him face to face. }

Him thy care, He'll soothe thy wea-ry, ach-ing brow And all thy bur-dens bear.

Counted In.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. I had wan-der'd far a-way In the land of might-y foes, And my
 2. But I found it writ-ten down, Who so-ev-er will be-lieve In the
 3. When we stand be-fore the throne, And the books are o-pen'd wide, And we're
 4. O my sin-ner friend, be-ware, A re-veal-ing day is near That will

soul had felt the bit-ter-ness of sin; I was march-ing with the hosts
 Son of God is saved from ev-'ry sin; And I bless His ho-ly name,
 judged by all the deeds con-tained there-in; When that u-ni-ver-sal host
 show the se-crets of thy heart with-in; Have it cleans'd by grace di-vine,

That the truth of God op-pose, And a-mong the saved I was not count-ed in.
 That the prom-ise I re-ceive, - In that "who-so-ev-er," I am count-ed in.
 Shall to right and left di-vide, Will our names a-mong the good be count-ed in?
 And when Je-sus shall ap-pear, You will be a-mong His jew-els count-ed in.

D. S. - In the heav-ens then is heard, When a soul a-mong the saved is count-ed in.
 CHORUS.

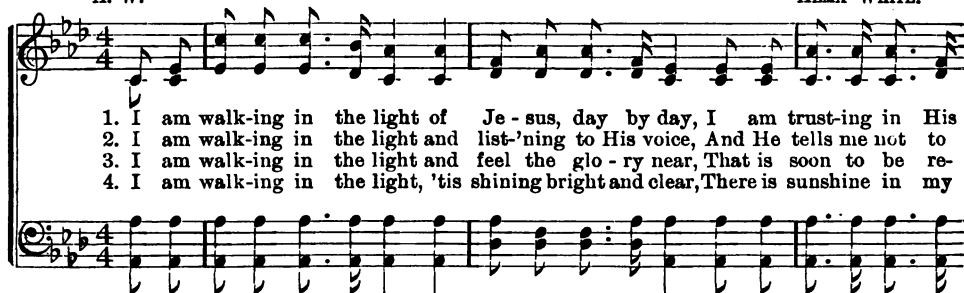
Count-ed in, Count-ed in, Count-ed in, Count-ed in, Who-so-ev-er will be-

lieve is count-ed in. (count-ed in.) What a ju-bi-lee of joy,

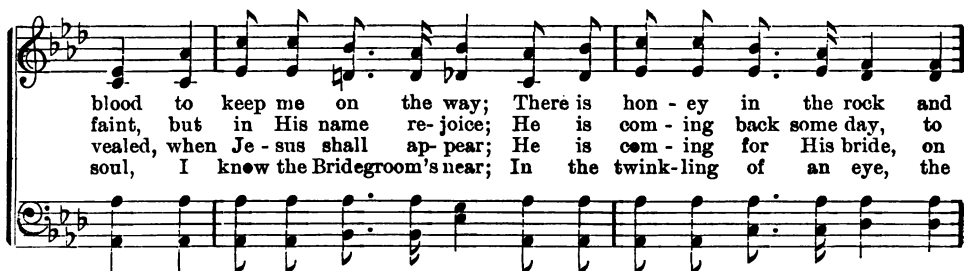
Walking in the Light.

A. W.

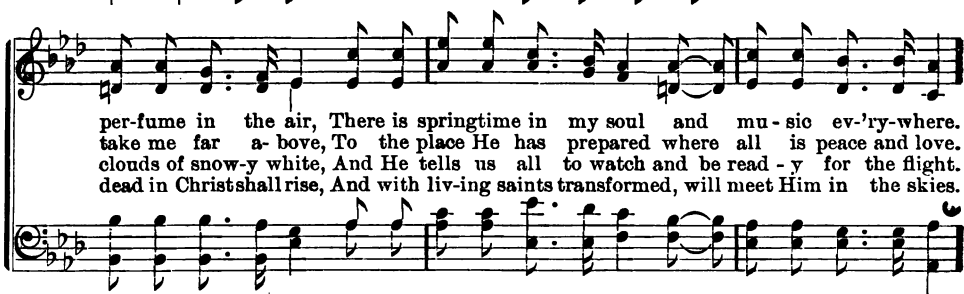
ALMA WHITE.



1. I am walk-ing in the light of Je - sus, day by day, I am trust-ing in His
 2. I am walk-ing in the light and list-'ning to His voice, And He tells me not to
 3. I am walk-ing in the light and feel the glo - ry near, That is soon to be re-
 4. I am walk-ing in the light, 'tis shining bright and clear, There is sunshine in my



blood to keep me on the way; There is hon - ey in the rock and
 faint, but in His name re-joice; He is com - ing back some day, to
 vealed, when Je - sus shall ap-pear; He is com - ing for His bride, on
 soul, I know the Bridgroom's near; In the twink-ling of an eye, the

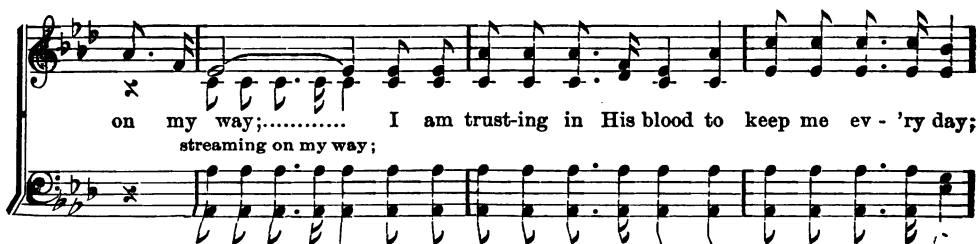


per-fume in the air, There is springtime in my soul and mu-sic ev-'ry-where.
 take me far a-bove, To the place He has prepared where all is peace and love.
 clouds of snow-y white, And He tells us all to watch and be read - y for the flight.
 dead in Christ shall rise, And with liv-ing saints transformed, will meet Him in the skies.

CHORUS.



I am walk - ing in the light,..... 'tis stream - ing
 walk-ing in the light, walk-ing in the light, streaming on my way



on my way;..... I am trust-ing in His blood to keep me ev - 'ry day;
 streaming on my way;

Walking in the Light.—Concluded.

I am walk - ing in the light,..... my robes..... are white as
 walk-ing in the light, walk-ing in the light, robes are white as snow,
 snow,..... And with Pen - te - cos - tal fire, my soul is all a-glow.
 robes as white as snow,

150

Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth comedown! Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir-it In - to ev-'ry troub-led breast! Let us all in
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv - er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive; Sud-den-ly re-
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let it be; Let us see Thy

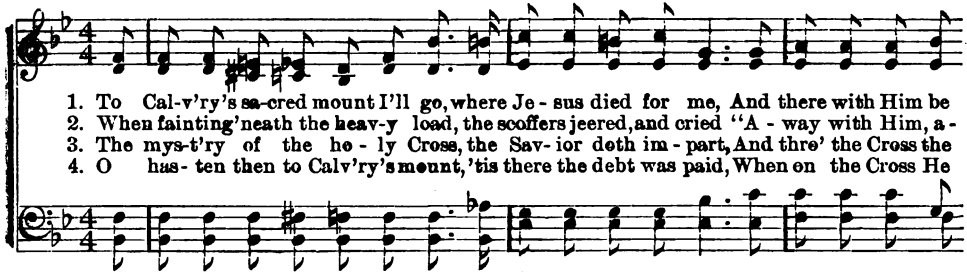
hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown, Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,
 Thee in-her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest. Take a-way our bent to sin-ning;
 turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem-ples leave: Thee we would be al - ways blessing,
 great sal-va-tion, Per-fect - ly re-stored in Thee; Chang'd from glory in - to glo - ry,

Pure unbounded love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
 Al-pha and O - me - ga be: End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy perfect love.
 Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.

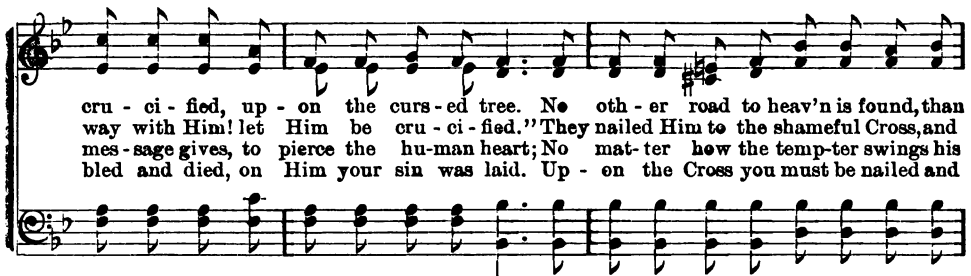
Calvary.

ALMA WHITE.

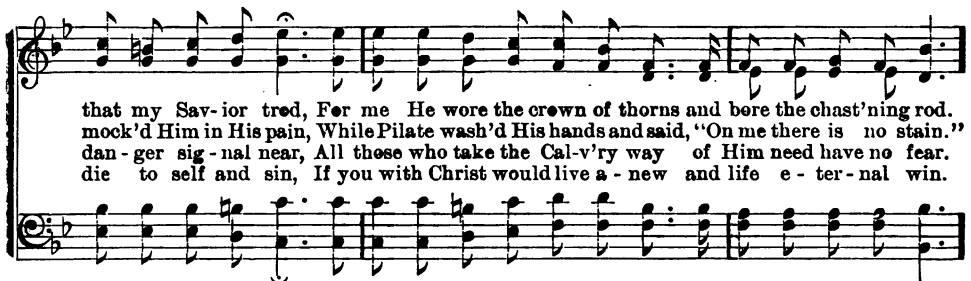
ARTHUR K. WHITE.



1. To Cal-v'ry's sa-cred mount I'll go, where Je-sus died for me, And there with Him be
 2. When fainting 'neath the heav-y load, the scoffers jeered, and cried "A-way with Him, a-
 3. The mys-t'ry of the he-ly Cross, the Sav-ior deth im-part, And thre' the Cross the
 4. O has-ten then to Calv'ry's mount, 'tis there the debt was paid, When on the Cross He



eru-ci-fied, up-on the curs-ed tree. No oth-er road to heav'n is found, than
 way with Him! let Him be cru-ci-fied." They nailed Him to the shameful Cross, and
 mes-sage gives, to pierce the hu-man heart; No mat-ter how the temp-ter swings his
 bled and died, on Him your sin was laid. Up-on the Cross you must be nailed and



that my Sav-ior tread, For me He wore the crown of thorns and bore the chast'ning rod,
 mock'd Him in His pain, While Pilate wash'd His hands and said, "On me there is no stain."
 dan-ger sig-nal near, All these who take the Cal-v'ry way of Him need have no fear.
 die to self and sin, If you with Christ would live a-new and life e-ter-nal win.

CHORUS.



O Cal - va - ry, O Cal - va - ry, blest Cal - va - ry, blest Cal - va - ry, a light is



there. . . is there, for me! O Cal - va - ry, . . . blest Cal - va -
 A light is there, a light for me, O Cal - va - ry,

Calvary.—Concluded.

rit.

ry, Blest Cal - va - ry, its glo - ry now. its glo - ry now, I see. now I see.

152

Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Anon.

Arranged.

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wander'd weary years, Often hinder'd in my journey
3. I am drinking at the fountain, Where I ev - er would a-bide; For I've tasted life's pure river
4. Tell me not of heav - y cross-es, Nor the burdens hard to bear, For I've found this great salvation
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory! Oft I've prov'd this to be true; When I'm in the way so narrow,

Far exceeds my fondest dreams; Where the air is pure, e-the-real, Laden with the breath of flow'rs,
By the ghosts of doubts and fears, Broken vows and disappointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
And my soul is sat - is - fied; There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor adorning rich and gay,
Makes each burden light ap - pear; And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Gladly counting all but dross,
I can see a path - way thro'; And how sweetly Jesus whispers: Take the Cross thou need'st not fear.

CHORUS.

They are blooming by the fountain, Neath the amaranthine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to-day. } Is not this the land of Beulah,
For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fadeth not a-way.
World - ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing For the glo - ry of the Cross.
For I've tried the way before thee, And the glo - ry lingers near. }

Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light, Where the flowers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is always bright.

On to the Rescue!

T. H.

Dedicated to the Rev. C. B. Widmeyer.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Lord, make this place a life - sav - ing sta - tion To sail - ors lost on
 2. Ma - ny are drift - ing, hope - less - ly drift - ing, On to the reef of
 3. May we some oth - er sis - ter or broth - er, Tost on the waves of

o - cean's storm - y main, Lift - ing the pre - cious light of sal - va - tion,
 sor - row and de - spair; Launching the life - boat, haste to the res - cue
 life's tem - pes - tuous sea, Some o - cean ran - ger, snatch from his dan - ger

CHORUS.

That the lost and dy - ing may re - vive a - gain. }
 Of the souls that per - ish in the dark - ness there. } On to the res - cue!
 Land him in the ha - ven, saved e - ter - nal - ly. }

On to the res - cue! In pure de - vo - tion our lives to spend; Trust - ing for -

ev - er Man's on - ly Sav - ior, Je - sus, Re - deem - er, our e - ter - nal Friend!

Come To Jesus Just Now.

"Behold now is the accepted time, and the day of salvation."

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

With feeling.

1. There is help for your soul, O poor sin - ner, Tho' from home you have
 2. Do no list to the voice of the temp - ter, For de - lay all your
 3. There's a man - sion for you o - ver yon - der, Where the great pearl-y
 4. For the sin of the past now re - pent - ing, Fer - vent pray'r will re -

wan - dered a - far; Do - not wait for some great prep - a - ra - tion,
 pros - pects would mar, Stained by sin, filled with fears, emp - ty hand - ed,
 gates are a - jar; And if you its bright por - tals would en - ter,
 move ev - 'ry bar, And the Sav - ior will lead you to heav - en,

REFRAIN.

Come to Je - sus just now as you are. You can - not make your

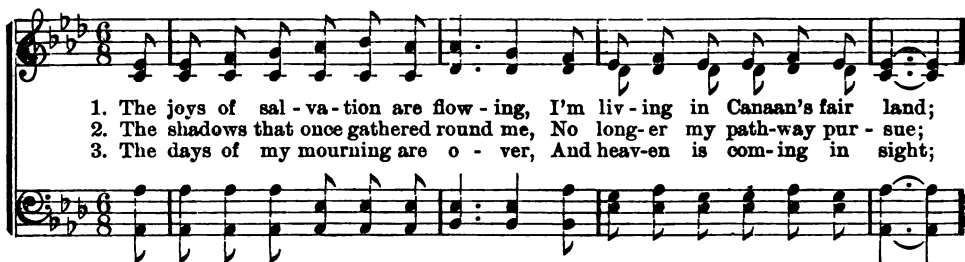
self an - y bet - ter, For sin has left ma - ny a scar, But for

you there is help in the fount - ain, Come to Je - sus just now as you are.

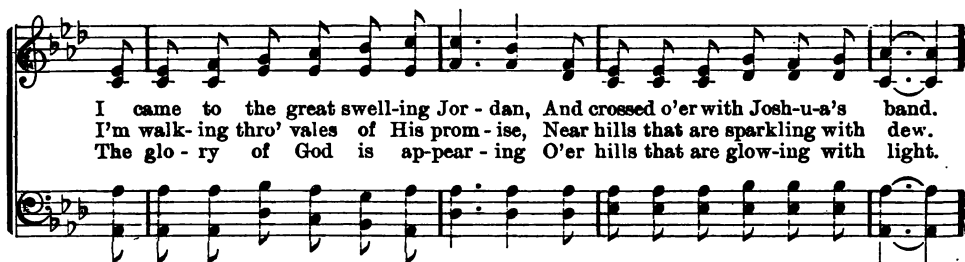
The Joys of Canaan.

A. W.

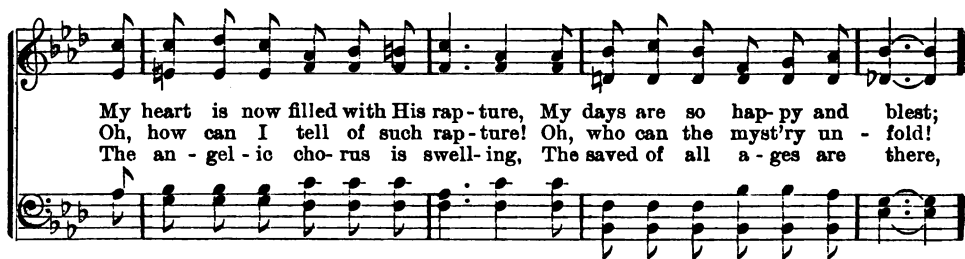
ALMA WHITE.



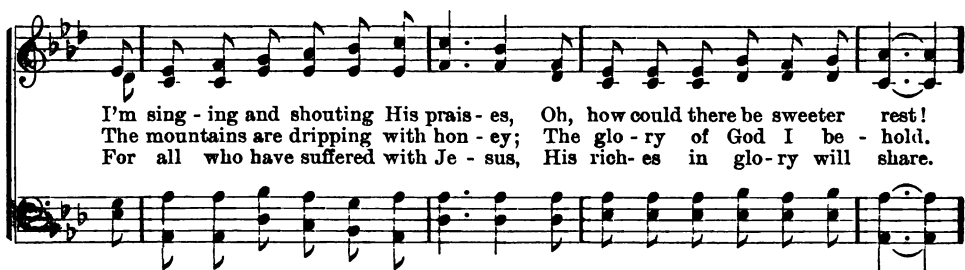
1. The joys of sal - va - tion are flow - ing, I'm liv - ing in Canaan's fair land;
 2. The shadows that once gathered round me, No long - er my path - way pur - sue;
 3. The days of my mourning are o - ver, And heav - en is com - ing in sight;



I came to the great swell - ing Jor - dan, And crossed o'er with Josh - u - a's band.
 I'm walk - ing thro' vales of His prom - ise, Near hills that are sparkling with dew.
 The glo - ry of God is ap - pear - ing O'er hills that are glow - ing with light.



My heart is now filled with His rap - ture, My days are so hap - py and blest;
 Oh, how can I tell of such rap - ture! Oh, who can the myst'ry un - fold!
 The an - gel - ic cho - rus is swell - ing, The saved of all a - ges are there,



I'm sing - ing and shouting His prais - es, Oh, how could there be sweeter rest!
 The mountains are dripping with hon - ey; The glo - ry of God I be - hold.
 For all who have suffered with Je - sus, His rich - es in glo - ry will share.

CHORUS.



In Ca - naan there's fruit in a - bund - ance, In gar - dens where o - live trees grow,

The Joys of Canaan.—Concluded.

I drink the new wine of the king-dom, Where riv-ers of life ev-er flow.

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The Waves of Glory Roll.

ALMA WHITE.

Mrs. GERTRUDE WOLFRAM.

1. When faint-ing 'neath a heav-y load, 'Midst dan-ger, doubt and fear,
2. When dark-ness veiled the earth and sky, The Sav-ior held my hand,
3. The glo-ry from the heav'n-ly world Is shin-ing in my soul;
4. To this fair mount there is no road But that my Sav-ior trod,—
5. When struggling 'gainst the wind and rain, His prais-es ev-er sing;

The Sav-ior calmed my troub-led breast, And dried my flow-ing tear.
 And when my hope was al-most gone, He gave me grace to stand.
 'Tis bliss my heart had longed to know, 'Tis joy be-yond con-trol.
 O Soul, look not on things of earth, Trust thou a-lone in God.
 And when the sky is dark a-bove, Then clos-er to Him cling.

CHORUS.

There's vic-to-ry, glad vic-to-ry, I have it in my soul;

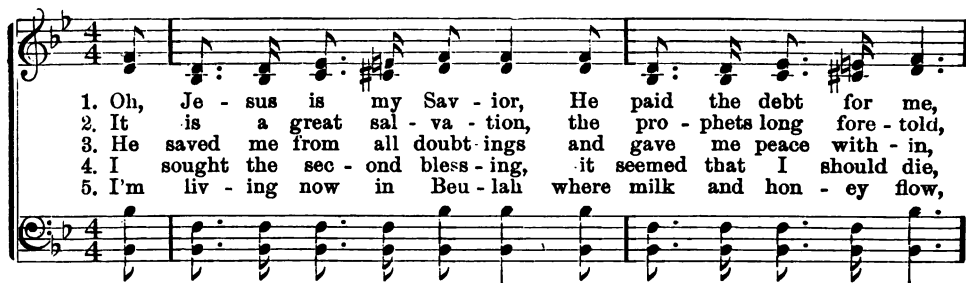
I've reached the shin-ing mount-ain top Where waves of glo-ry roll.

Copyright, 1911, by Alma White.

The Only Way.

C. W. BRIDWELL.

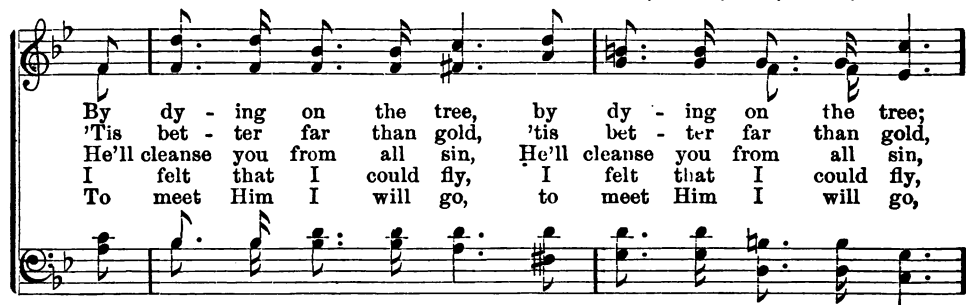
VIDA FREELAND.



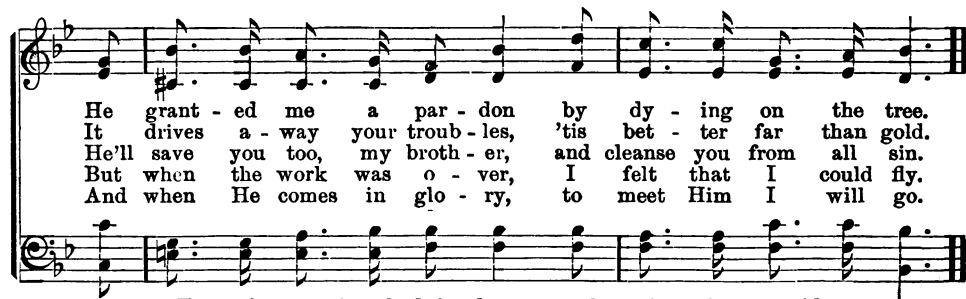
1. Oh, Je - sus is my Sav - ior, He paid the debt for me,
 2. It is a great sal - va - tion, the pro - phets long fore - told,
 3. He saved me from all doubt - ings, and gave me peace with - in,
 4. I sought the sec - ond bless - ing, it seemed that I should die,
 5. I'm liv - ing now in Beu - lah where milk and hon - ey flow,



He grant - ed me a par - don, by dy - ing on the tree;
 It drives a - way your troub - les—'tis bet - ter far than gold;
 He'll save you too, my broth - er, and cleanse you from all sin;
 But when the work was o - ver, I felt that I could fly;
 And when He comes in glo - ry, to meet Him I will go;



By dy - ing on the tree, by dy - ing on the tree;
 'Tis bet - ter far than gold, 'tis bet - ter far than gold,
 He'll cleanse you from all sin, He'll cleanse you from all sin,
 I felt that I could fly, I felt that I could fly,
 To meet Him I will go, to meet Him I will go,



He grant - ed me a par - don by dy - ing on the tree.
 It drives a - way your troub - les, 'tis bet - ter far than gold.
 He'll save you too, my broth - er, and cleanse you from all sin.
 But when the work was o - ver, I felt that I could fly.
 And when He comes in glo - ry, to meet Him I will go.

6 The old-time saints had freedom, were kept from foolish pride,
 They preached the truth and shouted and all of hell defied.

7 If you will give up Egypt, He'll take you by the hand
 And lead your weary footsteps into the promised land.

8 You'll meet with plenty scoffers, who say it's all display,
 But keep your eyes on Jesus and walk the narrow way.

9 This is the road to heaven—to Salem's happy land,
 Just give your heart to Jesus and join this happy band.

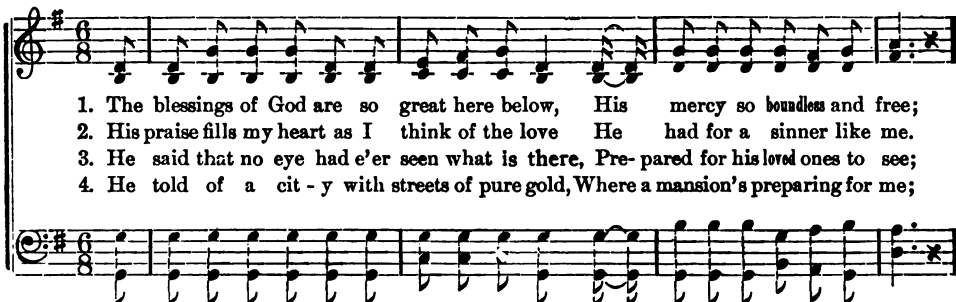
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I WONDER WHAT HEAVEN WILL BE!

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. E. A. Mason.

Words and Melody by L. S. LAWRENCE.

Arr. by Mrs. L. O. B.



1. The blessings of God are so great here below, His mercy so boundless and free;
 2. His praise fills my heart as I think of the love He had for a sinner like me.
 3. He said that no eye had e'er seen what is there, Pre- pared for his loved ones to see;
 4. He told of a cit - y with streets of pure gold, Where a mansion's preparing for me;

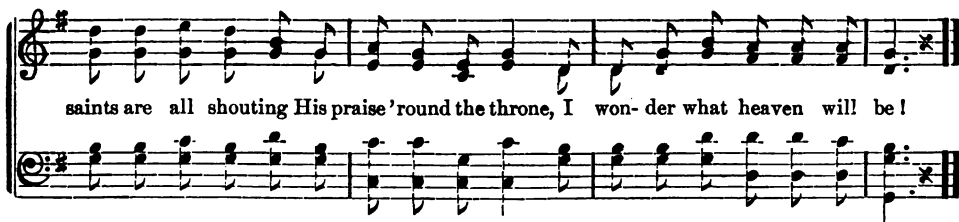


The joy of sal - va - tion my heart doth o'er-flow—I wonder what heaven will be!
 To save me He came from the bright courts a - bove—I wonder what heaven will be!
 And love him we must, if His glo - ry we share—I wonder what heaven will be!
 Soon 'twill burst on my vis - ion with beau - ty un - told—I wonder what heaven will be!

CHORUS.



I wonder what heaven will be! I wonder what heaven will be! Where the



saints are all shouting His praise 'round the throne, I won - der what heaven will be!

- 5 Soon He will be coming His bride to receive;
 What a glorious meeting 'twill be
 Of the quick and the dead who on Him have be-
 I wonder what heaven will be! [lieved—
- 6 If every saint here has this hope in himself,
 And is saved so that God cannot see
 In him spot or wrinkle or any such thing,
 I wonder what heaven will be!

The Cleansing Fountain.

Arranged.

1. My heart was sad, but now 'tis glad, I sing, and shout for joy; His
 2. By faith I walk I sing and talk, Of Je - sus' sav - ing pow'r; He
 3. In paths of light I now de - light, And glo - ry comes in view; His

love I know, who died to show How He can sin de - stroy. Not
 keeps me pure, my hope is sure, I trust Him ev - 'ry hour. No
 face I see, who died for me, His grace is ev - er new. The

one dark spot can stay, He wash'd it all a - way. The blood of Je - sus
 dan - ger now a - larms, I'm safe in Je - sus' arms. The blood of Je - sus
 blood is all my plea, I'll ev - er faith - ful be. The blood of Je - sus

D.S.—sin is wash'd a - way, I'm hap - py night and day, The blood of Je - sus

FINE. CHORUS.

cleans-eth white as snow, white as snow. The blood of Je - sus cleans-eth white as
 cleans-eth white as snow, white as snow.

snow, white as snow, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; All

Redeemed by the Blood.

M. W. KNAPP.

THORO HARRIS.

1. John saw up-on Pat-mos a vis-ion so bright! The saints of all
 2. Sal-va-tion and hon-or, and wis-dom and might, And glo-ry and
 3. A few from the hon-ored and no-ble by birth, The most had been
 4. From great trib-u-la-tion they lith-er re-pair, And vic-tors for-
 5. For this they are hon-ored and serve day and night, And near-est the
 6. Their tears are all ban-ished, God wipes them a-way, En-throned in His

na-tions in garments of light; With palms and re-joic-ing, be-fore the white
 bless-ing their voic-es u-nite, As-crib-ing to Je-sus, the Lamb that was
 hum-ble or out-casts on earth; Transformed by the Spir-it, their an-thems they
 ev-er, God's glo-ry they share; From sword and from scaffold, from dun-geon and
 throne they re-joyce in His light; They hun-ger no more, by the Lamb they are
 pres-ence for-ev-er they stay; What glo-ry and hon-or for ser-vice so

CHORUS.

throne, They gave all the glo-ry to Je-sus a-lone.
 slain, Soon com-ing in glo-ry for-ev-er to reign.
 bring, A-dor-ing their Savior, u-nit-ed-ly sing.
 stake—Naught ev-er could move them their Lord to for-sake.
 fed, By Him to the fountain of wa-ters are led.
 small! One hour of such blessing re-pays them for all.

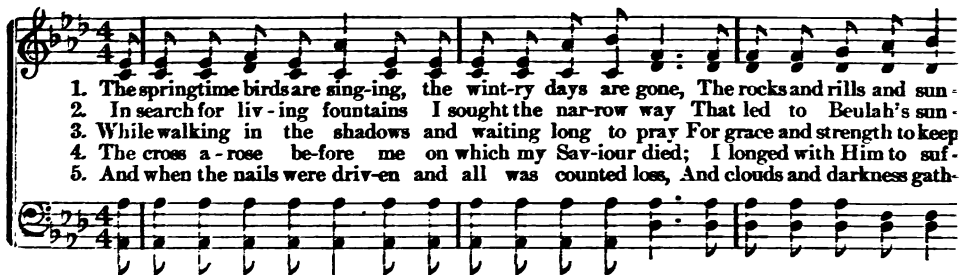
} Re-deemed by the

blood, re-deemed by the blood, Ar-rayed in white garments, redeemed by the blood.

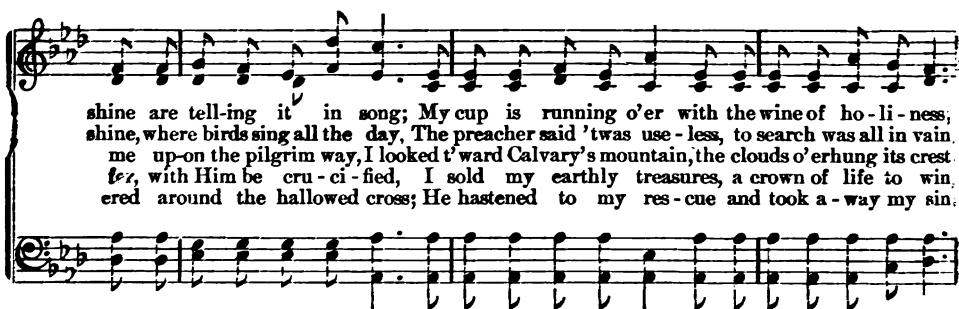
LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

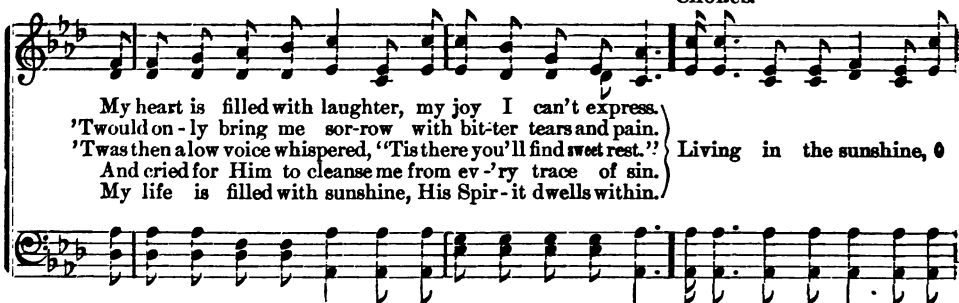


1. The springtime birds are sing-ing, the win-try days are gone, The rocks and rills and sun-
 2. In search for liv-ing fountains I sought the nar-row way That led to Beulah's sun-
 3. While walking in the shadows and waiting long to pray For grace and strength to keep
 4. The cross a-rose be-fore me on which my Sav-iour died; I longed with Him to suf-
 5. And when the nails were driv-en and all was counted loss, And clouds and darkness gath-

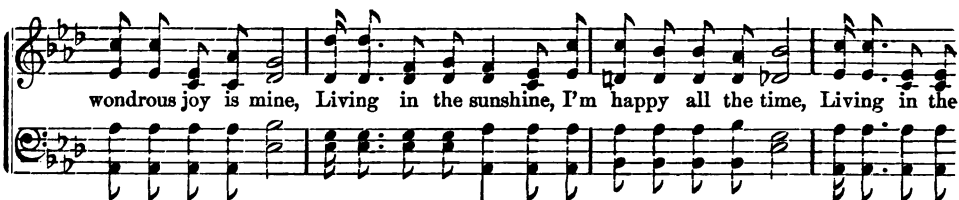


shine are tell-ing it in song; My cup is running o'er with the wine of ho-li-ness;
 shine, where birds sing all the day, The preacher said 'twas use-less, to search was all in vain.
 me up-on the pilgrim way, I looked t'ward Calvary's mountain, the clouds o'erhanging its crest.
 ter, with Him be cru-ci-fied, I sold my earthly treasures, a crown of life to win-
 ered around the hallowed cross; He hastened to my res-cue and took a-way my sin.

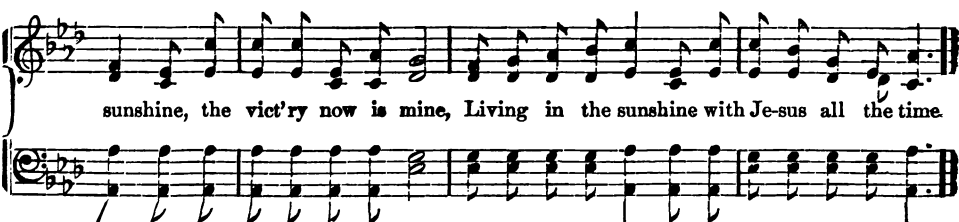
CHORUS.



My heart is filled with laughter, my joy I can't express,
 'Twould on-ly bring me sor-row with bit-ter tears and pain.
 'Twas then a low voice whispered, "Tis there you'll find sweet rest." Living in the sunshine, O
 And cried for Him to cleanse me from ev-'ry trace of sin.
 My life is filled with sunshine, His Spir-it dwells within.



wondrous joy is mine, Living in the sunshine, I'm happy all the time, Living in the



sunshine, the vict'ry now is mine, Living in the sunshine with Je-sus all the time.

THE SHINING WAY.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE.

1. Oh, there's vic-t'ry in my soul, And the waves of glo-ry roll; I am running
 2. When my sins were washed away, All my night was turned to day; I am running
 3. When the wolves are on my track, I have learned to not look back; I am running
 4. When I feel there's danger near, Why, I nev-er have a fear, I am running
 5. When the Cit-y comes in sight, And I see its glowing light, I am running

up the shining way. There are an-gels at my side, And the gates are o - pen wide,
 up the shining way. He has saved me by His grace, And I see His smiling face;
 up the shining way. Since my Saviour I have found, They are howling all a-round;
 up the shining way. Oh, He keeps me ev-'ry hour, By His sanc-ti - fy-ing pow'r;
 up the shining way. Then my heart with praise shall swell, And my joy no tongue can tell;

CHORUS.

I am running up the shin-ing way.
 I am running up the shin-ing way.
 I am running up the shin-ing way.
 I am running up the shin-ing way.
 I am running up the shin-ing way.

I am running up the shining way,

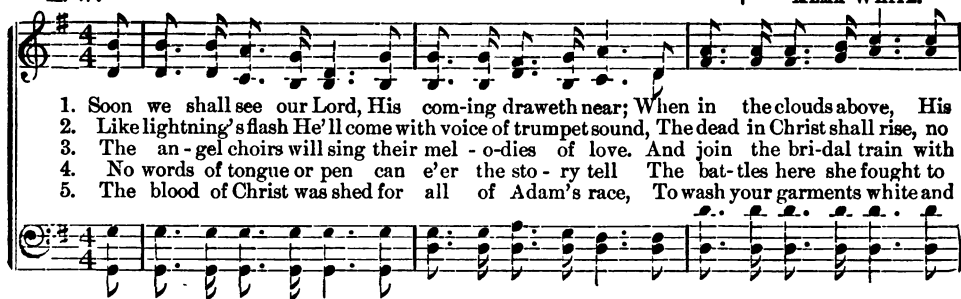
I am running on the King's high-way; Oh, there's vic-t'ry in my soul

And the waves of glo-ry roll, I am running up the shin-ing way.

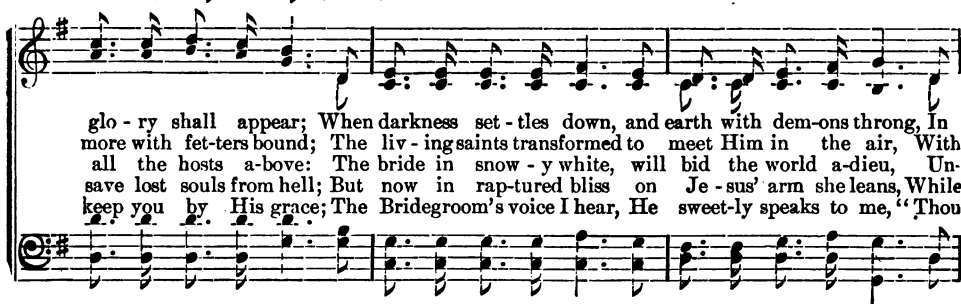
HE'S COMING BACK AGAIN.

A. W.

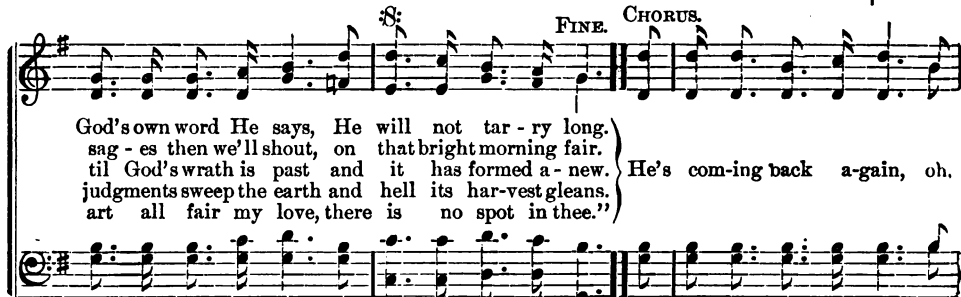
ALMA WHITE.



1. Soon we shall see our Lord, His com-ing draweth near; When in the clouds above, His
 2. Like lightning's flash He'll come with voice of trumpet sound, The dead in Christ shall rise, no
 3. The an-gel choirs will sing their mel-o-dies of love. And join the bri-dal train with
 4. No words of tongue or pen can e'er the sto-ry tell The bat-tles here she fought to
 5. The blood of Christ was shed for all of Adam's race, To wash your garments white and



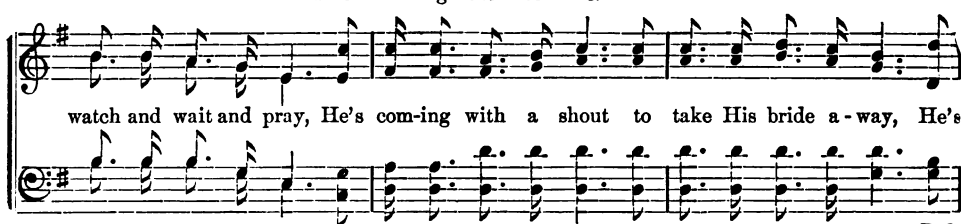
glo-ry shall appear; When darkness set-tles down, and earth with dem-ons throng, In
 more with fet-ters bound; The liv-ingsaints transformed to meet Him in the air, With
 all the hosts a-bove: The bride in snow-y white, will bid the world a-dieu, Un-
 save lost souls from hell; But now in rap-tured bliss on Je-sus' arm she leans, While
 keep you by His grace; The Bridegroom's voice I hear, He sweet-ly speaks to me, "Thou



FINE. CHORUS.

God's own word He says, He will not tar-ry long,
 sag-es then we'll shout, on that bright morning fair.
 til God's wrath is past and it has formed a-new. } He's com-ing back a-gain, oh,
 judgments sweep the earth and hell its har-vest gleans.
 art all fair my love, there is no spot in thee."

D.S.—coming back for me.



watch and wait and pray, He's com-ing with a shout to take His bride a-way, He's



com-ing back a-gain, His glo-ry I shall see, He's coming with a shout, He's

THE CRY OF THE SOUL.

A. W.

ALMA WHITE. Arr. by L. O. B.

1. O, fill my heart with love divine, Thou who hast died for me; Wilt Thou not now consume the
 2. While in my in-most soul distress'd and clouds o'erhang the sky, I seek, but can-not find the
 3. Oft-times I hear the still small voice, that tells me of His love, And feel a gen-tle ho-ly
 4. O Lord, wilt Thou not quickly come, take all my sin a-way, And let me ev-er live and
 5. Thy precious promi-es I trust, by faith I claim the blood That flows from Je-sus' wounded

dross and make me pure like Thee? From day to day my soul doth pine to know Thy per-fect
 way, to Thee I fain would fly; My heart cries out to be made free from ev-'ry doubt and
 touch and know it's from a-bove, But ah, too soon I'm left to mourn my lone-li-ness and
 walk, with-in the nar-row way? For me they pressed Thy brow with thorns and nailed Thee to the
 side, a cleans-ing, heal-ing flood. O matchless love, O wondrous bliss, how can my tongue e'er

FINE. CHORUS.

will; Take all my in-bred sin a-way, Thy word in me ful-fill.
 fear; To feel Thy precious blood applied and know that Thou art near.
 sin, While Sa-tan but-fets me without, and ter-ror reigns with-in. } O, wash me in Thy
 cross; The merits of Thy blood I plead, and count all things but loss.
 tell; Of love di-vine, so full and free, that in me now doth dwell.

D. S.—praise God it cleanseth me.

precious blood, that flowed on Calvary; O, take a-way my load of sin and give me vic-to-ry;

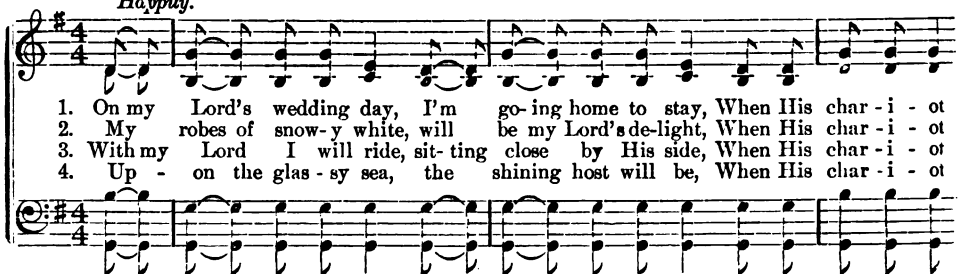
D. S.

O, wash me whiter than the snow, Thy blood is all my plea, Beneath the fountain's crimson flow,

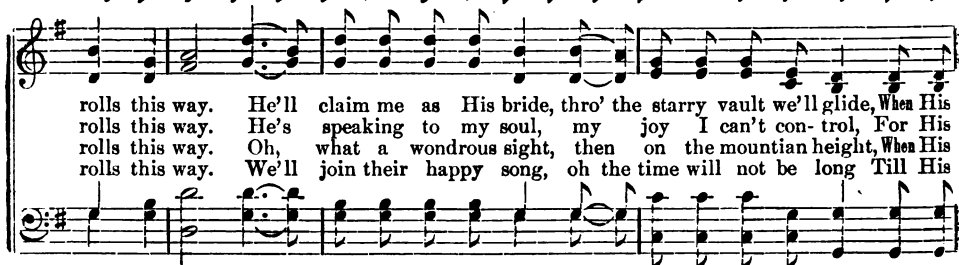
WHEN HIS CHARIOT ROLLS THIS WAY.

A. W.

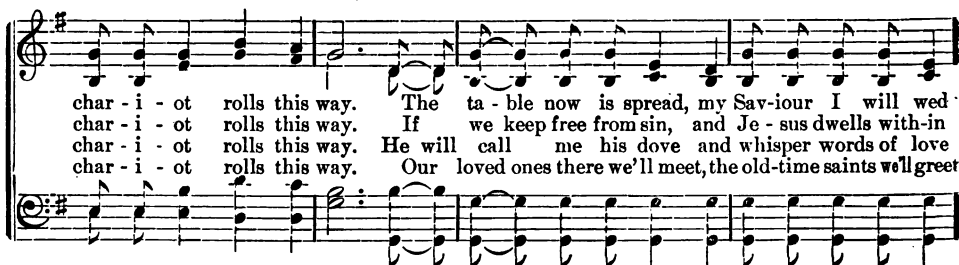
ALMA WHITE.

Happy.


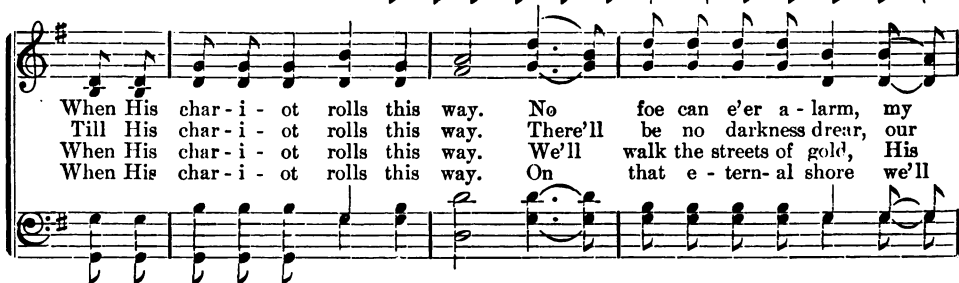
1. On my Lord's wedding day, I'm go-ing home to stay, When His char-i - ot
 2. My robes of snow-y white, will be my Lord's de-light, When His char-i - ot
 3. With my Lord I will ride, sit-ting close by His side, When His char-i - ot
 4. Up - on the glas-sy sea, the shining host will be, When His char-i - ot



rolls this way. He'll claim me as His bride, thro' the starry vault we'll glide, When His
 rolls this way. He's speaking to my soul, my joy I can't con-trol, For His
 rolls this way. Oh, what a wondrous sight, then on the mountain height, When His
 rolls this way. We'll join their happy song, oh the time will not be long Till His



char-i - ot rolls this way. The ta - ble now is spread, my Sav-iour I will wed
 char-i - ot rolls this way. If we keep free from sin, and Je - sus dwells with-in
 char-i - ot rolls this way. He will call me his dove and whisper words of love
 char-i - ot rolls this way. Our loved ones there we'll meet, the old-time saints we'll greet



When His char-i - ot rolls this way. No foe can e'er a - larm, my
 Till His char-i - ot rolls this way. There'll be no darkness drear, our
 When His char-i - ot rolls this way. We'll walk the streets of gold, His
 When His char-i - ot rolls this way. On that e - tern-al shore we'll

CHORUS.



soul can fear no harm, When His char-i - ot rolls this way.
 hearts will know no fear, When His char-i - ot rolls this way.
 glory there behold, When His char-i - ot rolls this way.
 meet to part no more, When His char-i - ot rolls this way. } The wedding bells will ring

WHEN HIS CHARIOT ROLLS THIS WAY.—Conclud ed.

the an - gel choir will sing, When His char - i - ot rolls this way; He will
claim me as His bride and take me for a ride, When His char - i - ot rolls this way.

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MY SHEPHERD.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.
With expression.

Tune—"How Can I Leave Thee."

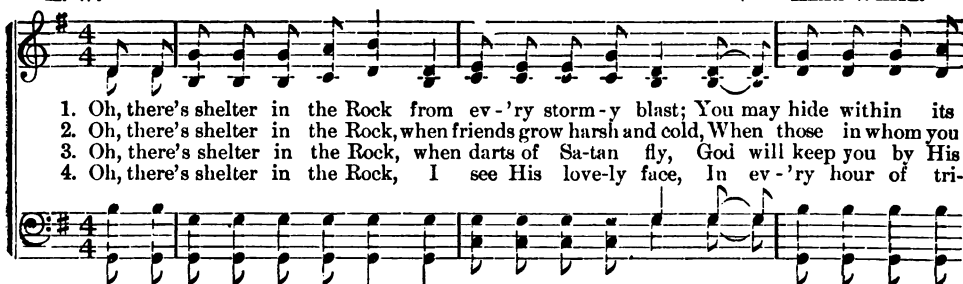
1. The Lord's my Shep - herd; Down in the pas - tures green, Where all is
2. Je - sus, I love Thee! All that I have is Thine, All that Thou
3. Through life I'll serve Thee; Thou shalt have all my days, Thy name my
4. When man dis - owns me, When friends mis - un - der - stand, Foes mock on
5. Good-ness and mer - cy Sur - ly will fol - low me, And I shall
bright, se - rene, He feed - eth me. Now by the wa - ters still,
hast is mine, Thy love is free. For me Thy blood was shed,
lips shall praise; I love Thy Word. My soul is on the wing,
ev - 'ry hand, To Thee I'll cry. There on Thy ten - der breast
dwell with Thee For ev - er - more. Soon this frail house of clay

ritard.
Now by the laughing rill, Safe here from ev - 'ry ill, He lead - eth me.
For me Thy Form lay dead; And then these words were said: "Rise, fol - low Me."
My heart for joy doth sing To Thee my Sav-iour King—Je - sus, my Lord.
My soul shall find sweet rest, While there by Heav-en blest The tem - pests fly.
May crum - ble and de - cay, But I shall fly a - way To yon bright shore.

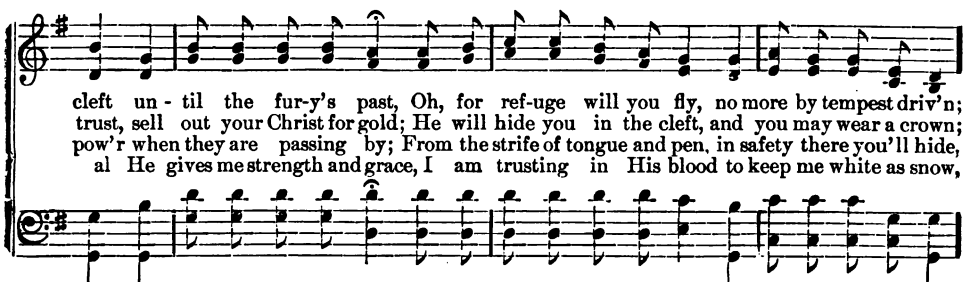
SHELTER IN THE ROCK.

A. W.

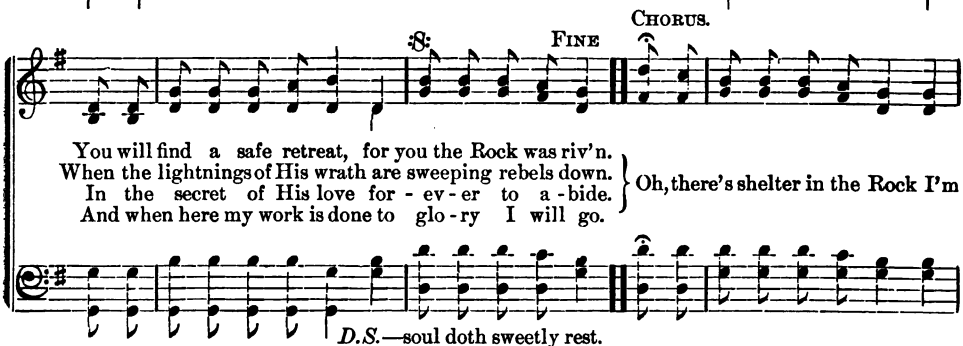
ALMA WHITE.



1. Oh, there's shelter in the Rock from ev-'ry storm-y blast; You may hide within its
 2. Oh, there's shelter in the Rock, when friends grow harsh and cold, When those in whom you
 3. Oh, there's shelter in the Rock, when darts of Sa-tan fly, God will keep you by His
 4. Oh, there's shelter in the Rock, I see His love-ly face, In ev-'ry hour of tri-



cleft un-til the fur-y's past, Oh, for ref-uge will you fly, no more by tempest driv'n;
 trust, sell out your Christ for gold; He will hide you in the cleft, and you may wear a crown;
 pow'r when they are passing by; From the strife of tongue and pen, in safety there you'll hide,
 al He gives me strength and grace, I am trusting in His blood to keep me white as snow,

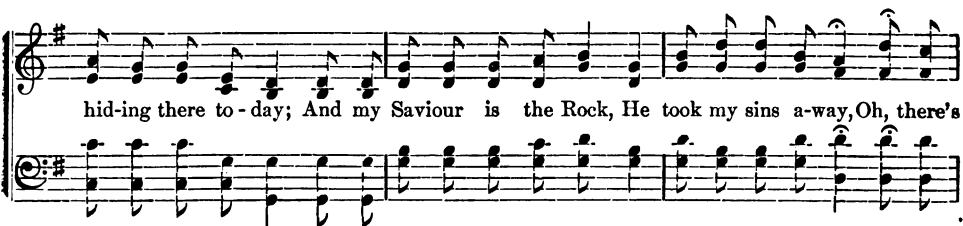


CHORUS.

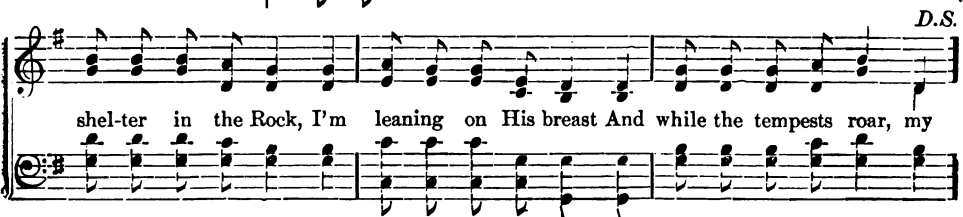
FINE

You will find a safe retreat, for you the Rock was riv'n.
 When the lightnings of His wrath are sweeping rebels down.
 In the secret of His love for - ev - er to a - bide. } Oh, there's shelter in the Rock I'm
 And when here my work is done to glo-ry I will go.

D.S.—soul doth sweetly rest.



hid-ing there to-day; And my Saviour is the Rock, He took my sins a-way, Oh, there's



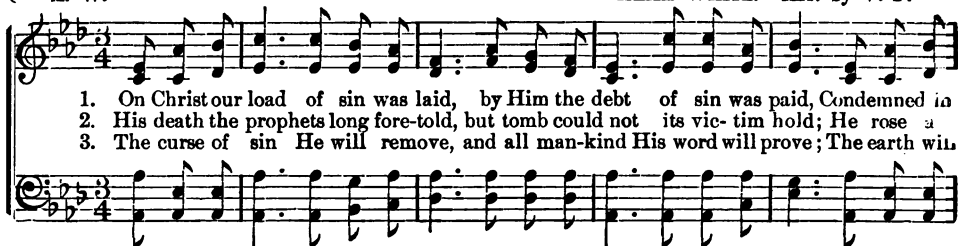
D.S.

shel-ter in the Rock, I'm leaning on His breast And while the tempests roar, my

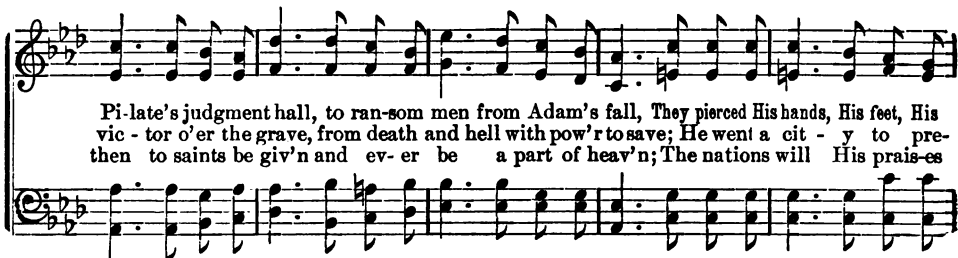
WHEN THE CURSE IS LIFTED.

A. W.

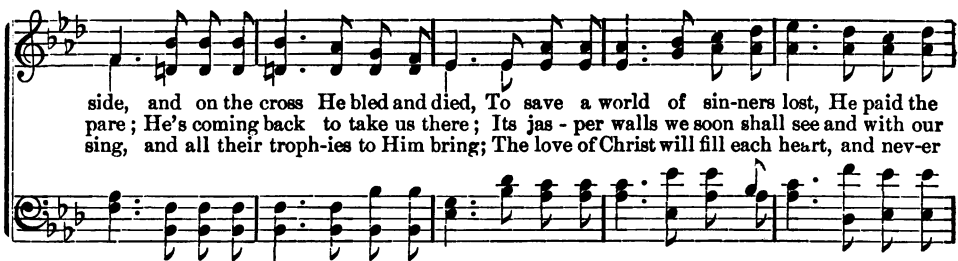
ALMA WHITE. Arr. by V. F.



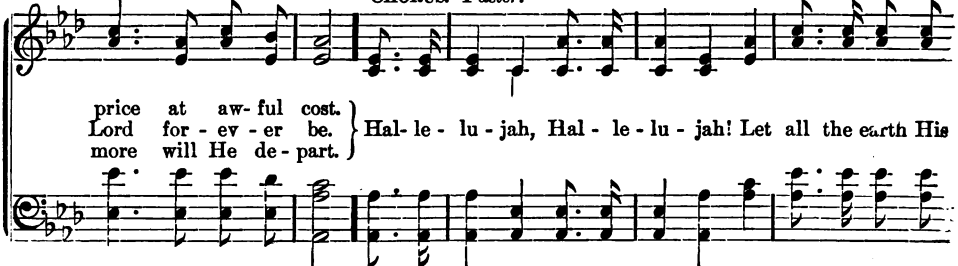
1. On Christ our load of sin was laid, by Him the debt of sin was paid, Condemned in
 2. His death the prophets long fore-told, but tomb could not its vic-tim hold; He rose a
 3. The curse of sin He will remove, and all man-kind His word will prove; The earth will




Pi-late's judgment hall, to ran-som men from Adam's fall, They pierced His hands, His feet, His
 vic-tor o'er the grave, from death and hell with pow'r to save; He went a cit-y to pre-
 then to saints be giv'n and ev-er be a part of heav'n; The nations will His prais-es



side, and on the cross He bled and died, To save a world of sin-ners lost, He paid the
 pare; He's coming back to take us there; Its jas-per walls we soon shall see and with our
 sing, and all their troph-ies to Him bring; The love of Christ will fill each heart, and nev-er

CHORUS. *Faster.*


price at aw-ful cost. }
 Lord for-ev-er be. } Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Let all the earth His
 more will He de-part. }



prais-es swell, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! He's coming back on earth to dwell.

Satisfied With Jesus.

Mrs. A. W.

Dedicated to Luther Thomas.

Mrs. KENT WHITE.

1. I'm satisfied with Jesus, In Him I now abide, He keeps me ev'ry moment,
 2. I'm satisfied with Jesus, He paid the tax for me, In ag-o-my He suffered,
 3. I'm satisfied with Jesus, In sickness or in health, In valleys or on mountains,
 4. I'm satisfied with Jesus, His paths I will pursue, Tho' enemies assail me,
 5. I'm satisfied with Jesus, My all to Him I bring, And worshiped near Him.

Whatever doth betide, I'm satisfied with Jesus, With rapture now I sing,
 His love now makes me free, I'm satisfied with Jesus, His wondrous love behold;
 In poverty or wealth, I'm satisfied with Jesus, Where'er my lot may be,
 In friends may prove untrue, I'm satisfied with Jesus, With Him I'll walk alone,
 My Prophet, Priest and King, I'm satisfied with Jesus, Oh, matchless love divine,

CHORUS.

He is my soul's redemption, While to His cross I cling,
 In Him is full salvation, In Him is bliss untold, Oh, yes, I'm satisfied,
 While He abides and comforts, No harm can come to me,
 His presence is my heaven, He'll guide me to my home,
 He's with me ev'ry moment, He keeps me all the time.

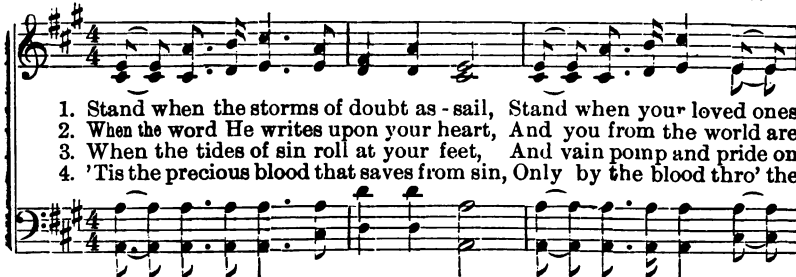
Oh, yes, I'm satisfied, I'm satisfied with Jesus all the time; I'm satisfied with

JESUS, He cleansed my heart from sin, In all His gracious fullness He now abides within.

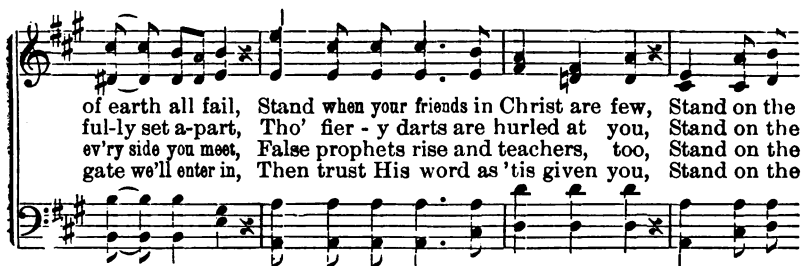
Standing on the Rock.

MRS. K. W.

MRS. KENT WHITE.




1. Stand when the storms of doubt as - sail, Stand when your loved ones
2. When the word He writes upon your heart, And you from the world are
3. When the tides of sin roll at your feet, And vain pomp and pride on
4. 'Tis the precious blood that saves from sin, Only by the blood thro' the

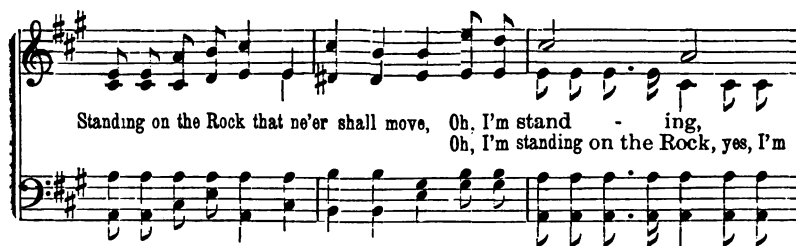


of earth all fail, Stand when your friends in Christ are few, Stand on the
ful-ly set a-part, Tho' fier - y darts are hurled at you, Stand on the
ev'ry side you meet, False prophets rise and teachers, too, Stand on the
gate we'll enter in, Then trust His word as 'tis given you, Stand on the

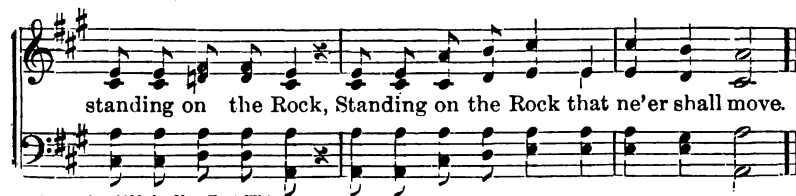
CHORUS.



Rock and ev-er be true. Stand - ing, standing on the Rock,
Standing on the Rock, I'm standing on the Rock,



Standing on the Rock that ne'er shall move, Oh, I'm stand - ing,
Oh, I'm standing on the Rock, yes, I'm



standing on the Rock, Standing on the Rock that ne'er shall move.

The Crimson Tide.

MRS. K. W.

May be sung as a Solo.

MRS. KENT WHITE.

1. There flows from Je-sus' riv - en side, A cleansing stream, a crimson tide,
 2. With burdened heart and clouded sky, He stooped to listen to my cry,
 3. "Oh! weary one, there's rest," said He, "My hands, my feet were pierced for thee,
 4. Give me thy life, thy love, thy all, I've ransomed thee from Satan's thrall
 5. With Je-sus now I walk in white, By living streams of pure delight,

I've plunged beneath its ruddy glow And washed my robes as white as snow.
 I longed for inward strife to cease, And prayed to have His perfect peace.
 I suffered on the cru-el cross To save thee from thy guilt and dross."
 My blood will cleanse you from all sin, And I will come and dwell within.
 While love divine my soul doth fill, 'Tis sweet to do His per-fect will.

CHORUS.

I've washed my robes . . . in the crimson tide, That freely
 I've washed my robes in the crimson tide,

flows from Jesus' side, I've washed my robes in the crimson
 That freely flows from Jesus' side, I've washed my robes

tide, . . . Oh! praise His name! I'm sancti-fied. . . .
 in the crimson tide, Oh! praise His name! I'm sanctified.

I HAVE THE VICTORY.

MRS. K. W.

MRS. KENT WHITE.

1. { The blood of Je-sus cleanseth me, I have the vic-to-ry,
From ev-'ry trace of sin I'm free, I have the vic-to-ry; }
2. { Tho' in the fier-y furnace tried, I have the vic-to-ry,
With Je-sus now I'm cru-ci-fied, I have the vic-to-ry; }

{ On wings of love my soul mounts high'r, I have the vic-to-ry, }
{ I've found in him my heart's desire, I (Omit.) }
{ Tri-umphant in my heart I sing, I have the vic-to-ry, }
{ My troph-ies all to him I bring, I (Omit.) }

CHORUS.
have the victory. Oh! hallelujah, sing with me, I have the vic-to-ry; The

blood of Jesus cleanseth me, I have the vic-to-ry. The blood, the blood, my only plea, I

have the vic-to-ry; The blood, the blood, it cleanseth me, I have the victory.

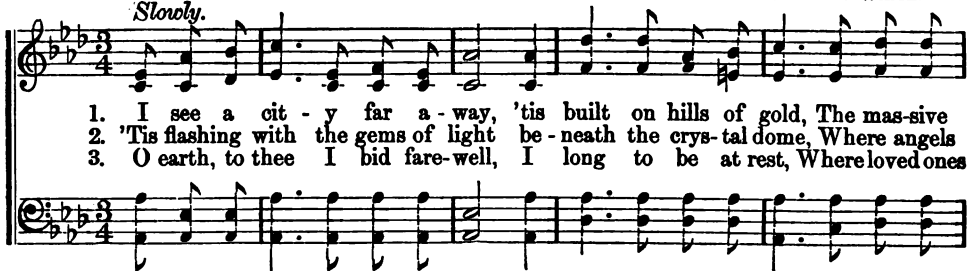
3 With freedom now from inbred sin,
I have the victory,
While Jesus reigns supreme within,
I have the victory;
Though unseen powers of hell awake,
I have the victory,
No foes can e'er my courage shake,
I have the victory.

4 He's taken all my doubts away,
I have the victory,
And keeps me by his power each day,
I have the victory;
Tho' thousands fall at my right hand,
I have the victory,
I've found the grace wherein we stand,
I have the victory.

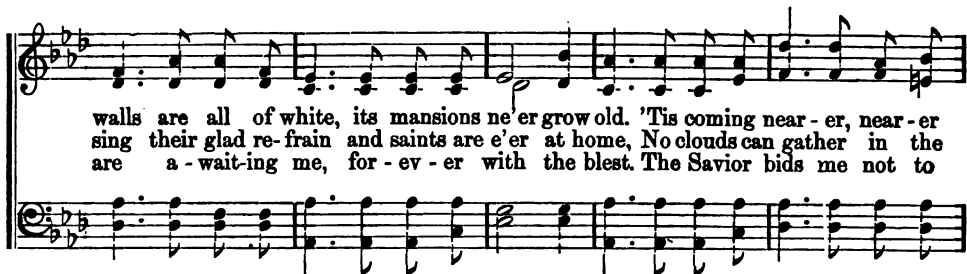
A City Far Away.

A. W.
Slowly.

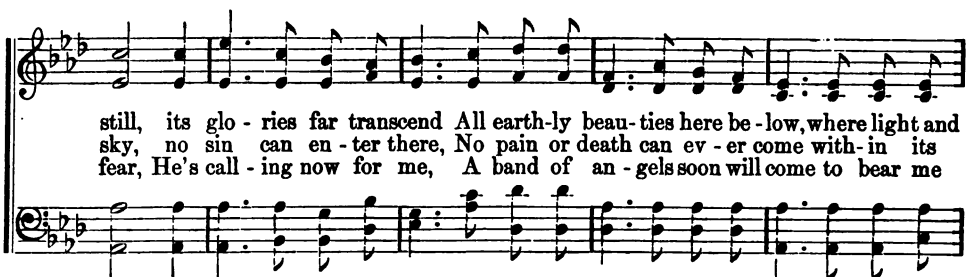
ALMA WHITE.



1. I see a cit - y far a - way, 'tis built on hills of gold, The mas - sive
 2. 'Tis flashing with the gems of light be - neath the crys - tal dome, Where angels
 3. O earth, to thee I bid fare - well, I long to be at rest, Where loved ones

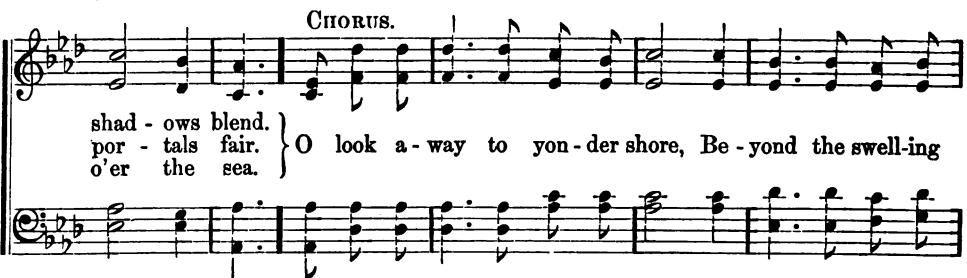


walls are all of white, its mansions ne'er grow old. 'Tis coming near - er, near - er
 sing their glad re - frain and saints are e'er at home, No clouds can gather in the
 are a - wait - ing me, for - ev - er with the blest. The Savior bids me not to

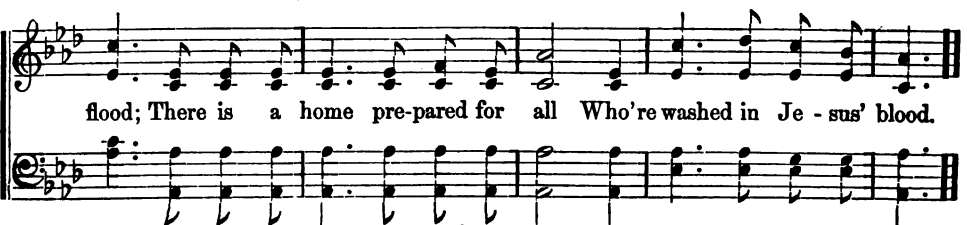


still, its glo - ries far transcend All earth - ly beau - ties here be - low, where light and
 sky, no sin can en - ter there, No pain or death can ev - er come with - in its
 fear, He's call - ing now for me, A band of an - gels soon will come to bear me

CHORUS.



shad - ows blend.
 por - tals fair.
 o'er the sea. } O look a - way to yon - der shore, Be - yond the swell - ing

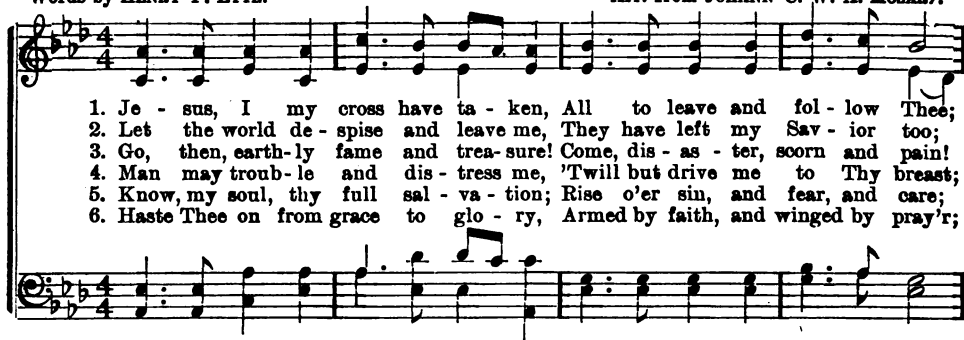


flood; There is a home pre - pared for all Who're washed in Je - sus' blood.

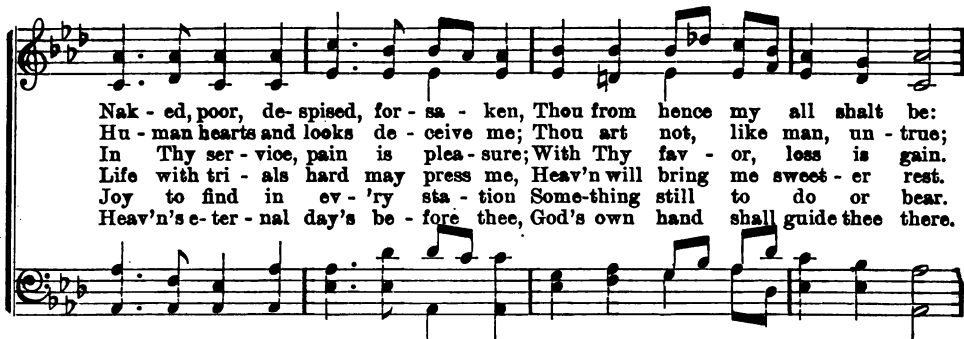
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Words by HENRY F. LYTE.

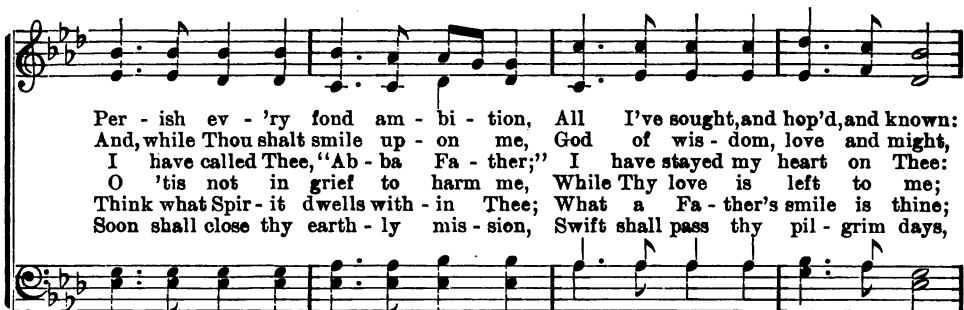
Arr. from JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.



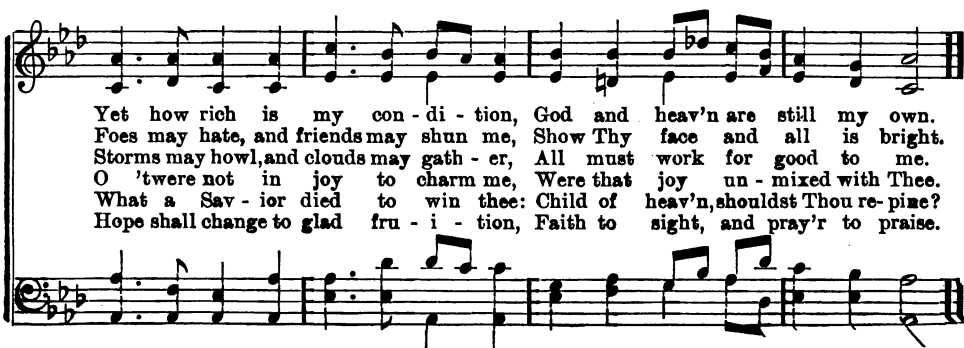
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior too;
 3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and trea - sure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain!
 4. Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 5. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 6. Haste Thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;



Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;
 In Thy ser - vice, pain is plea - sure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain.
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
 Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Some - thing still to do or bear.
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



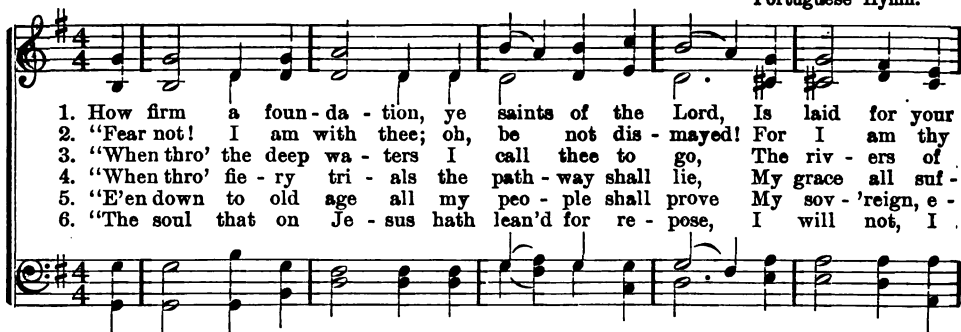
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hop'd, and known:
 And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
 I have called Thee, "Ab - ba Fa - ther;" I have stay'd my heart on Thee:
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 Think what Spir - it dwells with - in Thee; What a Fa - ther's smile is thine;
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,



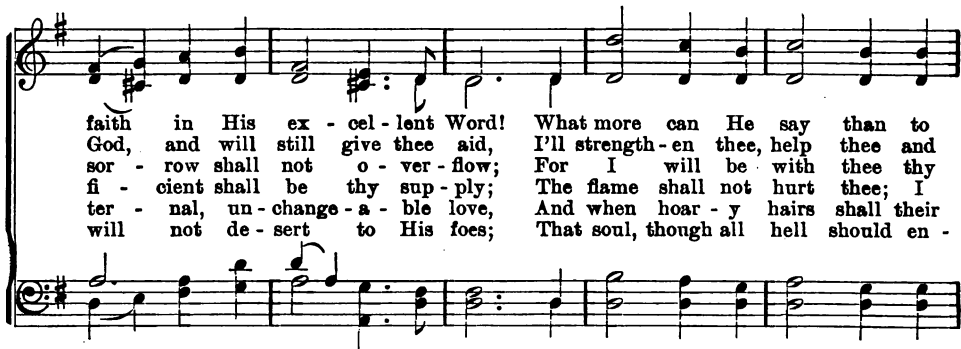
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
 What a Sav - ior died to win thee: Child of heav'n, shouldst Thou re - pine?
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

The Firm Foundation.

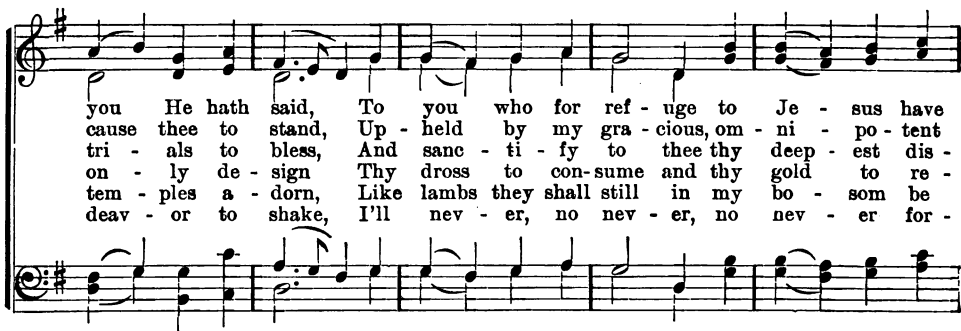
Portuguese Hymn.



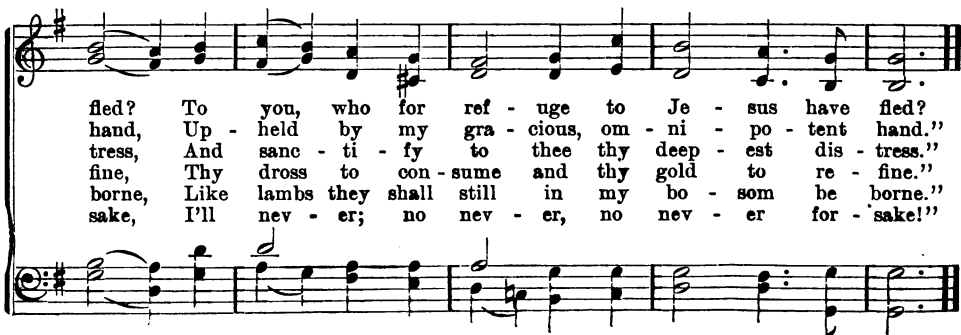
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not! I am with thee; oh, be not dis-mayed! For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als the path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-
 5. "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
 6. "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re-pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid, I'll strength-en thee, help thee and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
 ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love, And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 will not de-sert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en-



you He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume and thy gold to re-
 tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-



fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand."
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume and thy gold to re-fine."
 borne, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne."
 sake, I'll nev-er; no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 4. Oh, pre - cious cross! oh, glo - rious crown O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way; Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 ling - ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wan - d'rer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most— but lost!"

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
 2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear,
 3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con-so-la-tion share,

And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known.
 To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:
 Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-turn sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.—I'll cast on him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.—And shout, while passing through the air Farewell, fare-well, sweet hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief.
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
 3. Ju t as I am—Thy love unknown Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. KOSCHAY.

Lento. m

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe
 2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my guardian, no
 3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread; With blessings unmeasured my
 4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God, Still follow my steps till I

fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-stores me when
 e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-
 cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a-noint-est my head; O what shall I
 meet Thee a-bove, I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod, Thro' the land of their

wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
 fall, with my Com-fort-er near, No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 so-journ, Thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

RAY PALMER.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread; And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Savior

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whel-ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul!

We Praise Thee, O God.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be

CHORUS.
 died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night.
 sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
 sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
 re - kin - dled with fire from above.

lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

What a Friend.—Concluded.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,
 All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

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Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All thy works shall
 morn - ing our songs shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful men thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly;
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty!
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-o-ling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I love the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and spite of fears Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 an - gel fa - ces smile While I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,
 2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
 3. When, at last, I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar! Twixt me and the peaceful rest,

Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass came from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
 When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!" Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pi-let me.
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast, May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not; I will pi-lot thee!"

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
 4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'n - ly strings, And
 Of sin and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness, In
 Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise I
 And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend, A

vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine!
 which all - per - fect heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 would to ev - er - last - ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri - umph - ant in His grace, Tri - umph - ant in His grace.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Abide With Me.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bidel When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can change the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks and

fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bid with me.
 all a-round I see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bid with me.
 Guide and Stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bid with me.
 earth's vain shadows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me.

God Save the King.

(The National Song of Britain.)

Tune 191

1 God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King;
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

2 Through every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our King,
 Long may he reign;
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Arr. by HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the noble, free—Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

father's died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry mountainside Let free-dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
 2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus;
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb, I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
 4. And when to that bright world a - bove, We rise to see our Je - sus;

D. C.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 We'll sing a - round the throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.

REFRAIN. *D. C.*
 Sweet - est note of ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

Steal Away.

CHORUS. *p* Slave Song. *f*

Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus! Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I

FINE. *f*

hain't got long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der;
2. Green trees are bending, Poor sin-ners stand trembling,
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning;
4. Tomb-stones are bursting, Poor sin-ners are trembling;

p D. C.

The trum-pet sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here.

Is My Name Written There?

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold;
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Savior,
Is my name written there?

CHORUS.

Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

Turn to the Lord.

Rev. JOSEPH HART.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r: }
 2. { Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him,
 ||: This He gives you; :||
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 ||: Not the righteous—:||
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
 On the bloody tree behold Him!
 Hear Him cry before He dies,
 ||: "It is finished!" :||
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
 Pleads the merit of His blood;
 Venture on Him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude;
 ||: None but Jesus :||
 Can do helpless sinners good.

I'm Going Home to Die No More.

WM. HUNTER.

Arranged.

1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there; }
 { Its glittering tow'rs the sun out - shine; That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine. }

CHO. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more! }
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more! }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;
 Although like Lazarus, sick and poer,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
 Be mine a happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone,
 3. There let the way appear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs Beth-el I'll raise;
 5. Or, if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly,

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
 An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
 So by my woes to be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
 Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

198

Entire Consecration.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.

CHORUS.

Wash me in the Savior's precious blood,
 Cleanse me in its purifying flood;
 Lord, I give to Thee my life and all, to be
 Thine, henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee;
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee;
 Take my moments and my days;
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart—it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

199

The Lord Will Provide.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-
 fright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us, "The Lord will
 provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will
 provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
 The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will
 provide."

4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
 But when such suggestions our graces have
 tried,
 This answers all questions, "The Lord will
 provide."

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name:
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
 The Lord is our power, "The Lord will
 provide."

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of His grace shall comfort us through:
 Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will
 provide."

John Newton.

In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. BOWRING.

Tune, RATHBUN.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing, Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;



All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers 'round its head sub-lime.
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.



Take Me as I Am.



JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
 Unless Thou help me, I must die:
 Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

- Take me as I am,
 Take me as I am,
 Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am!
- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
 But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
 And take me as I am!
 - 3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
 Thy full salvation I would prove,
 But since to Thee I cannot move,
 Oh, take me as I am!
 - 4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
 Inspire my will, my heart renew;
 And work both in and by me too,
 But take me as I am!
 - 5 And when at last the work is done,
 The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
 Still, still my cry shall be alone,
 O, take me as I am!

Blessed Be the Name.



ALL praise to Him who reigns above,
 In majesty supreme;
 Who gave His Son for man to die,
 That He might man redeem.

- CHO. - Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
 Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
 Blessed be the name of the Lord.
- 2 His name above all names shall stand,
 Exalted more and more,
 At God the Father's own right hand,
 Where angel hosts adore.
 - 3 Redeemer, Savior, Friend of man,
 Once ruined by the fall,
 Thou hast devised salvation's plan,
 For Thou hast died for all.
 - 4 His name shall be the Counselor,
 The mighty Prince of Peace,
 Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror,
 Whose reign shall never cease.
 - 5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring
 Their praise and homage meet;
 With rapturous awe adore their King,
 And worship at His feet.
 - 6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 And in that world above
 Forever sing around the throne
 His everlasting love.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. { What poor de-spis-ed com-pa-ny Of trav-el-ers are these,
Ah! these are of a roy-al line, All chil-dren of a King!

CHO. - { I had rath-er be the least of them, Who are the Lord's a-lone,
And sit up-on, up-on a throne, And sit up-on a throne,
D. C. for Chorus.

Who walk in yon-der nar-row way, A-long that rug-ged maze? } **FINE**
Heirs of im-mor-tal crowns di-vine, And lo! for joy they sing. }

Than wear a roy-al di-a-dem, And sit up-on a throne. }
Than wear a roy-al di-a-dem, And sit up-on a throne. }

- 2 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.
But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd
With heavenly manna fed.

- 3 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death:
The open road to hell.
But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep His ways.

204 He's Just the Same To-day.

*Music above.**Last verse by Mrs. A. W.*

WHEN Moses and the Israelites
From Egypt's land did flee,
Their enemies behind them,
In front of them the sea,
God raised the waters like a wall
And opened up the way;
And the God that lived in Moses' time,
Is just the same to-day.

CHORUS.

He's just the same to-day,
He's just the same to-day,
The God that lived in Moses' time,
Is just the same to-day.

- 2 When David and Goliath met,
The wrong against the right,
The giant armed with human power
And David with God's might;
God's power with David's sling and stone,
The giant low did lay,
And the God that lived in David's time
Is just the same to-day.

- 3 When Daniel, faithful to his God,
Would not bow down to men,
And by his enemies was hurled
Into the lions' den;
God shut the lions' mouths, we read,
And robbed them of their prey;
And the God that lived in Daniel's time,
Is just the same to-day.

- 4 When Pentecost had fully come
And fire from heaven did fall,
And like the mighty, rushing wind,
Baptized them one and all,
Three thousand were converted, and
Were soldiers right away;
And the God that lived at Pentecost,
Is just the same to-day.

- 5 Between two soldiers Peter lay
With fettered feet and hands,
An angel smote him on the side,
And loosed him from his bands;
The great iron gate then opened wide,
And he went on his way;
And the God that lived in Peter's time
Is just the same to-day.

205 The Pilgrim's Guide.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliver,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams

Azmon.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



206 O for a Closer Walk.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

207 How Sweet the Name.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

208 O for a Thousand Tongues.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears;
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

209 O for a Faith.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

Manoah. C. M.



210 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind,
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue, nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be,
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

211 Walk in the Light.

- 1 **W**ALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

212 I Do Believe.

- 1 **F**ATHER I stretch my hands to Thee;
No other help I know:
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?
- 2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see Thy face!
Now let me hear Thy quickening voice,
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

Charles Wesley.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune, MARTIN.



JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

Rock of Ages.



ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Marching to Zion.

Key G.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord, ||
While ye surround His throne. ||

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
||: But servants of the heavenly King, :||
||: May speak their joys abroad. :||
- 3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
||: There, from the rivers of His grace, :||
||: Drink endless pleasures in. :||
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
||: Before we reach the heavenly fields, :||
||: Or walk the golden streets. :||
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground. :||
||: We're marching through Immanuel's :||
||: To fairer worlds on high. :||
- Isaac Watts.

A Charge to Keep.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

217 Work, for the Night is Coming.



- 1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming:
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

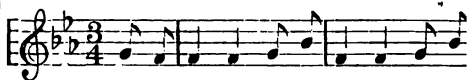
218 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.



- 1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett.

219 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

R. Robins.

220 The Child of a King.



- 1 **M**Y Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world
His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold.
His coffers are full,—He has riches untold.
- CHORUS.**
I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus, my Savior,
I'm the child of a King.
- 2 My Father's own Son, the Savior of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of
them;
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven by and b
- 3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's writt
down,—
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
- 4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there
Though exiled from home, yet still may I sin,
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

221 When All Thy Mercies, O My God.

(Manoah C. M.)



- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 7 Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

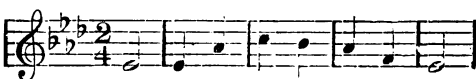
222 Christ, the Solid Rock.

(Key of G.)

- 1 **M**Y hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote.

223 In Evil Long I Took Delight.



- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."
- 6 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton

224 Glorious Fountain.



- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain ||: filled with blood :||
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged ||: beneath that flood, :||
Lose all their guilty stains.
- CHORUS.
- Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay,
And in thee ever wash my sins away.
- 2 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see :||
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, ||: though vile as he, :||
Wash all my sins away.
 - 3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: Thy precious blood :||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: church of God :||
Are saved to sin no more.
 - 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream :||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme :||
And shall be till I die.



ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.



AM I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
*In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.*



ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive Him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.



MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God,
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

229

Depth of Mercy!



- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled His relentings are;
He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lest the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Savior stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His
hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley

230

Show Pity, Lord.



- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
breath,
I must pronounce Thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

231

Come, Humble Sinner.



- 1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

Edmund Jones

232

Even Me.



- 1 **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Savior,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

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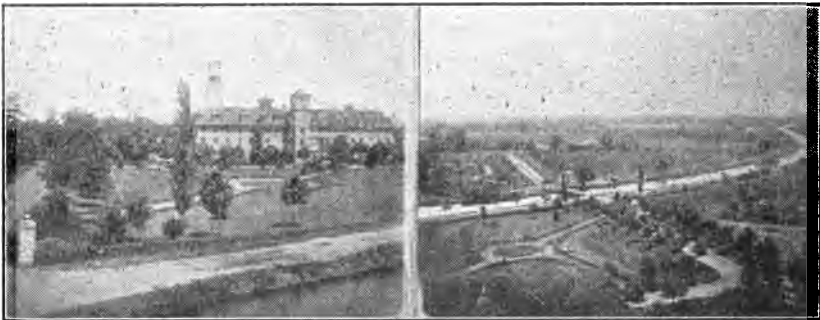
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